THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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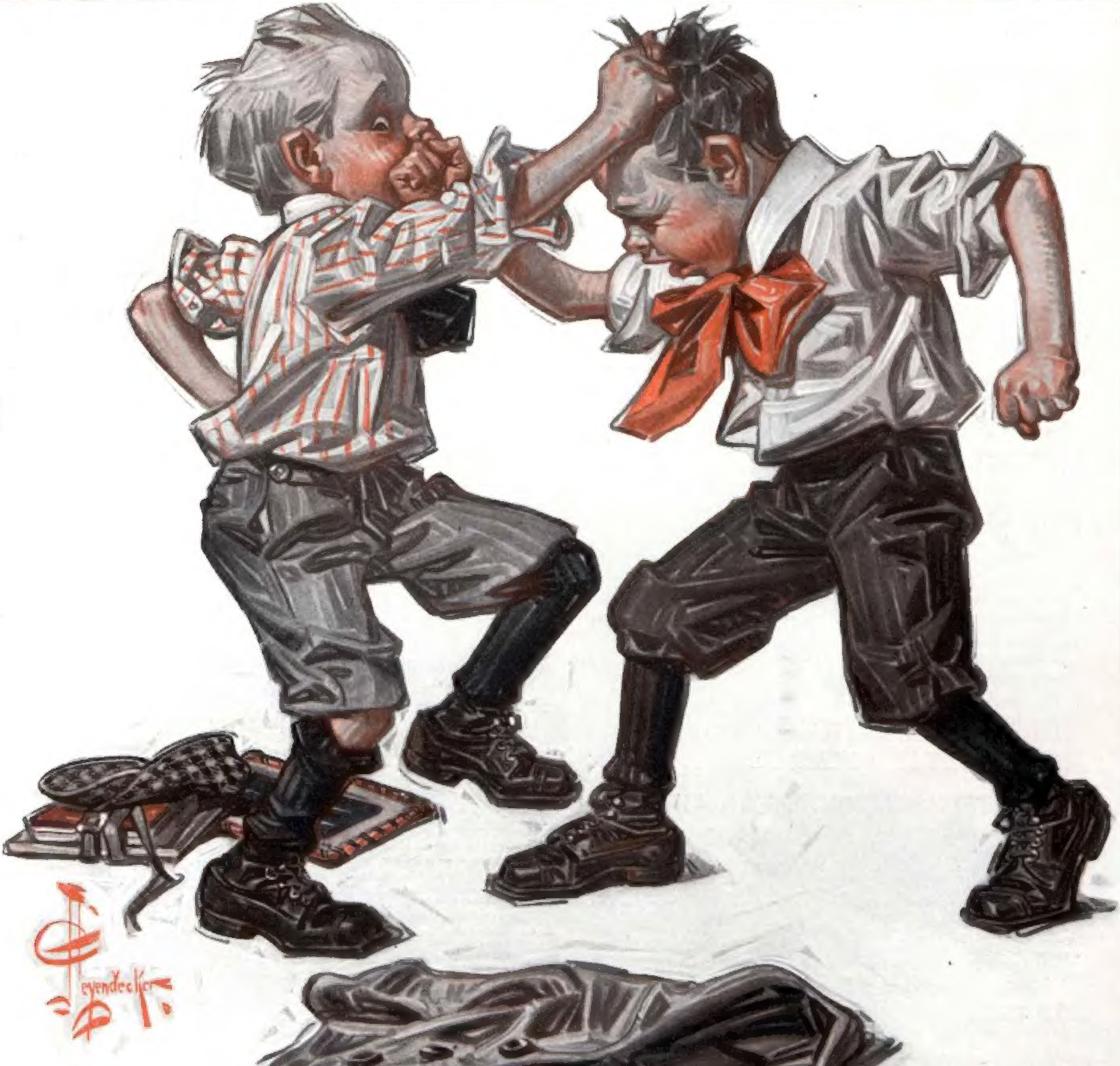
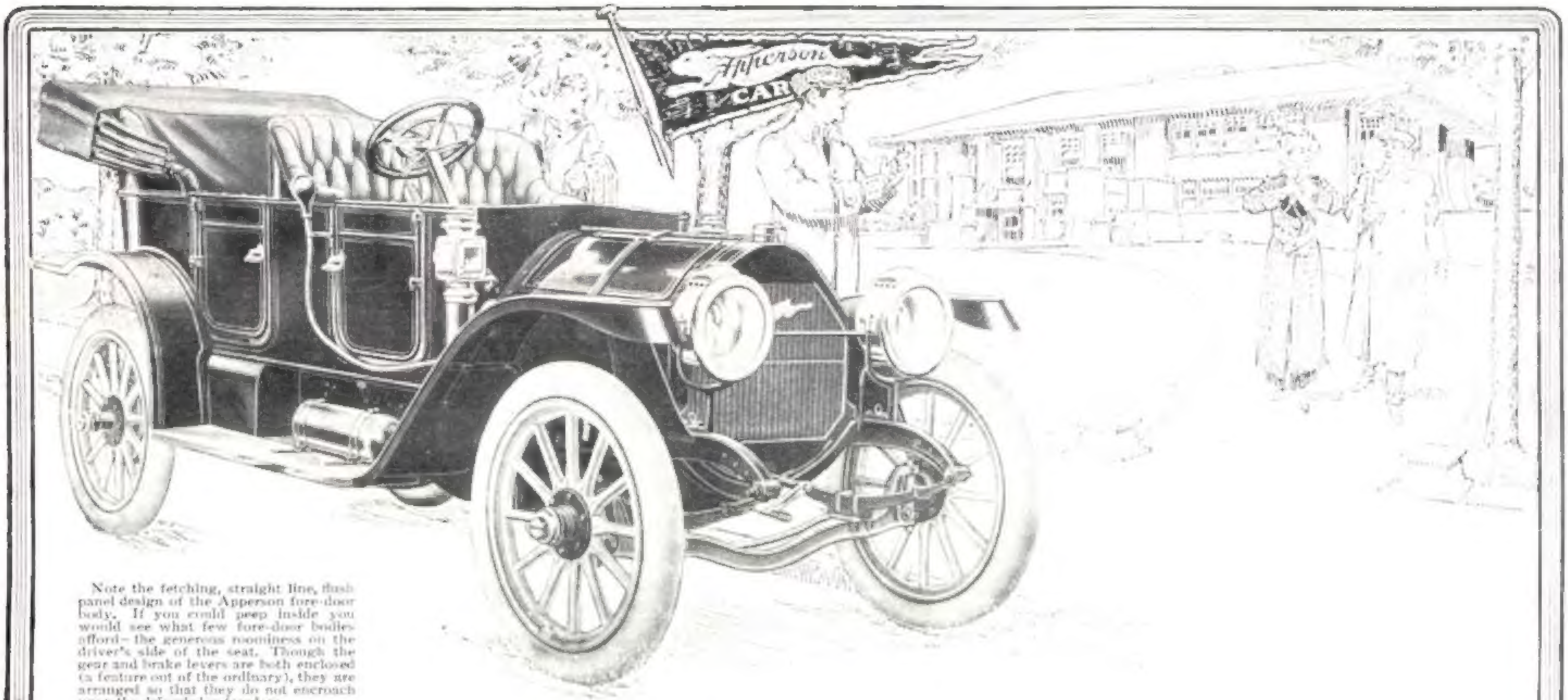


MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY



Note the fetching, straight line, flush panel design of the Apperson fore-door body. If you could peep inside you would see what few fore-door bodies afford—the generous roominess on the driver's side of the seat. Though the gear and brake levers are both enclosed (a feature out of the ordinary), they are arranged so that they do not encroach upon the driver's leg freedom.

Why we build but 1000 cars in a magnificent 4000-car plant

Without the addition of any sort of equipment, the Apperson plant could turn out 4,000 cars a year.

Its actual production is but a fourth of that number—but every car is an Apperson, manufactured in its entirety here under the Apperson roof.

The Apperson brothers' ideas of worth and value in a car—ideas from which they have never swerved in eighteen years of automobile building—forbid that the Apperson name should attach to any but a car whose every part they make themselves, almost literally by hand.

These ideas may seem over-scrupulous to some, in view of the present day tendency to large motor car production.

But mark the distinction between an assembled automobile and the Apperson hand-made car.

In the one you have a car whose parts come from here and from there, ready made, without the direct and close relation to each other that is essential for the best work in a car.

In the other you have the Apperson car—every part made by the Appersons themselves—a car built around a central idea, just as an architect builds a house around a central idea.

It is a fact that the Apperson plant has greater facilities for converting raw material into parts than any other automobile factory in the country.

Also, that the building of Apperson cars involves more operations requiring costly, finely adjusted machinery, and the utmost of human skill, than any other car in America—the Appersons trust nothing to outside hands.

Apperson motors; Apperson transmissions, differentials and rear axles complete; Apperson radiators; Apperson steering gears; Apperson wheels—even the control levers, hoods, mud pans, fenders, tire carriers and lamp brackets—are all built, from the raw materials, here in the Apperson plant, with the all-embracing Apperson knowledge and experience in steels to guarantee the selection of the best materials.

That is why the Appersons limit their yearly production to a thousand cars; and the satisfaction and fealty of Apperson owners constitute the reason why the Appersons lavish almost loving care on the manufacture of every part of every individual Apperson car.

Apperson models for 1911

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Four cylinders; 32.4 H. P.; five passenger open Touring body, four passenger detachable tonneau, or three passenger runabout—$2000.

The same chassis, with five passenger, fore-door body and complete equipment of top, windshield, speedometer, gas lamps and tank (illustrated herewith)—$2250.

FOUR—FORTY—

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Four cylinders; 50 H. P.; extra large, roomy, seven passenger touring body—$4200.

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W. L. Russell & Co., Boston, Mass., for Massachusetts.

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Apperson Automobile Company, Omaha, Neb.

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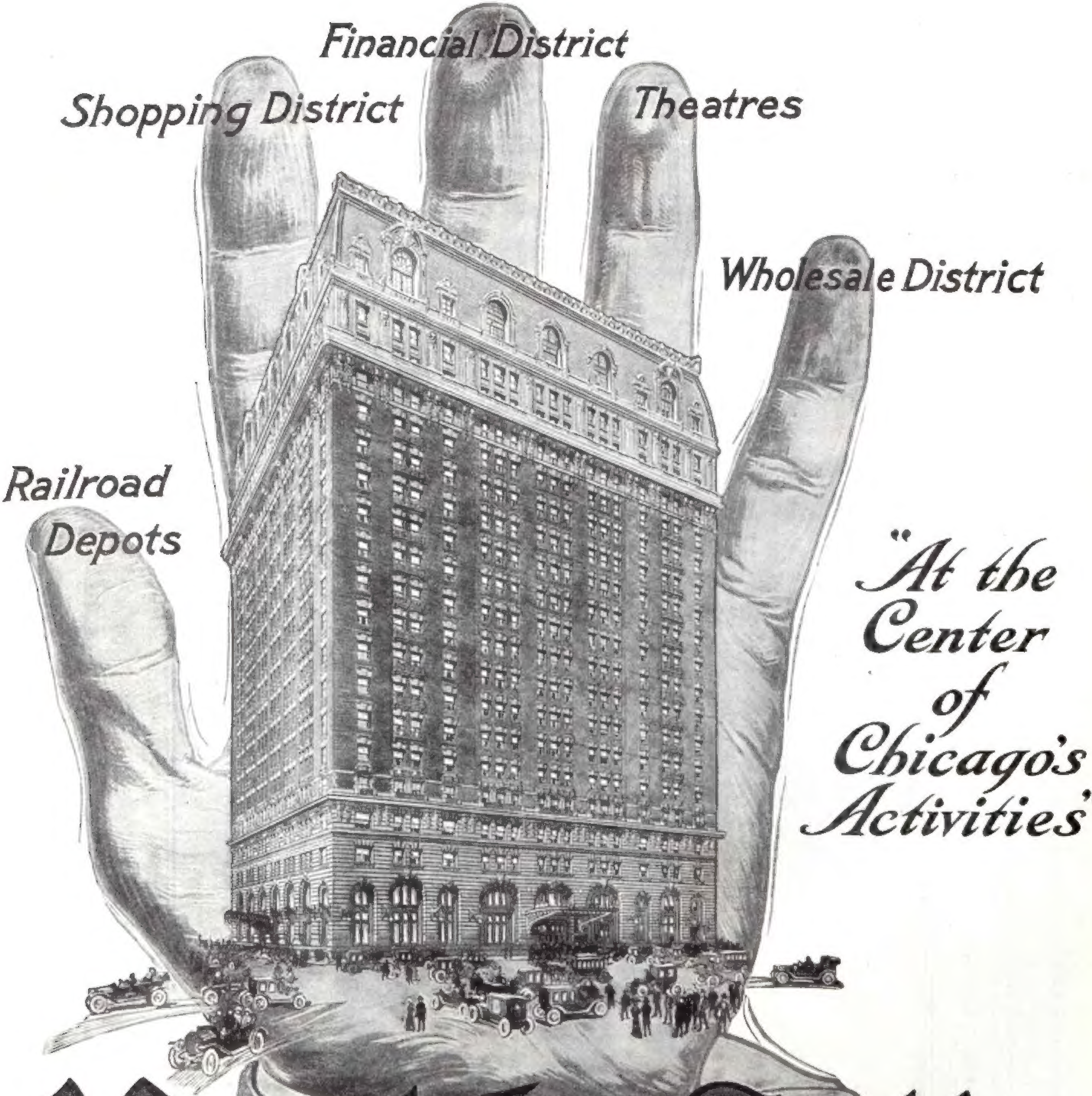
FAMOUS *Apperson* Cars

Jack Rabbit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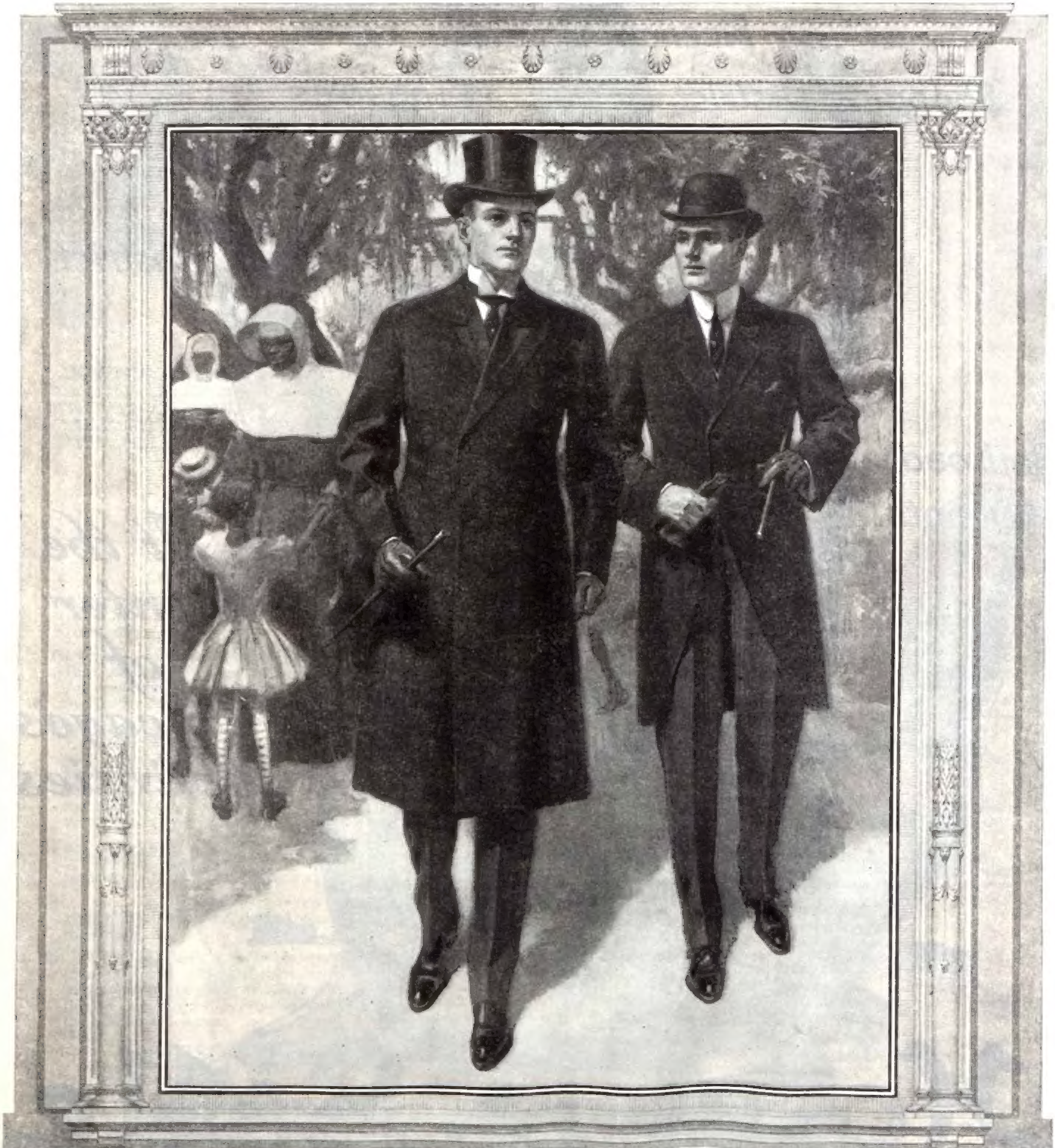

At the Convent of Colored Nuns, New Orleans

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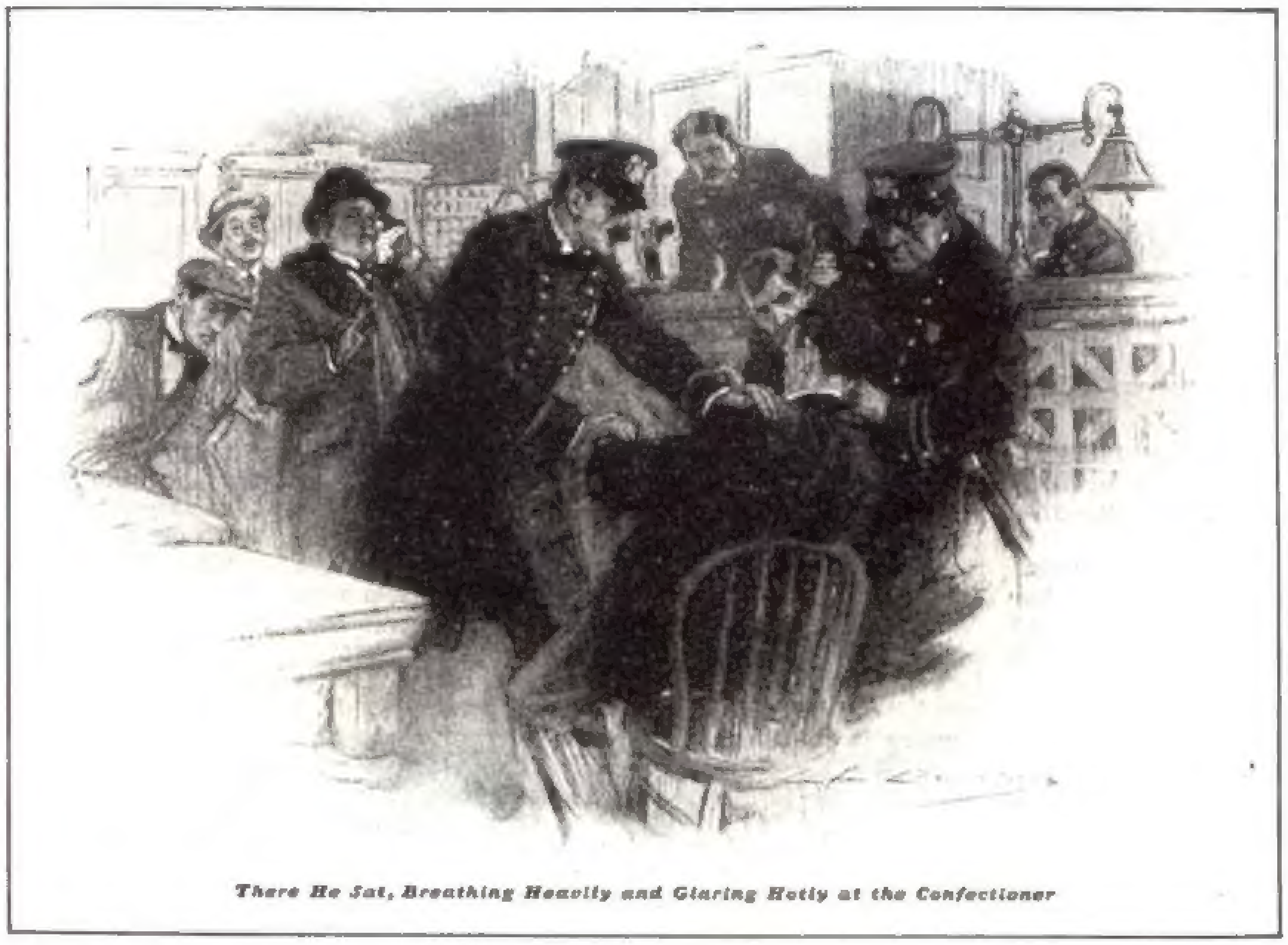
THE FALL GUY

By BRAND WHITLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS



There He Sat, Breathing Heavily and Glaring Hotly at the Confectioner

CURLY, with the smart military stride that even the lockstep had never quite worn out of his gait, went down the street that afternoon at a brisk pace. The Christmas shoppers who thronged the sidewalks shifted and swayed and drifted, so that headway was hard; but Curly, for reasons of his own, always walked fast and seemed to keep his eyes front, though there was little in the passing show that escaped the bright rays of their glance. Had he been a dip, the crowd, in its present mood and condition, would have offered advantages; but as he was only a yeggman, and not at all of the gun, he could view it impersonally, only as the visible embodiment of that large humanity with which he was in some sense so glad to be in touch once more, after a summer and an autumn in the jungle and on the road; though he wished the crowd had been of other moods—less frankly merry, perhaps.

Indeed, Curly found himself disliking it from time to time. It wasn't the jostling or the crowding; it was more the laughter rising now and then in little squeals, the shrill voices of young girls and women, the way they chewed gum, and the incessant chattering of the whole, that rose above the jangle of street cars, the bellow of motors, the squeaks of taxis and the persistent, monotonous jingle of the bell of the aged lassie of the Salvation Army, sitting with her feet on a hot brick, her legs swaddled to the knees in a hideous old comforter, her iron pot—with the screen suspiciously over it, of course! as Curly noted—swinging from its tripod.

What got most on Curly's nerves was the somewhat too conscious and determined merriment of that crowd; Curly felt the hypocrisy in that as he felt other insincerities in that society of which he could no longer count himself a part. And then, too, the approach of Christmas affected him uncomfortably. It always did—just why, he could not have said; only, perhaps, it was the dim realization that the love that season was supposed to celebrate was never less for him. Whatever vices he had, and he had most of them, Curly did not have the modern vice of introspection. There was, indeed, very little of the modern spirit in him; he was rather, though he did not suspect it, an anachronism. Had he lived in the eleventh century he would have been a baron—probably a crusader.

Had he been required, therefore, to specify the cause of that low state of mind in which he found himself that Friday afternoon, just two days before Christmas, he probably would have attributed his depression and general gloom to two causes of trouble not uncommon in the world, even that world which, though all about him, held itself so far above him because he would not observe the rules of its game—namely, a woman, and money, or the lack of it; though the two causes were not in his case, as in so many, especially related.

It had been a bad season with him. The country banks were nearly all protected by the Pinkertons, or by Burns, which was as bad if not worse; and the freight cars, of which in recent years he had made a specialty at first brilliantly successful, were more and more closely watched by the railroad coppers, who recently had displayed latent abilities. He had stayed out of town that fall weeks longer than most of his kind—out of prudence and a knowledge far wiser than that of the sociologists; for he knew that, as the coming of cold weather drove yeggs and gaycats and bums into the cities, the first frosty snap would drive homeless and hungry men, worn to the last desperation, to the clumsy deeds of violence that Curly and those of his rank contemned. He knew, therefore, that the inevitable holdups and the purse-snatchings would excite the learned professions; that the newspapers would exploit them avidly and create a "wave of crime"; that the editorial writers and preachers would welcome the opportunity to denounce the police, and that the bulls would be driven to "throw out the dragnet," as the reporters phrase it, and give them the excuse to employ all the other cant phrases they so love.

Curly did not propose to be the fall guy if he could help it. So he had waited for the annual wave of crime, as punctual as the winter solstice, to break on the shores of destitution and then recede, before going to the city. Then, when he did go back to town, he had had a quarrel with Jane the very first thing, and she had quit him. Thus, that afternoon Curly was in a state of mind that had its dangers for him—and for others.

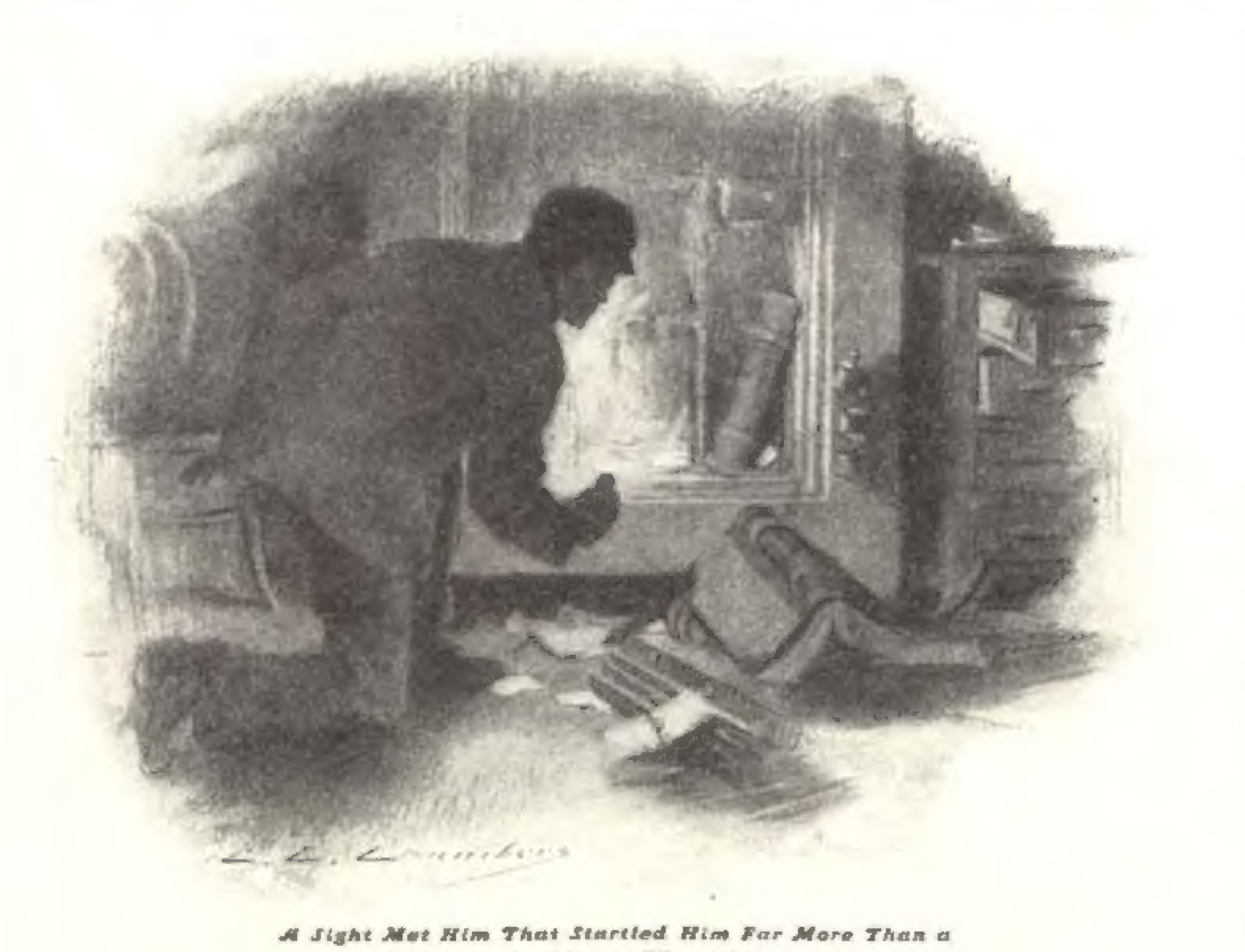
The crowds had increased as he went down the street and he had to slacken his pace. His interest was scarcely aroused by the faker at a corner, who was trying to sell the little automatic toy animals that ran about in a lively way at the ends of the strings by which he alone could manipulate them; nor did he find much to attract him in the displays of the brilliant shop windows. The brief winter day had fled and the darkness that closed in was made the denser and more opaque by the smoke that could not rise in the heavy atmosphere, surcharged with elements that all day had made Curly's old bullet-wound throb and now retrieved their predictions by snowflakes that began to flutter and whirl wildly, glinting in the radiance of electric signs and shop windows, and gleaming moist on the veils of women whose laughing, ruddy faces and shining eyes were revealed to him for an instant. He had paused before the windows of a candy shop—an immense magazine, thronged now with customers and flashing with many lights that were reflected in the numerous mirrors that added breadth and vista and mystery to the place. Over the door and on the windows was the single name, "Wolf," as if the institution were so well known that no further device was needed. Curly paused an instant and glanced indolently at the curious shapes into which the confectioner had wrought his sweets; and, as he stood, two children, little girls in rags, with pinched, cold faces, halted beside him and flattened their sniveling, unclean noses against the great pane. Curly had some vague momentary sympathy for the children, who were evidently outcasts like himself; and he might have softened toward them, and so toward the world, had there not just then occurred an incident that had for him a tremendous, fascinating, enthralling interest.

At that moment a man came out of the shop—a tall, strong man, with that air of well-fed, well-groomed, well-satisfied prosperity that could so easily supply the economic basis for cheer in this season of good will; but it was apparent that it was not alone his prosperousness or his excellent clothes—though these had their own consolations for him—that filled him with warmth and excellent feeling at that moment, for he turned his head and from his ruddy, smooth-shaven blond face his small eyes gleamed on an object wherein he surely found his present chief source of interest and enthusiasm. For his eyes met the eyes of a woman in a fur coat and a pretty hat, beneath which her reddish hair just showed—and in the form, the carriage, the air, the little tilt of a head that was indubitably charming, Curly recognized his erstwhile Jane. He was startled, he was shocked; and from an atavistic impulse to hide, in a moment that meant too much to him, he rushed into the candy store. Inside, he could not forbear, like Orpheus, to cast a glance behind—and he had one last glimpse; she had tucked her little gloved hand under the arm of the blond man, and he had a vision of her face, lifted roseate to the eyes of her companion. And, like Orpheus, he found himself in hell.

The old habit, the old necessity of concealment and caution did not desert him; his thought, his mind, working always in its double capacity, was alert and he stepped with a brisk air of business up to one of the counters and asked for a box of candy. "Two pounds," he said—"assorted." While the tired girl, in the black uniform that so accentuated her pallid weariness, was deftly filling the lace-edged box, he thought—and, as always, glanced about him. There could be no mistake; it was Jane; the coat he knew—knew too well for him and for her too. In other days, had she made this man's acquaintance for the professional purpose of filching his pocketbook—and no dip could excel Jane in that art; for she could, as Curly well knew, take his pocketbook, weed it and have it back in his pocket before he was even aware—he would have smiled, not without pride in her deft exploit, for the man was evidently a swell; but Curly knew human nature—and that last glance he had seen her lift to her companion—ah! that was not mere art!

A rage, a wild, impotent rage, possessed him; and the black fit that had lowered on him all that day, and for many days, settled now upon his soul as the black, dirty cloud had settled on the city—though out of its storm there were no drops so pure as those that were filling the air outside just then with their dazzling whiteness and causing the crowds to tingle with the excitement of the snow. The storm that raged in Curly's soul was one of desperation—and he was roused once more to his reckless deeds.

He had his box of candy and was waiting for his change. He glanced about the big room from his old professional habit of reconnoitering any place in which he happened to be; and, beholding the office in the rear, went back that way, after he had done with his purchase, as though to examine the candy toys that were set out on a low counter. A glance into the partitioned space that was the business office of the establishment served him all sufficiently; he saw the large safe and instantly identified its manufacture, expert that he was, while the letters B. P., in gold above its door, amused and challenged him. He noted the windows, the doors, of the place; he had observed before coming in that the little blue-enameled plate of the private detective agency that watched many stores was lacking; a fact that had more than one appeal for him. Among others, he thought he need not interfere with the business of that old friend who managed the detective bureau, but on the contrary might help it.



A Sight Met Him That Startled Him Far More Than a Detachment of Police Would Have Done

His mind worked—as is usual with the professional criminal up to a certain point, the point where preparation ends and execution begins—with an immense grasp of detail and most adroit cleverness and clearness. It was Friday. The banks would close the next day at noon; the candy store would do an immense business, a business that would keep it open until late Saturday night, so that, as a result, the proprietor would naturally be compelled to bestow his cash receipts in his safe on Saturday night, and these receipts of his brisk trade after the close of banking hours on Saturday would naturally lie there over Sunday—that is, over Christmas Day, and probably over Monday, since that day was to see the secular observance of the festival and the banks would be closed, thus making two holidays where there had been but one before. The time for work, therefore, was obviously early on Sunday or Christmas morning; and this would leave to him one and perhaps two whole days for the getaway. His plans, therefore, were quickly conceived; he had filled out the place and he hastened out, stopping only long enough to give the box of candy to the two ragged little girls, who lifted their glowing and astonished eyes to his face, as though it had been the face of an angel.

"Is Santa Claus in there?" one of them asked.

Curly laughed, and then, "No," he said; "but he'll come down that chimney Christmas morning." Then he strode away, rather pleased with his little conceit.

II

CURLY went to the room he had rented and remained there all that night and the whole of the next day—the day before Christmas. The thought of Jane, though it pressed upon him, he had put out of his mind; he was engaged by business now and at such times he was capable of a concentration that would have been admirable in an enterprise of worth and honor. If the thought did assail him now and then tempestuously, and with all the poignancy of a great pain, he told himself that to deal with that problem, in the proportions it had now assumed, money was necessary; and if he could carry off this exploit handsomely the money would be provided. For inscrutable reasons of his own, Curly had not gone to Danny Gibbs', the rendezvous and resort of his familiars; so that no one knew he was in town save Jane—and it evidently mattered now, alas, little to her!

Christmas Eve came and the night advanced; and after midnight had come and gone Curly made his preparations and bestowed such care on his toilet as many another man in the city that night—doubtless the blond swell, for instance—gave to his dressing for affairs of a more social nature than that on which the anti-social Curly was bending his oblique talents. He had put on heavy flannels and a sweater against the cold, not wishing to be hampered with an overcoat; and over his clothes he had drawn a clean blue jumper and overalls, which, with his cap and gloves, lent him the respectable appearance of some brakeman or fireman starting on an early morning run; though the bottle of "soup," the rod and the electric flash-lamp he concealed beneath them would have altered, had they been revealed, the superficial impressions these externals gave.

The snow was white and heavy on the earth; and, with the clearing weather the evening had brought, the twinges of Curly's old wound had vanished. The streets were deserted and still; but the moon—old stool-pigeon that she was—was out and sailing high over the white roofs beneath which children dreamed or lay awake with large eyes full of the wonder and the mystery of that night. The mystery for a moment affected even Curly, who had memories of his own; and in the still, frosty air, with the snow sparkling in the moonlight and the black shadows assuming fantastic shapes, there was some element that turned for a moment his thoughts toward the little town in Canada where, perhaps, his old mother still waited, as she had waited for so many silent years. He tossed aside this thought, too, in annoyance, as he had put aside the thought of love in a spirit far less gentle; and by the quietest ways he made his progress downtown.

The moon was beaming still, even in the alley he attained at last beside the candy store of Wolf; but the moon had not betrayed him, as another enemy—the snow—might do should one come upon his tracks at dawn. This danger he must face with others, even though he wore large shoes for the purpose of avoiding it. The danger of the new fingerprint system that had been installed at police headquarters he provided against by wearing gloves, which did not interfere greatly with his operations on the alley window. He was not long in opening that with his jimmy; and as he dropped softly to the floor inside he paused a moment to accustom his vision to the darkness. Strangely enough, no light showed; not even the one dim jet that usually, in his experiences, had made a ball of light before other safes he had too curiously inspected.

He did not flash his electric lamp just then, but, relying upon his developed sense of location and of the relation of things, he made his way to the office behind the partitions. Once there, he bent low; then, slowly drawing out his lamp, he flashed its rays about him—and a sight met him that startled him far more than a detachment of police would have done. He hastily drew his revolver and glanced about again and again; but his eye always came back to the safe—blown open by some prodigious explosion, its heavy door torn completely from its ponderous hinges, the strong box inside shattered, its contents rifled and half destroyed, save a photograph of a girl in evening dress, smiling still incongruously; the contents of the whole strewn on the floor and the office itself all in disorder! He made an eager examination of the safe; but, no—there was no money there; nothing but worthless papers and books of accounts and several canvas bags lying on the floor, from which the thief, who by some astounding coincidence had filled out the place as Curly had done and beaten him to it evidently by so short a time, had withdrawn the coveted contents.

Though Curly had not visited his usual haunts, he had felt assured that there were no good petermen in town; and he was confirmed in this opinion when, on a close inspection of the broken safe, he saw that the work had been done by no practiced, efficient hand. It almost pained him to note the evidence of a piece of work so crude, so lacking in skill and grace; though, as he bitterly reflected, it had been successful enough, for the bungler had left behind nothing of account.

Obviously then, for him, there was no course open now but a retreat after this most fruitless onslaught; but his curiosity had been aroused. He could not recognize the work, beyond his ability to condemn it as of no skill, but he yielded to the impulse to examine the premises. He wished to see if this other mind, to whom the same inspiration had come and in the same form, so as to cheat him of the results of his own labors—as inventors are deprived of their long-deferred rewards by some others on whom, in Emerson's phrase, the same thought and hope dawned in the same hour—had in every detail thought as he had thought, reasoned as he had reasoned, planned as he had planned. That he had not chosen the same window for his entrance was evident; and it was a further proof of his inexperience, for Curly had chosen the strategic point. The brief, hurried examination he permitted himself to make, even at the risk of a fearful compromise of his position—for so it now appeared to his mind—failed to reveal the point or any point of entrance; and, unless he had concealed himself in the store in some manner before the closing hour, he must, like Santa Claus, have come down the chimney.

"Yes, that's it," said Curly. "It was Santa Claus. It's how the old gazabo gets the candy for the kids." Then he went out as he had come; and as he turned into his lodgings the earliest votaries were on their way to mass and an old Irishwoman, smiling out of her wrinkled face, wished him a "Merry Christmas!"

III

CURLY slept all that Christmas Day as only a man who leads an irregular life and learns to take advantage of its various exigent opportunities can sleep; and on Monday he remained all day indoors. If he realized his danger it was not a novel realization to him; and his mind, after the fashion of his kind, had ceased to work, after the accomplishment of the fact, for success or failure, that it had so elaborately planned. He regarded the failure of his exploit, indeed, as quite absolving him for any responsibility for it; fine legal distinctions about breaking and entering, about the *asportavit*, and so forth, he repudiated with the scorn he had for the larger and wider doctrines of the law; and, telling himself that he had done nothing of which any one could justly complain, in the sense of personal injury, if not outrage, he felt in his own defeat, he stubbornly held on to his place in the city. Beyond these considerations, there were others: he had a keen curiosity to learn who it was that had preëmpted his claim to that safe; and, more than all else, there was Jane. Ah, Jane! He was held by her old fascination for him, stronger now in this poignant hour of loss, and by a growing sinister determination with reference to her new and flourishing companion.

As yet he had no plans; it was society's next move and he had played that game too long to underestimate the one advantage of his position. Curly, out of that opportunism which comes with wisdom and experience, patiently awaited events.

He did not have long, however, to wait. On Tuesday morning he went out early and got the newspapers; and there it was, on the first pages, in the heavy type in which the press heralds the crimes and casualties of the world, as though it bore glad tidings of great joy:

SAFEBLOWERS

BURGLARIZE THE CANDY STORE OF JAMES WOLF

PROPRIETOR LOSES $5000 IN CASH

The Proceeds of Christmas Sales

No Clue to the Thieves

Police, as Usual, Powerless

Another, and by far the boldest of the jobs in the carnival of crime that has —— etc., etc.

Curly read the essential details before he left the little notion shop at the corner, where he had gone for the journals; and as he walked back over the crisp snow he read on down the columns. He turned in at the door of his lodging house—and then:

"We've got you this time, Curly, my boy!" a voice said; and almost before he could recognize in the dim light of the hallway the features of McBride and Quinn, detectives from police headquarters, he felt the cold, familiar clasp of irons upon his wrists. The official exultation in the voices and expressions of the detectives Curly met by that exasperating, sneering smile he had for the police and made no reply; but, allowing a moment to elapse in which to evince his contempt, he said:

"Look here! Won't you give me time to pack up my things?"

"We've attended to that," said Quinn, poking with his boot two dressing cases that stood beside the stairway.

The landlady, fluttering in her frowsy shawl, appeared long enough to demand her room rent, to express her moral indignation that she unwillingly should have harbored such a character, to deplore the effect upon her respectable house and to express her satisfaction at such good riddance of bad rubbish, as she bitingly put it; and when—McBride gladly aiding by going through Curly's pockets—he had settled his accounts they took him to the precinct station.

An hour later he had been driven downtown to police headquarters and his capture was being heralded to the town as the solution of the mysteries of all recent robberies, whether of Curly's specialty or not; and the reporters were permitted to be present while he was being mugged, his Bertillon measurements taken and impressions of his fingerprints made. The police performed all these offices with many airs. The éclat with which they introduced their important capture to the town through the press was the more resounding because they realized that this achievement lacked something. Curly, notorious as he was, could scarcely rise alone to the dignity of the gang the imaginations of the reporters had prefigured; but the officers could hint darkly at other results] to follow this and make the most of the revolver and flashlight they had discovered among Curly's effects. The few tools of his trade Curly had hidden outside—cached, as he would have put it; and their failure to find the money—the reputed five thousand dollars that Wolf had been deprived of—was another source of disappointment if not a root of bitterness, which the police resented almost as much as the reporters did that taciturnity, the result of long experience, which they condemned in their articles as a "refusal to talk." The reporters remained while he was frisked and until his name had been entered on the blotter with all the imposing array of aliases the police could muster:

"Fred Jackson, alias Edward Franklin, alias Curly."

Curly was glad to be left at last alone in his cell, the solution of so many problems in his life, the dénouement of so many adventures. He knew that the police required a victim and that the public would gladly accept whomsoever the police might throw to them; the reporters already treated him as though there was no question of his guilt, not only of the Wolf robbery but of all the other crimes that had punctually been committed with the coming of the cold weather of winter. And so, when Danny Gibbs, having heard of his arrest in the noon editions of the newspapers, came promptly to visit him, with some friendly reproaches for not letting him know he was in town, he said:

"I guess I'm the fall guy all right, Dan."

IV

THOUGH the police and the reporters made the most of the capture of Curly, an event of intrinsic interest in any case, since Curly was so eminent in his chosen profession, the police realized that they had but a flimsy case against him; and as the criminal courts required some evidence, though not much, especially when public interest was aroused in opposition to the defendant, and the moral mob in its telepathic way was pursuing him with all the brutality of its cruel thought, the police proceeded to strengthen their case by such means as they could command. McBride and Quinn, knowing that the public memory is only four days long and that the cleverer editors drop a story just one day before the public tires of it, made the most of the three days allotted them by this fact of modern life. The first day their brilliant exploit in "capturing" so noted a thief was duly celebrated—McBride and Quinn saw their own pictures in the newspapers. The second day they had Curly's record and his picture, while the revolver, the flashlamp—truly suspicious articles of personal use—served to symbolize if not to embody in themselves the uses of the "kit of burglar tools." This, indeed, was all or nearly all the evidence they had.

The third degree they did not even attempt; for, although they gave it out that he had been closely questioned—a process that yielded quite as little as the third degree would have done—they knew that Curly knew as much about his constitutional rights and his privileges under the law as a criminal lawyer and had almost as much need of them. His ability to hold his tongue had been the basis of longer liberties than the law allowed. He was, indeed, fond of recalling an aphorism of Danny Gibbs, who had remarked one evening in an expansive mood to a group of criminals about his bar:

"What settles youse guys in the stir is your general willingness to set down and tell the bulls and screws the story of your life!"—an observation creditable to Danny Gibbs' recognition of human nature's darling foible and the chief cornerstone of the success of the criminal courts.

The detectives, however, kept in reserve the most convincing and the only piece of direct testimony they had. On the third morning after his arrest—the last of grace for publicity, after which, as the police knew, the stories of their inability to cope with the wave of crime would punctually reappear, based on those brutalities that might so certainly be expected as long as winter was cold and men were hungry and the suggestion of crime was kept before them—they planned the identification of the prisoner.

Curly, in handcuffs, was taken to the principal office of the detectives' quarters; and there, when the turnkey had unlocked the bracelets that bound the prisoner to him, in the midst of half a dozen detectives, a police captain, two lieutenants and a group of reporters, he was confronted by the young woman who, as clerk, had sold him the candy in Wolf's confectionery store two days before Christmas.

"Can you pick him out?" asked Quinn, with a fine air of not leading the witness.

"Yes; that's him," the girl said promptly, blanching a shade as she nervously poked a finger toward Curly. He looked at her steadily with his gray eyes and she shrank timidly into the background.

"He can't hurt you," said the police captain. "Where did you see him?"

"In the store. Christmas Eve ——"

"Christmas Eve?"

"No, sir; excuse me—it was Friday evening. He bought two pounds of our best mixed."

McBride and Quinn by turns asked her to look sharply at the prisoner, to make sure that she would know him if she were to see him again, and put other questions to fix the incident and the person in her mind; then she was gallantly escorted from the room trailing behind her almost perceptibly on the air a sigh of relief as she departed.

The confrontation, however, was not at an end. The detectives, having set their scene with the histrionic eye the constant presence of an audience, impersonated by the reporters, had developed in them, now brought into the room, with considerable deference and rather too much éclat, a tall, heavily built man, whose astrakhan coat collar was thrown back, revealing a prosperous front of white waistcoat-edging and jeweled scarfpin. The ruddy hue died somewhat in his fresh-shaven, smooth blond skin, much as the girl's face had blanched—though not prettily, for on him there sat indubitable fear as he faced the startled eyes of the prisoner.

"Mr. James Wolf, gentlemen," said Quinn; "the proprietor of Wolf's candy shop." Then, turning to Wolf, the detective said:

"Do you know this man?"

"I don't know him—no," said Wolf; "but I've seen him."

"Where?"

"Standing in the door of my place last Friday afternoon or evening about five ——"

The confectioner paused. While he had been speaking, Curly had transfixed him with his glance in an intensity that slowly drew Wolf from his seat to a crouching posture before his chair; and as the recognition of this man as he whom he had seen with Jane that evening slowly became a certainty—a blasting certainty—his glance, so cold at first, became hot and eager; he swallowed once or twice; his face flamed and, with an obscene epithet on his lips, he sprang at him and struck him on the cheek with his fist.

Wolf staggered back with a cry that was almost pitiable in its terror. "My God, gentlemen!" he said. "Will no one protect me from this ——"

The officers had fallen on Curly and forced him roughly back into his chair; the turnkey quickly clicked the manacles on him and there he sat, breathing heavily and glaring hotly at the confectioner, who had drawn an embroidered handkerchief and was softly and with a tender concern pressing it to the red spot that was so rapidly swelling beneath his eye.

"I guess that settles it," said Quinn, turning to the others with a smile of vindication and triumph and then advancing with his comrades to denounce Curly.

During the excitement of this final scene, a short man in quiet gray clothes, wearing a colored shirt and displaying an elk's tooth as a watch-charm, had been standing in the doorway looking on curiously from very deep blue eyes. He was a man who had once been muscular, before the sedentary habits promotion made possible for him had developed a stoutness, and his round, red, shaven Irish face was surmounted by that perfectly white hair that had given him his picturesque pseudonym of Silver Jack. It was Inspector Carney, the chief of the detective force. When he had embraced the whole scene in his quick, shrewd glance, he dissolved it by a gesture of a fat hand and said quietly:

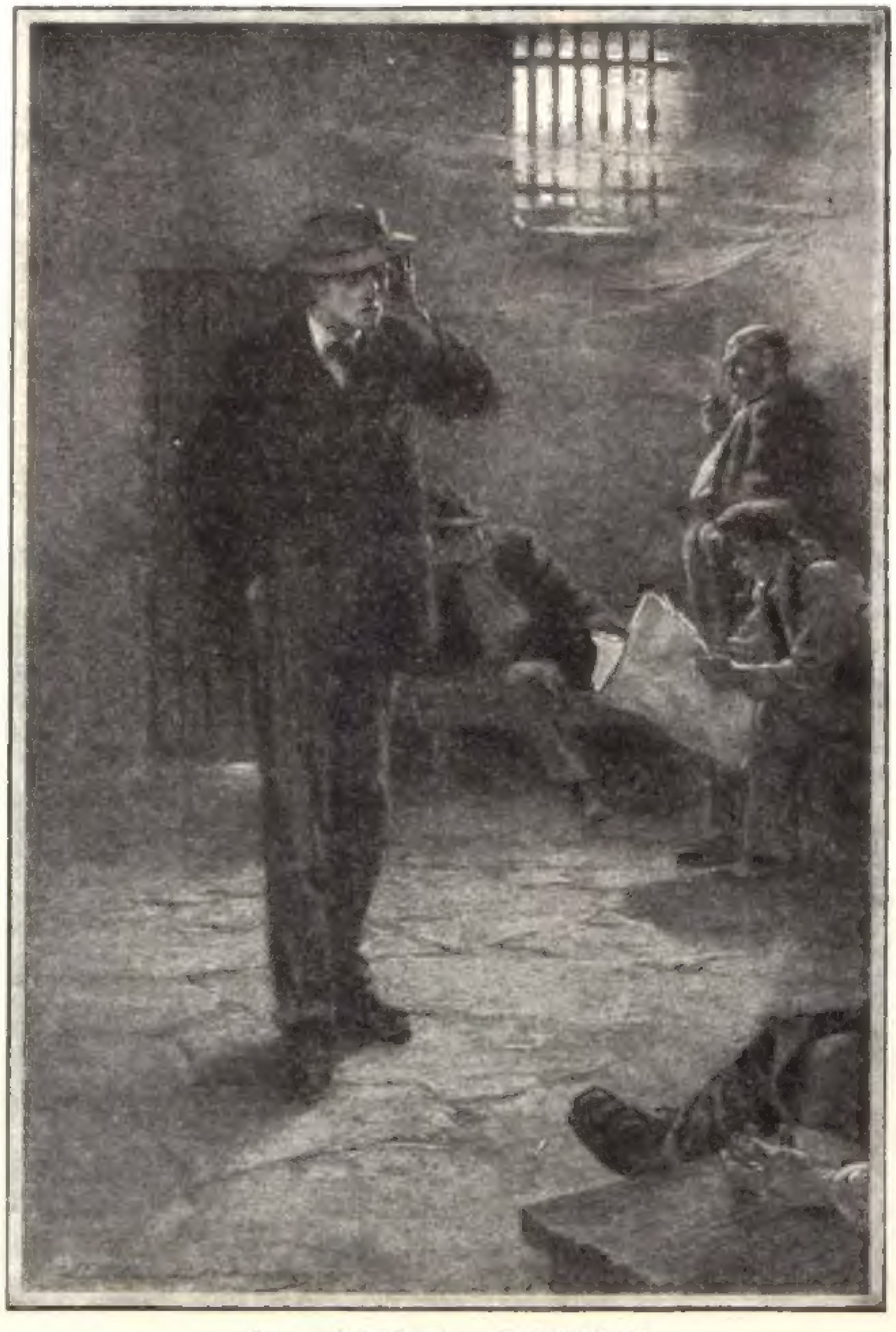
"Take him below."

They led Curly past him as they went and Silver Jack looked at him tolerantly if not indulgently and, with his quiet, winning smile, said:

"Made a fool of yourself, didn't you!"

"Well, I couldn't help it, Inspector," said Curly in the shrill tone his voice assumed when he was excited. "I had to do it. He aggravated me to it. You don't understand."

Silver Jack did not seek then to sound the mysteries of this cryptic defense; but something in the situation had its own appeal to him—the appeal of an especially interesting problem, uniting those elements of human tragedy and comedy that were necessary to rouse him in these later wearied days to any action. He had been in the business for thirty years, he had risen to the command of the bureau, and he was



Jane—of All Persons—Had Snitched!

recognized as the best detective in the state. He knew all the professional criminals by name, by reputation, by description, even by the character and quality of their work; so that the elaborate devices of the photographic studio, the Bertillon measurements and the new system of tracing fingerprints were tolerated by him rather than admired.

On the morning of the discovery of the burglary at Wolf's store he had taken the precaution he always exercised of examining the premises; but when his eye surveyed the scene he had recognized the job as the crude, bungling effort of some amateur and, successful though it had been, he had waved it aside and detailed McBride and Quinn to work on it. The events of this morning, however, had awakened his interest and he set himself to the congenial task of elucidating the mystery.

V

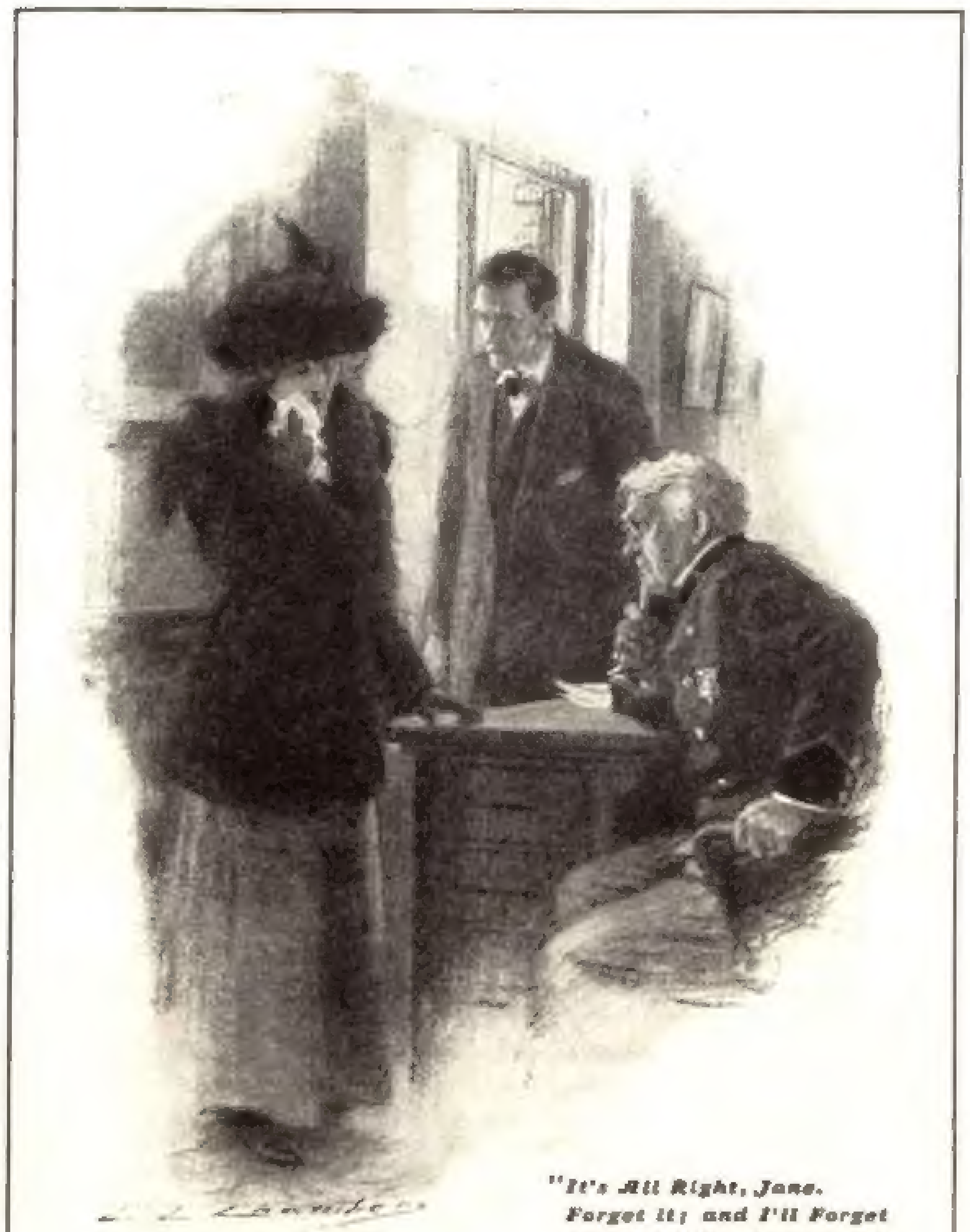
CURLY returned, or was returned, to the prison and bent his mind to the problem in which he found himself so vitally concerned; and as Silver Jack, returning to his office, similarly concentrated his powers on the same subject the mystery of the robbery of Wolf's candy store, now that the thoughts of the best detective and of the best—or the worst—criminal in the city were fixed upon it, seemed in the way of being solved. In the interests of society and of a speedy determination of issues it might have been regretted that circumstances compelled them to work independently; but, as Curly had no regard for the interests of society and as Inspector Carney approached the problem with the detached and impersonal attitude of the scientific mind, the result was subject to certain delays.

In a sense, Curly's method was the more difficult of the two, since he was not only encumbered with certain prejudices and personal considerations but was compelled to calculate only with those facts already in his possession, for he had no opportunity for external investigation. As he paced the stone flagging of the miserable old prison, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his small, round felt hat drawn down as though to shade his eyes from a light that never penetrated that cold region of stone and steel, he would roll a cigarette, light it, puff at it a moment, then throw it away; and the next minute roll another, light it, then throw that away—and so on, over and over, as he paced back and forth, back and forth, like a sentry walking his post in the cold. The three or four other prisoners in the place had at first tried to speak with him, but he paid little attention to them; and though now and then he smiled at them he did so as one smiles or flings answers at children when the mind is engrossed by heavy problems.

He thought over the blowing of the safe—an operation crude, bungling; plainly the work of a novice. He recalled all the details of that disordered, disappointing scene. The explosion must have been heavy enough to arouse the whole ward; the wonder was the police hadn't heard it; dynamite could have made no vaster havoc; and yet it had not been caused by dynamite; the work had been performed on the familiar principle of nitroglycerin and soap—just what he himself would have used. Would a novice have used nitroglycerin and soap—one of the simplifications of the art wrought by time and experience? The first deduction he made then was that though a novice had done the job he had had expert advice; he had grasped the principle, but lacked the technic.

Thus far his mind would work; to this point he could think, over and over again, and then his mind would wander back into the past—back to his past with Jane. He would see her in a

(Continued on Page 61)



"It's All Right, Jane. Forget it; and I'll Forget and We'll Go Away——"

The Book of Business Ethics

Some Casual Suggestions for the Consideration of its Compiler

By HENRY M. HYDE

ILLUSTRATION BY F. VAUX WILSON

SOMEBODY should compile the Book of Business Ethics. Issued under recognized authority and revised yearly to keep up with the progress of the game, it should rank easily with the best sellers, marching at even pace at least with the annual official baseball guide. It would be a hard book to put together. The few general principles that have so far been put into type are strangely mixed and contradictory. *Caveat emptor*—"Let the buyer beware!"—for instance, leers craftily at "Honesty is the best policy." "Competition is the life of trade" falls into a decline whenever the cold hand of the Steel Trust is laid upon its wrinkled brow. "We trust the people!" rarely appears on the street unless accompanied by a couple of constables.

The individual business man shows the need for an official book of rules by the avidity with which he buys and hangs up over his desk the fragmentary mottoes that find their way into print. "Think first of the customer's interest" is one such bit of business wisdom. "Take care of the quality; the price will take care of itself" is another. A certain Chicago financier boldly confesses that he is a throwback to the stone age of business ethics by displaying on the wall of his own particular and private office the shameless injunction: "Make money or get out!"

Meanwhile every business man finds in the transactions of each day difficult ethical problems. Self-interest urges one solution; a nice sense of honor another. Whichever way he decides he is likely to be bothered later by regret or by remorse. By what code shall he be governed? What are the rules by which he shall be guided in giving everybody—himself included—a square deal?

A new and ambitious young president came to the head of a great corporation. As a first step in advance he determined to spend half a million dollars in advertising its product. To handle this big appropriation he wanted the aid of the best possible advertising agency. Which agency should he select?

First of all, he sent out a general alarm and invited visits from everybody concerned. It was like the first rush to a new mining camp. The star men from the various agencies camped outside his offices, each wearing his reddest shirt and armed with pickax and blasting powder. One by one they were admitted to tell, in the most eloquent and forcible way possible, the compelling reasons why their own organization was best fitted to handle that big and most desirable account. To each of the advocates the president gave his undivided and enthusiastic attention.

"I'll give the claims of your agency careful consideration," he promised each man. "You've made out a strong case and I thank you. Now, before you go, there is one more question I want to ask. Our appropriation is a large one; I may conclude to divide the account. If I do so which of the other agencies would you advise me to employ? Which—next to your own, of course"—one must imagine the charming smile—"do you consider the best and most reliable advertising agency in the country?"

It happened that out of twenty men to whom this question was put no less than eighteen named the same agency as their second choice; and to the agency so selected the president—as he had from the first intended—gave the whole account.

Every business man will appreciate the shrewdness that, first skillfully eliminating self-interest and prejudice, thus obtained the real opinions of the leading experts of the country on such a difficult and delicate question. It is not, perhaps, likely that any one will feel that there was any violation of business ethics in the transaction. The almost universal judgment will be that it was not only justifiable but quite beyond criticism; but—having thus made an easy start—where shall the line be drawn between legitimate shrewdness and trickery? By what standard shall the young man be governed who wishes to do no violence either to his own self-respect or to the rights of other men?

This writing of the Book of Business Ethics becomes at once a most complicated and difficult undertaking.

The general manager of a great newspaper in a large Eastern city was bothered by the repeated refusals of a wholesale merchant to pay an advertising bill amounting to less than a thousand dollars. Repeated efforts had been made to collect the account, to the justice of which no objection had ever been made. The debtor was, at least, well-to-do. There was no reason why he should not promptly meet the claim. Yet by a whole series of trivial excuses he postponed payment until it seemed that to start suit was the only recourse left. Finally, about nine o'clock one evening, the general manager had an inspiration. With a grin on his face he called the delinquent merchant to the telephone at his residence.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "this is Mr. Brown, the managing editor of the Daily Leader. Our man on the street has brought in a rumor that your firm is in financial difficulties. Before making further inquiries, which might injure your credit, I have called you up to ask for a statement."

At the other end of the wire the merchant fairly sputtered, his wrath not unmixed with fear. Never had his business been so prosperous. He had put four new traveling men on the road. His advance orders were almost twice as large as last year. Collections were fine. He had a bank balance of several thousand dollars and bills payable were down to the lowest possible point. Surely the Leader—in which he frequently advertised—would not willfully injure him by printing such an idle and untruthful rumor!

Brown, the general manager, grinned in unholy glee. He dropped his editorial tone of voice and spoke now with the crisp, decisive inflection of the business office.

"I am delighted to hear that your affairs are in such a prosperous condition, Mr. Jones," he said. "This is Mr. Brown, business manager of the Leader, who is talking now. I simply want to ask why, if you've got such a big bank account, you don't pay that overdue account for the advertising you speak of!"

A check in full came by special messenger the next morning.

Having exhausted all the usual methods of collecting an admittedly just debt, was Brown justified in using his dual position to force collection? How far may a man go—who wishes to play the game fairly—in fighting the devil with fire?

Suppose one discovers that a man with whom he is associated in business is apparently planning to swindle him. Is it ethical so to mislead the prospective swindler as to cause him to fall into the pit of his own digging? Is it justifiable to match the slimy cunning of the serpent with equally devious guile? Or should a man—when there happens to be no club in sight—openly attack the vermin with his bare hands and run the chance of a bite?

Two men went into partnership in a manufacturing enterprise. Putting in the same amount of money, one—a practical mechanic—took charge of the plant, the other undertaking to sell the product. For the first year things went slowly, but, on the whole, successfully. Finally, when the salesman returned from one of his trips, his partner met him with a gloomy face.

"Factory costs are 'way up, John," he said; "and it isn't my fault either. We've got to put in a lot of automatic machinery. We ought to have at least two more men out on the road and we'll never get anywhere without a big advertising appropriation. It'll take fifty thousand more capital, at least."

There was something about his partner's manner which John did not like. He determined to go slow. Though he had plenty of available funds he pulled a long face. "I've got no more money to invest," he said. "We can put on another salesman if you say so and maybe buy a couple of punch presses; but don't be in such a hurry about it. I don't see but we're doing well enough."

His partner was unpleasantly insistent.

"We've got to get a lot more money into the business," he declared. "I'm not willing to fuss along this way, even if you are."

"Well," said the crafty John finally, "I'll think about it over Sunday and see you the first thing Monday morning. I'm in a hurry now."

How the Tricky Partner Was Caught

ON SUNDAY, by discreet inquiries, John learned that his partner's wife had come into a considerable fortune by inheritance. He also discovered, by talking to a foreman in the factory whom he could trust, that matters in the making end were not so bad as had been represented. He concluded that his partner, knowing the great future value of the business, had determined to force him out and get full control for himself.

On Monday morning John began by urging his partner to let the business run along slowly as it had been doing, making improvements from the profits. His partner refused to do business in that shoestring fashion.

"I don't know whether there is anything big in this proposition or not," he said, "and I certainly am not going to spend the rest of my life finding out. If we can't find the money ourselves one of us must get out."

John declared it an outrage that he should be forced to lose his chance to get rich out of the sure, if somewhat delayed, profits of the business. Just because he happened to be poor he could see no reason why his partner should take advantage of him. Before the interview was over they had come close to a quarrel.

"Well," John finally announced, "if you are determined to throw me down I don't see how I can stop you. I'm going out on the road again this afternoon. While I'm away you can take an inventory of the business, including the value of our patents. Put in everything. Don't forget the good-will. That ought to be worth something. You might as well draw up a contract giving me the right to buy or sell at the price set. I'll let you make the figures. If I had the money you can bet I'd do the buying; but since I haven't got it I hope you'll treat me fairly. Goodby."

While John was away two or three of his friends, who had heard of the difficulty, dropped into the factory to urge the partner to treat John fairly. Simply because John had no more money was no reason why he should not be paid full value for his holdings. John himself, they said, was afraid he was going to get the worst of it; but they felt sure that the partner was too square a man to take advantage of the situation.

When John at last got back, and he and his partner faced each other across a desk, it was plain that both were expecting trouble.

"Well," John began, "have you got the inventory drawn up?"

"Yes." The partner put his hand on a bundle of papers on the desk.

"And you're still determined to force me out of the business, are you?" John demanded.

"Not at all," the partner explained—"if you are ready to put, say, twenty-five thousand dollars more into the business."

John waved his hand to dismiss the suggestion.

"At any rate," he said, "I hope you've treated me fairly in fixing the figures."

As he reached out his hand to pick up the inventory his partner stopped him.

"Suppose, first of all," he said, "we sign up this contract."

John made no objection. The contract provided that John should have his choice between buying and selling, the option to be exercised within twenty-four hours at the figures fixed by his partner and shown in the attached inventory.

With his copy of the signed contract in his hand, John picked up the inventory. He gave a single glance at the figures at the bottom of the column. They showed that his partner had fixed the total selling value of the property at less than half of what it was really worth. From his trousers pocket he pulled a twenty-dollar goldpiece and slammed it down on the desk.

"Now, you dog," he said, "you're caught in your own trap! I buy at your own price and here's twenty dollars to bind the bargain."

He rang a callbell on the desk. In trooped the superintendent and half a dozen foremen.

"I've just bought out Mr. Owens," John announced. "He tried to swindle me and I got the best of him at his own game. Don't let him put his nose inside the buildings again." Then he waved his hand toward the door. "Get out of here!" he ordered, pointing to the red-faced partner. "I hope I never see you again. You are not even a smart crook!"

Well, the farther one goes into the subject the more difficult it becomes to write a book of rules that shall cover all the multifarious complications of the business game.

Even more frequently than the executives do salesmen encounter ethical problems they must settle in a rough-and-ready way, without waiting for consultation or advice.

One day last spring, two men who were traveling for rival coal-mining companies happened to meet on an interurban car running west from Chicago.

"Where are you going, Pete?" asked one.

"Well, Jim," answered the other, doing his hardened best to blush, "since you've caught me at it I may as well admit that I'm just running out to Sparta to call on a girl."

The first salesman winked comprehensively.

"You're a graceful liar, Pete!" he remarked pleasantly. "You're going out to Fairpont to sell old Wheeler his winter supply of coal. So am I. So, instead of scrapping about it, what do you say to matching quarters to see who gets the first crack at him?"

Pete was willing and in the resulting game of chance was a winner. Reaching Fairpont, the two rivals took the hack to the hotel.

"I'll wait here until you get through," said the first salesman. "Come back and let me know how you make out."

Now it happened that Ezra Wheeler, the only coal dealer in Fairpont, was a middle-aged bachelor who had the unfortunate weakness of going on one big, not to say mastodonic, spree every year. He had been drinking for a couple of weeks when the coal salesmen reached town, and that afternoon he was sitting alone in his office in a dazed and helpless state.

Wheeler looked up, his eyes glaring in frenzy, as Pete stepped jauntily into the room.

"Ah! How do you do, Mr. Wheeler?" began the salesman. "I just ran down from Chicago to sell you next winter's stock."

"Oh! You did, did you?" screamed Wheeler, springing to his feet. With one hand he grasped a heavy glass inkbottle from his desk and, as the salesman dodged out of the door, hurled it with all his strength after the retreating figure.

Pete decided that here was a fine opportunity to have fun with his rival. He went back to the hotel with a gloomy look on his face.

"Well, the old grouch wouldn't listen to me," he said. "It's up to you, old man. Go to it."

A Warm Welcome for Jim

JIM, the second coal salesman, was delighted to find this break in the cloudy sky of his bad luck. First condoling with his unsuccessful competitor, he set off down the street to the little frame box that served Wheeler as an office, Pete following—observant, but unobserved.

Wheeler was evidently waiting for another attack on the part of the imaginary desperadoes who were after his life. Jim had barely stepped inside the door and announced his errand when the maniac hurled an inkstand he had in readiness. The salesman dodged the heavy missile, which struck the wall, showering him with a flood of ink from face to knees. Reaching the street, he saw half a block away the canvas sign of a ready-made clothing store. To that port of refuge for his dripping chagrin he hurried. The clothing man was sympathetic; also apologetic.

"When Wheeler is himself," he said, "he's a square, decent fellow. In his present condition he don't know at all what he's doing. After he comes to himself, a week or ten days from now, he'll not remember anything that has happened. When he hears what he's done to you he'll be mortified to death. I'll just charge this suit and all these things to him if you like?"

Jim, the coal salesman, had an inspiration.

"No," he said firmly, pulling out his pocketbook. "I'll pay for them myself. I'm sorry for poor Wheeler. I want you to promise that you'll never tell him."

"That's mighty decent of you," said the clothing man as he counted the bills. "Wheeler is a good friend of mine and I'll be glad to spare his feelings. I promise never to mention it to him. Everybody in town likes Wheeler when he's himself."

Once more properly accoutered, Jim went back to the hotel. Pete, the wag, bursting with invidious mirth, had caught a car for Chicago. By reference to his notebook Jim saw that the year previous Wheeler had ordered fifty carloads of egg coal. Then he visited each of the three hardware stores in Fairpont and discovered that during the year between two and three hundred furnaces and base-burner stoves had been sold.

When he got back to the office in Chicago he placed

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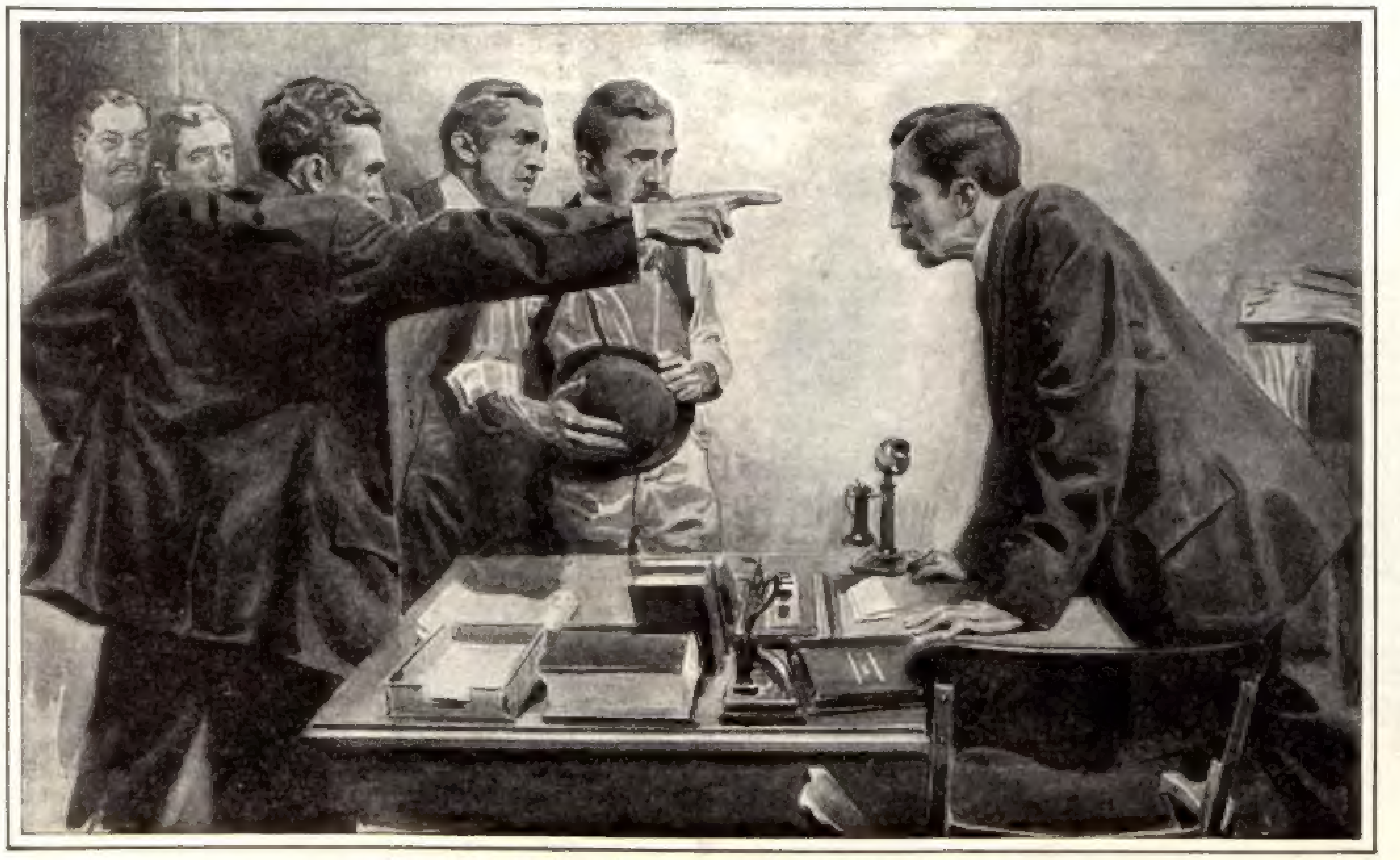
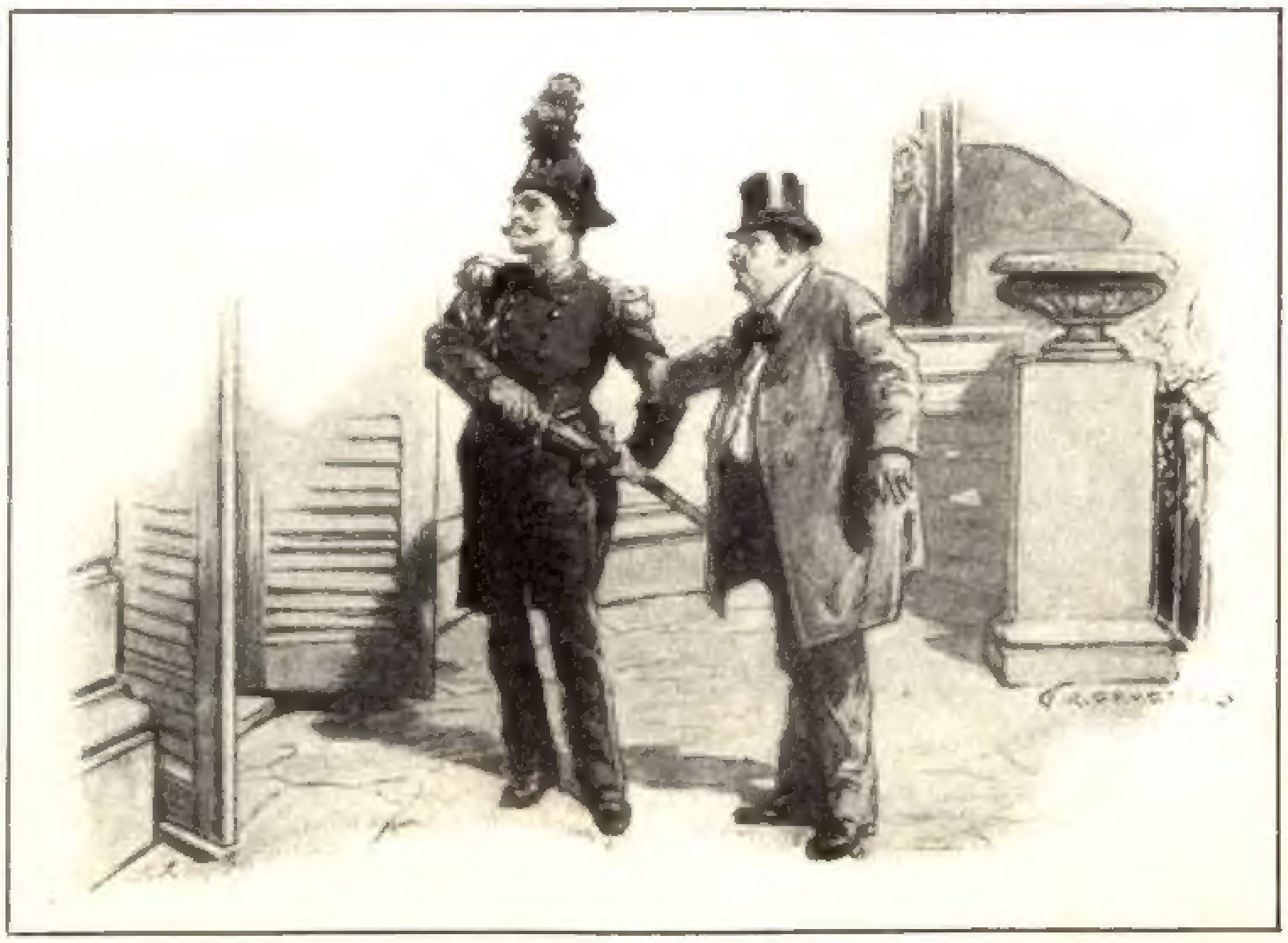


"Don't Let Him Put His Nose Inside the Buildings Again"

A Message From the Mikado

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



The Journalist Grasped the Arm of the Carabinière, the Latter Grasped His Sword, and They Both Edged Nearer the Glass Doors

IT WAS early February in Capri, yet a few almond trees had blossomed, the lemons were ripening on the terraced hillside and olive trees were hinting a new green beneath their dusty gray. There was sunny peace—a Sabbath calm. Spring held the little island in the hollow of her hand and breathed upon it.

And into the rich, still beauty of it all there loafed a ragged *contadina* from the village below, fetching me the fatal telegram from Naples, across the bay:

> Be over this afternoon. Get the band to meet me. Have important message from the Mikado for you. Thell with Germany!
>
> BARON LORD BILL DEXTER FREEMAN,
> Dauphin and County Recorder.

When I had read the thing twice it seemed to me there was no time to be lost. I fled through an alley of blossoming shrubs to the next villa and in its garden came opportunely upon a worried man before an easel. He was trying for some shadows that darkened the cliff before him. He had sworn they were purple shadows, but thus far had failed to prove it. I thought it well for him to have a more tangible worry.

"That dear Cousin Bill of yours has come back," I announced brutally.

The rising young colorist, Horace Mandeville Freeman, dropped palette and brushes and rose to his feet in quick alarm.

"He hasn't been taken down with cholera or anything?" he asked in a flash of hope.

I handed him the slip of blue paper. His brows went up as he read.

"I do hope he isn't ——" he began weakly.

"There's no telling about William," I said.

"He was when he left for Japan, you remember."

I did remember. The whole island remembered. There was no doubt whatever that he had been—he and the two dear young friends he had known, man and boy, for a whole day in Naples and whom he had hospitably brought to visit Horace. I think they never learned Horace's name in the eventful two days they were his guests. They spoke of him quite simply as "Bill's nervous cousin."

"Oh, well, he was taking it for medicine," I suggested; "and that was three months ago. Probably he's well now, and that"—I indicated the telegram—"is merely a humorous expression of his joy at seeing us again. Bill always will be exuberant."

"He wired me from Cairo on his way out that he'd been bitten by a scorpion, but I suppose nothing came of it," mused Horace, a little resentfully. Then he brightened. "Anyway, let's shut the place up and get dinner out. We needn't see him tonight. Then, if he is, we can get over to Naples on the morning boat and wire him we're called to Paris. He'll start for Paris and we can come back."

Horace has carefully trained a beard of the Italian Renaissance, believing it helps to sell pictures when he serves tea in the studio and talks about "values." At least it helped him now to look cunning and cold and cruelly deceitful. He was like his own portrait of an early Venetian statesman, plotting to strangle his daughter.

"It may be a good plan," I conceded; "it may even be necessary; but we can first make valuable observations. When the boat gets in we'll stroll down past his hotel. We needn't get too close. I can diagnose Bill as far as the human eye can reach."

"It has been so restful here," sighed Horace.

I shall not gossip irrelevantly concerning William Dexter Freeman beyond admitting that his Aunt Lutetia, a lady of no special narrowness of judgment, has spoken publicly of him ever since the second time he left college—his second college—as a young man not likely to end well. This, I believe, was the time William started West to be a cowboy and was found by alarmed relatives two weeks later eating his luncheon in the swimming tank of the Chicago Athletic Club.

Saving this slender revelation, any opinion as to his habits, character and promise of usefulness in a busy world must be drawn from his own simple narrative and the circumstances that evoked it.

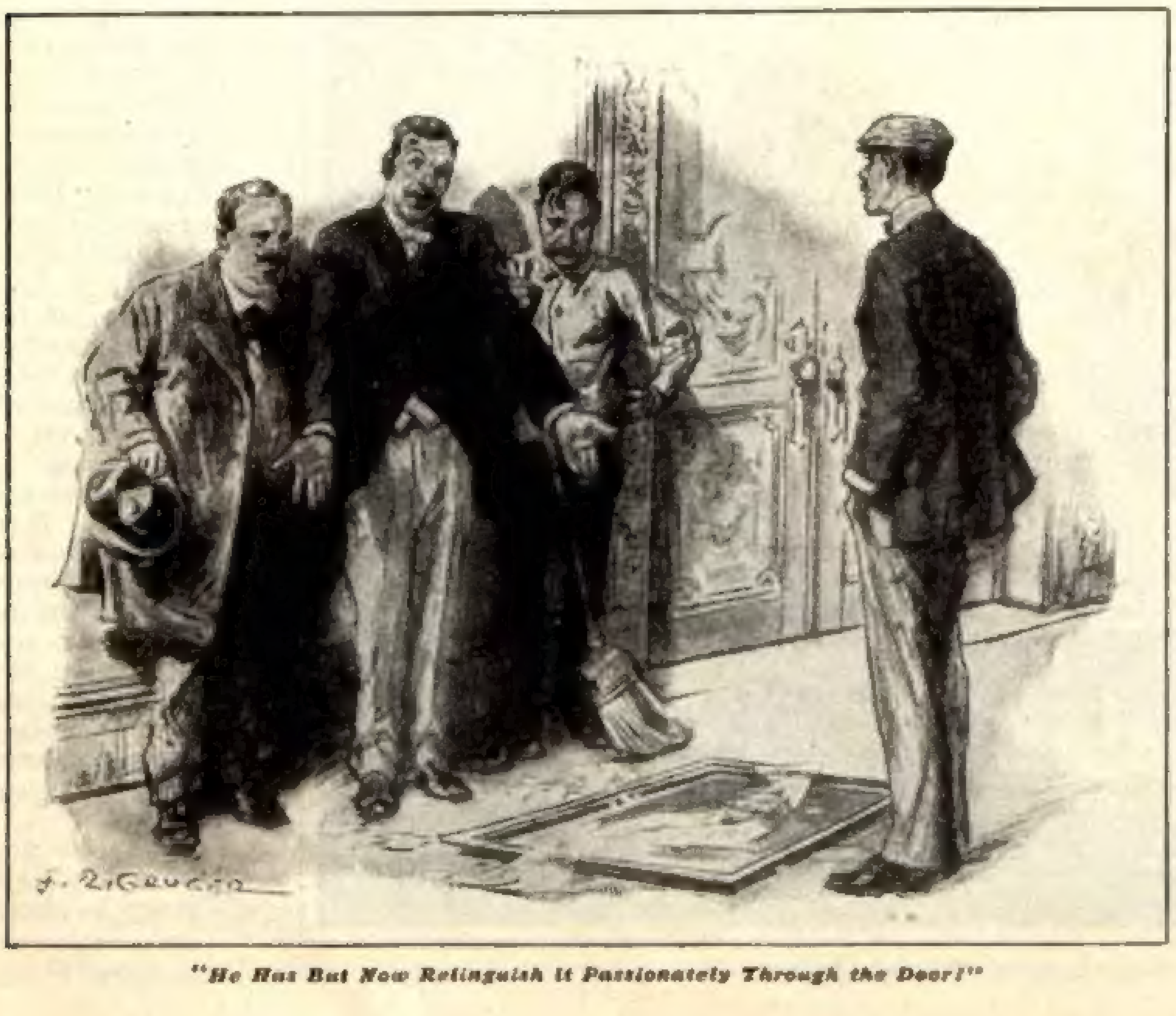
II

THE afternoon drowsed to its peaceful end; the purple shadows—undoubted purple now—deepened on the hills above Sorrento; and Vesuvius and its smoke-cloud became of an even, impalpable gray.

At six o'clock the little white steamer from Naples nosed its way about the Sorrentine peninsula; at six-thirty it anchored at the Grande Marina far below us and we could overlook the rowboats swarming to its side for their tourist prey.

Twenty minutes later the perturbed Horace and I were strolling along the road to the village, keeping well aside from the *carrozas* that had already wound up the hill from the boat. We furtively scanned the occupants of each, but there was no William Dexter Freeman—only the usual horde of Germans and a casual American or two.

Reaching the little square, we agreed to lounge there a bit, after the manner of the country, until the last carriage had passed. The square at Capri is theatrical. It is the ideal setting for Cavalleria Rusticana—church, wineshop and colorful villagers. We sat in front of the wineshop and sipped a sticky red syrup, inflated with seltzer—and admired the gray old walls, with the Bourbon arms still adorning a portico. Opposite us a Punchinello engrossed a vivacious audience with his domestic infelicities.



"He Has But Now Relinquish It Passionately Through the Door!"

"So peaceful here," sighed Horace, pointedly referring to the menace of his only cousin. And it was peaceful—in a noisy Italian way.

"Every time they start him around the world he gets about halfway and buys something—and has to come back to explain about it. Last time it was an opera company—at Shanghai, I think."

"But this time it may not be so ——"

Even as I began this weak speech of encouragement there entered the square a procession that caused us to shrink hastily into the doorway of the wineshop.

First, there marched stiffly two of our local constabulary. Behind these progressed the *carroza* of Pepino, and this was flanked by two more of our Capri policemen. These also marched stiffly, with a sort of troubled importance. And Pepino drove his little Sardinian horse, Garibaldi, with an air. Garibaldi could never have been a difficult animal, even in hottest youth; he must always have been sedate, humble, willing and slothful. And he is very old now, for all his gay trappings of metal and the pheasant plume that nods jauntily from his reverend brow. But Pepino was driving with an extravagant display of caution, reins taut, whip impending, feet braced, with watchful looks and warning "Ahs!"—as if Garibaldi were a very devil of a beast, awaiting his least chance to dash madly up or down a cliff.

Behind this *carroza* marched an eager chorus of villagers; these, too, wore airs of importance—pleased importance. They were not only beholding a spectacle but were in a way assisting.

"I told you so!" hissed Horace, clutching my arm.

Indeed, it looked so. William Dexter Freeman lolled in lordly state in Pepino's carriage. This might have meant much or little; but beside William, stiffly erect, rode a veritable *carabinière*, a notable member of Italy's most impressive body of police, a brilliantly uniformed, splendidly plumaged personage with a gallant black mustache and terrible eyebrows.

We saw that he belonged in Naples. In Capri we must preserve law and order much less splendidly. And why had this golden vision with the hat of cock's plumage crossed the bay?

"He's been arrested again," moaned Horace.

I questioned this. William's bearing was not that of the overtaken. It was far from that if you looked closely. He wore as a garment the air of bored royalty parading a village of his despised serfs. He yawned. He stared superciliously at the new accession to his train; for the Punchinello audience had thronged about his chariot the moment it appeared, deserting the drama at its very climax. And there was that in the bearing of William's uniformed attendants that stamped them as an honorary escort rather than vulgar captors. In place of surveillance they showed pride of office. The ornate official who rode with William revealed the anxiety of one responsible for large matters. He combined a slavish deference to William with jealous attention to a cylindrical case of tin which he clasped to his splendid breast.

And William yawned and gazed superciliously over the heads of the awed populace. No longer did we fear recognition. There was a glaze in the stare of William; an apparent difficulty in the focusing of his vision. He would look upon us, yet see us not. I divined that his eyes were not coördinating.

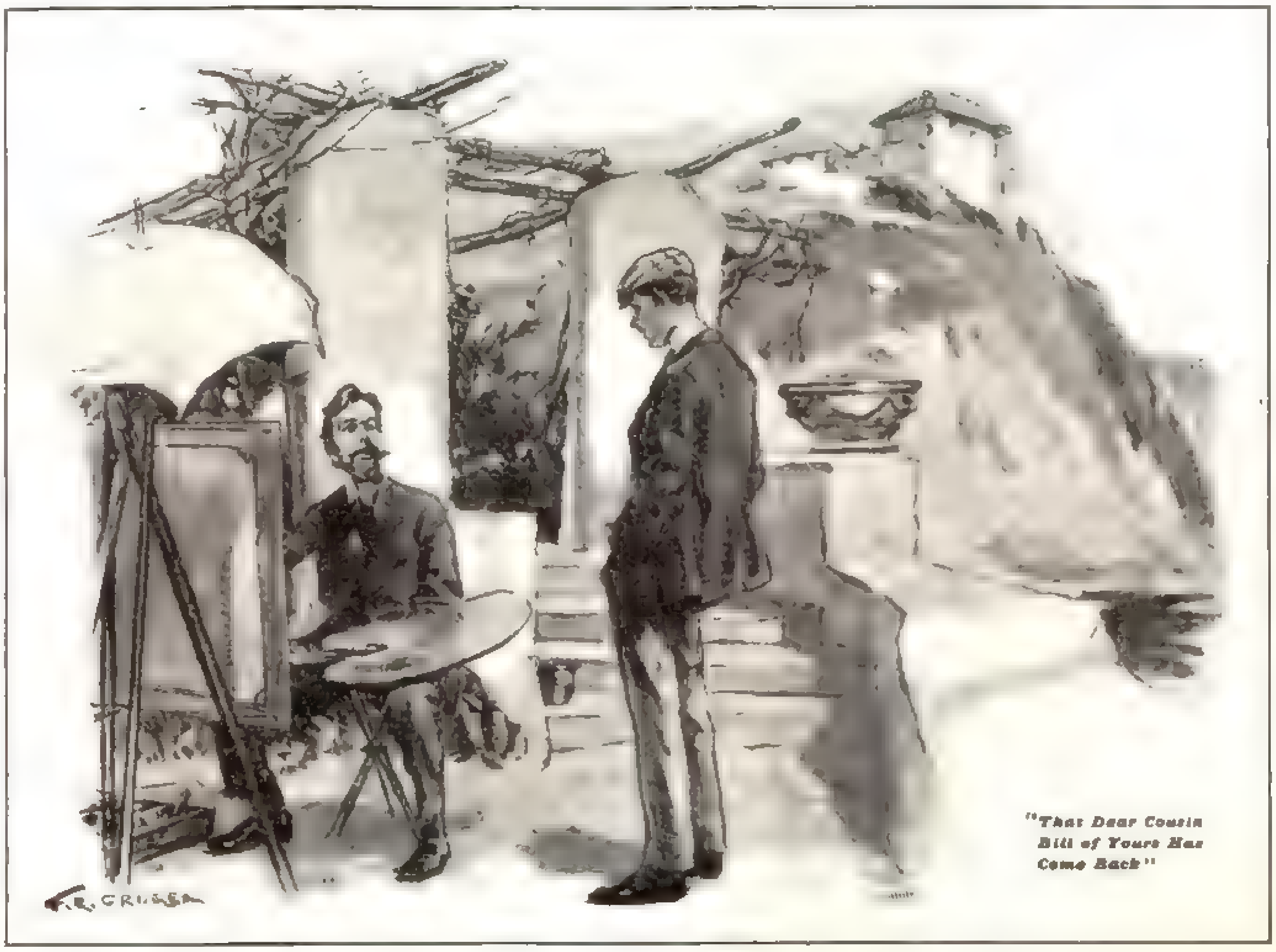
Slowly the procession wound through the square and turned down the narrow way that leads to the hotel for which William was bound. The populace clattered joyously after it, leaving only ourselves and a cynical showman; but the latter, emerging from his box, forsook his art and followed the crowd. He, too, was but human.

"Now you see!" said Horace vindictively.

I had to confess that I did. Denial would have been too absurd. We waited enough minutes for William to become securely housed. Then we followed in his wake.

The procession had struck the solid front of the hotel and been flattened by the impact. Ranged along the front of the building it peered through the windows. Horace slunk down the Via Tragara while I squeezed through the populace until I had a fair view of the hotel lobby.

William was pledging a health in champagne to his escort, while the plenteous hotel staff in frock coats hovered about respectfully but not without an evident anxiety. William had not lost his air of boredom. He was performing the offices of hospitality, but without any proper elation. His tall frame drooped at the shoulders. His long, bony face was haggard with weariness. He sipped from his glass languidly. Then I saw him accost the concierge with a show of impatience. The door of the hotel opening at that moment, I heard him demand that his friends and relatives should be sent for; also his assertion that he wanted no nonsense about it. I relinquished my post to a native and fled into the dusk.



"That Dear Cousin Bill of Yours Has Come Back"

III

THE hotel was again an orderly hotel when we passed it on our way home that night. William had retired, at least beyond the lobby, and his gilded entourage was no longer visible.

By the time we were ascending the one hundred and eighty-eight steps to the Villa of the Four Winds I had brought myself to regard the incident as closed and was urging Horace to this view. He professed to be hopeful as I parted from him. His hope was that William would commit a crime of violence during the night and be duly sequestered therefor. If it were murder so much the better. Horace, at moments, can be an extremist.

Then at my own door I was met with a card:

L. TALLIEN DE BERTOUT
PUBLICISTE
SYNDIC DE LA PRESSE MILITAIRE
LA PATRIE 19 RUE DE L'UNIVERSITE

The gentleman awaited me. He had waited three hours. He was a short, rotund man of middle age, with a mustache quite military and bristling and the pink eyes of a ferret. He seemed to be on the point of bubbling. He arose, bowed deeply, and asked if I spoke French.

I spoke enough to ask if he spoke English. We compromised earnestly, even laboriously. I discovered that he would interview me: (1) concerning the rich personality of one Baron Lord Bill Dexter Freeman, Dauphin and County Recorder; (2) concerning my relations, official or otherwise, with His Imperial Majesty the Mikado of Japan; (3) concerning a hinted diplomatic encounter between the rulers of said Japan and Germany; (4) as to the precise meaning of the English word "thell," a word he had failed to discover in the dictionaries at hand.

I promptly sought to interview my caller. I desired to be told immediately what William Dexter Freeman had been up to now.

I was met with skilled evasions. Observing this, I, too, became evasive. I confessed to but the slightest acquaintance with the Baron Lord B. D. Freeman, Dauphin and County Recorder. And I declined, with a subtle finesse, to speak of my relations, official or otherwise, with the Japanese Government.

"It is not a matter I may speak freely about at the present time," I said coldly.

"Thell?" suggested the *publiciste* winningly.

I looked blank. He withdrew from a pocket and handed to me a copy of William's telegram from Naples. There it was: "Thell with Germany!" I had forgotten. I had not thought of the word as "thell."

I continued evasive. I said everything depended on how the word was used. It might mean one thing; then it might mean another. It depended upon the context, the inflection, the nuance.

I should be rash to define its meaning in the present instance. It was a word that could hardly be explained to a foreigner.

My caller accepted this with a smile of deep understanding, as one divining the delicacies, perhaps dangers, of my position; yet as one determined to have the truth, palter as I might.

He withdrew, with profuse apologies, after learning that early the next morning I purposed to pay my respects to Baron Lord Freeman, D. and C. R. He intimated that on the morrow he would expect to find me less reticent.

Why should a wandering French journalist be conducting himself in this manner? What, in short, had Bill Freeman been doing now?

IV

WHEN I entered the hotel the next morning at nine I saw that something had occurred but a moment before.

Back in the hall that leads from the spacious lobby, the itinerant French journalist and the proprietor of the hotel were talking excitedly above an indistinguishable object on the floor. I did not understand that part of the talk that was vocalized, but it was a minor part and negligible. They spoke also with their hands, arms, shoulders, eyebrows and mustaches; and this was singularly illuminating. Bill had done something else.

As I approached them I saw that the object of their concern was a framed portrait of His Imperial Majesty, William II of Germany. Violence had been done to it and a porter was sweeping up broken glass; but the royal eyes still frowned gallantly from the wreck. I recognized the portrait as one that had hung in the state apartment. It is an excellent apartment with a southern exposure. William II and I have both occupied it in our times; and it costs twelve lire a day, including service. I perceived that William D. Freeman must be its present tenant; also, that the portrait of the German emperor had not commended itself to him.

"He has but now relinguish it passionately through the door!" exclaimed signore the landlord as I approached.

"Baron Lord Beel Dextair Freeman thell weeth Germanee!" added the French journalist, with an air of deep significance.

"He say he feel to box swiftly to the earth all mans that would endeavor to replace that object," continued the landlord, with a piteous gesture toward the portrait.

"Thell weeth Germanee!" repeated the journalist cunningly; "that wishes to say some trouble for Germanee—yes?"

"This is not," I said stiffly, "a matter I can discuss in the corridor of a hotel." And I knocked at the door of the state apartment.

A voice roared: "*Allez! Allez!* Get out of there!" So I went in.

William Dexter Freeman sat up in bed and readjusted a turban that he had fashioned from one of the hotel towels. Then he spoke.

"Trouble with a hangover—maybe you don't dream you have it at all. You get up feeling fine."

I glanced through the glass doors that open on the broad balcony. The highly caparisoned official from Naples was pacing this, his hand on his sword. I turned to William.

"If you have anything to say," I began severely, "say it now. Have you had any breakfast?"

"Not a drop; but I will. A brandy and soda, I think, with about a thousand little lumps of ice."

I opened the door narrowly and gave the order to the landlord, the *publiciste*, and the porter who swept broken glass.

"Now then," I said, returning to William.

"What day is it?"

"This is Monday."

"Which Monday?"

"No specific Monday that I know of—just the Monday that would come along naturally after the Sunday that was yesterday. If you're looking for some particular Monday I'm no expert in chronology. Have you anything to say?"

"I want that brandy and soda before it is Tuesday. I thought at first he was making trouble about the zebras."

"Who was?"

"That boy out there, with the gold vest and the Easter bonnet." He waved to the official who still patrolled the balcony and who was joined at that moment, I noted, by the *publiciste*. They fell into step together after a guarded glance through the glass doors.

The drink came and I conferred it upon William.

"Now," I admonished him, "try to wash those zebras out of your mind. Tell me how it began."

His eyes rested gratefully on mine over the top of the glass.

"It began on the German liner, last night out," he said, as I took the glass from him.

"Well?"

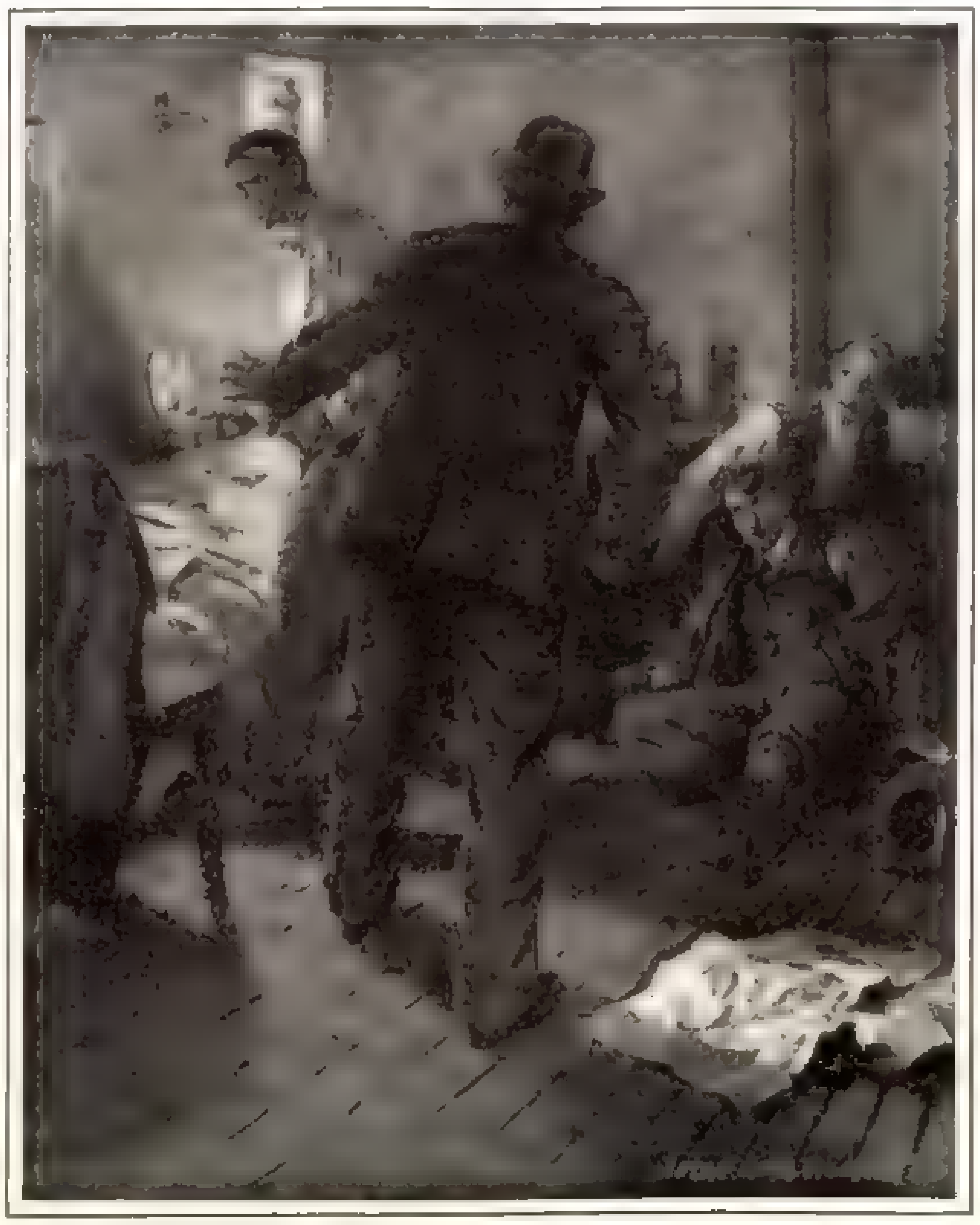
"Last night out, you understand; and I went to bed early—early and sober—mind that. They said it was the Kaiser's birthday, but I didn't care. Of course all the Germans cared. They started with punch after dinner. About one o'clock they thought I ought to care too; so

(Continued on Page 57)

BIG SULLIVAN

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



As the Crash of the Collision Came He Leaped Toward Donohue

"I WONDER——" Sullivan paused. Holding the strip of silk in his thick fingers, he stroked it clumsily and finished the sentence in his thoughts: "Now, would she like ut wide or narrow best?"

"Big" Sullivan they called him on the force. Any one could see that he was a plain-clothes man. The uniform and nightstick had left their mark upon him and he had not the well-groomed, ruddy prosperity that proclaims the front office. He frowned, perplexed; to him this problem of the moment was a mighty thing. He was in Levy's pawnshop, picking out a tie.

Outside, his district roared with the thousand noises of life that wakens when the lamps begin to glow. He did not hear; his eyes were fixed upon the strip of silk; his mind was with a girl.

Sartorial matters had not been important to him, save as the rule-book touched on clean collar, polished shoes and a shave. Now it was different. For some time Maggie's preferences had been a factor in his life. He had tried—clumsily it may be, but Heaven knows that it was faithfully—to change many little things in his manners and his dress. As he grew in favor he had tried the more. The years of walking a beat had brought habits that went but poorly with citizen's clothes. Maggie had other admirers: their ties did not persist in climbing their collars; their muscles did not bulge through their coats; nor did they ever clank with hardware when they sat down. In emulation of them—and now, at last, to Maggie's fond dictation—Sullivan was striving toward nattiness. A far cry—but he was doing his best.

This tie was a matter of peculiar importance. Tomorrow night was the policemen's ball and for the first time he was going to that annual function in the dignity of plain clothes. Moreover, Maggie was going with him. He had come on duty this night with a light heart and with a plain road ahead of him. For he knew the exact color she wanted him to wear. Levy's pawnshop was in his district; it was also a clothing store. He had come here to make the purchase; and suddenly he had found himself treading on new ground, helpless, indecisive. For of this color there were two widths.

He pushed back his derby from his moist brow and sighed heavily. Levy's sallow clerk, whose sharp eyes had grown beady from long scrutiny of much dubious collateral, leaned across the counter, solicitous; for Sullivan was law, and law in this part of town was something to be reckoned with. At length, seeing the frown deepen on Sullivan's brow, he proffered advice. Sullivan waved him aside with a gesture.

"Go on!" he said. "This ain't a pair of brass knuckles ye're selling to a strong-arm man. This is a tie. What do ye know of ties?"

Perhaps he had done better to have gone to a clothing store. Now it was too late for that. He must make the best of Levy's, where there was no expert opinion to come to his aid. He tried to put himself in Maggie's place, to see ties as she would see them. Broad or narrow?

A swift step sounded; a bulk in blue and brass buttons loomed in the doorway.

"Sullivan, ye're wanted—quick!"

Sullivan laid down the tie and walked out. Leaving the place, he did not so much as glance back at the clerk; his face was clear; the perplexed frown was gone; this was familiar ground, his beaten path. He started off without a word beside the patrolman. When they were on the sidewalk the latter said, in that matter-of-fact tone of him to whom such matters are routine of the day's work:

"A shootin' at the Bells of Shandon."

Sullivan's body bent forward above the waist; he swung into a long, flat-footed stride. "How long since?"

"Not more'n fifteen minutes. I got it from the station, ringin' in. They said to tell you. Kelly's down there; he's on that beat tonight."

"All right," said Sullivan; "I'll see ye later."

He plunged on in a straight line through the crowd. Before his bulk the stream of life on the sidewalk swirled to either side. He hurried past dance halls and saloons, cigar stands and nickel theaters, looking directly ahead. Staccato automatic music beat the air insistently; loud laughter came out over swinging doors; on a corner, beneath gasoline torches, to the throbbing of a bass drum and the wail of a cornet, the Salvation Army was singing patiently against the blare of ragtime from a basement dive. Sullivan heard them all, unconscious of them. Pallid idlers, immaculately clothed, looked sidelong at him from doorways and, emboldened by his lack of notice, scowled at his back when he had passed. A petty thief shrank into the shadows of an alleyway. Hackmen, with faces as inscrutable as rocks, looked down from their high seats upon him, and, reading in his pace the news of trouble elsewhere, they turned their eyes back to their horses, with the marvelous indifference of those whose welfare lies in seldom seeing what they behold.

He turned into another street. There were no electric signs or automatic music here. It was a silent thoroughfare between dingy wooden buildings. Junk yards and machine shops made black patches between the drinking places; and these latter were unadorned, as though they had no need to lure their customers—a somber neighborhood, to which in course of time drifted the derelicts from the bright streets near by. The Bells of Shandon was midway down the block.

The dead-wagon stood waiting at the curb. "So ho," said Sullivan. "I'll clean ut up before the front office gets a chanst at ut, mebbe." He pushed aside the swinging doors and entered eagerly. It was a long barroom, with sawdust on the floor; it resounded with bass voices singing untunefully. Before the battered bar a group of big-bodied dock laborers, their arms on one another's shoulders, were roaring a sentimental Irish ballad. The bartender was watching them dispassionately. He nodded to Sullivan and jerked his thumb toward the rear of the place.

Passing through ragged, soiled portières, Sullivan reached a small back room. Four chairs and a table were its furnishings. A single gasjet burned yellow overhead. Standing silent underneath this light, his notebook in one hand, in the cramped fingers of the other a stub leadpencil, the uniformed patrolman on the beat was finishing a painful entry of names, time and condensed statements from witnesses. His helmet was tilted back to one side; his lips moved as he wrote. Beside him the coroner's deputy was puffing impatiently at a cigar. He smiled.

"Hello, Sullivan!" said he. "It's a dead-open-and-shut case. Can I take him away?"

Sullivan glanced at the outstretched body on the floor. Then he pulled out his own notebook.

"Who got him?" he asked.

The patrolman looked up from his writing. "Scarface Donohue," he said tersely.

"I didn't know he was back yet," said Sullivan.

"He come tonight; and he"—the patrolman pointed to the waxen face on the floor "got his."

The voices of the singers shook the air outside. Sullivan looked thoughtfully on the sprawling body. "I remember," he said slowly. "Five years ago Scarface promised he'd do ut. Who seen ut?"

The patrolman left the room and came back a moment later with the bartender. The man told the story of the shooting with a measure of indifference; and then, as one recalling a small incident: "I never see a man so bad afraid. Ever since he turned up Donohue to the police that time, he's been waitin' fer it. Excuse me; I got to look out for things in front."

Sullivan copied the patrolman's notes. "I guess," said he, "you got ut all—only Donohue. Any one see which way he went?"

"He said he'd shoot the first man tried to follow," said the patrolman.

"All right." Sullivan snapped his notebook shut. "I'll take a look fer him."

When he had 'phoned in his data, and knew that the dragnet was spread for Donohue, Sullivan went back to his district. Some people called that section of the city a place of follies and pleasure. To Sullivan it was the region where tragedies either brewed or ended; where news of evildoing traveled fast and all men knew more than they cared to tell. Here, in the music and the roaring of many tongues, the wise whispered to one another the gossip of their friends, the "wanted." And here, as elsewhere, the old passions—hate and fear and sometimes even love—drove men to act against their fellows.

"I'll browse around and mebbe find some guy that wants to stool," was the way Sullivan put it to himself.

He traveled far, going through those few blocks. He visited many places where the air was full of laughter and careless words. He talked in undertones with various ones who lived beneath the shadow of his heavy hand—a shortcard man, two bartenders, half a dozen cringing idlers, a messenger boy who carried opium to smokers. He got no news until, at length, walking down the street, he felt a hand touching his elbow. Looking across his shoulder, he stepped back into an alleyway. The man who had accosted him glanced swiftly around.

"I hear Donohue's back." The lean, pallid face was twitching slightly.

"He killed Red Murray in the Bells of Shandon. I want him," growled Sullivan.

The other stepped suddenly back into the shadows; footsteps sounded on the pavement. When the passer-by had gone he came forth again. "Listen," said he: "Cohen's got company in the M & M tonight." He started to go.

"Hold on!" Sullivan gripped him by the shoulder and looked down into his face. It was heavy with old lines that had sprung forth again; the eyes flamed. Sullivan's own face cleared. "Ah, yes," he said.

"Ye remember that? I knew when I done that bit who had turned me up. If I'd been what he is he'd never lived to do this job tonight. Ye'd best be movin', Mr. Sullivan. Cohen ain't goin' to keep him there for long." He peered out into the street, saw a clear coast and walked away. Sullivan's face wore satisfaction, looking after him.

The M & M had been, in years gone by, a lodging house. Now the old three-story building was an eyesore by day among a tangle of cheap tenements. By night it was the refuge of strange transients, who slunk into its empty halls in the darkness and did not emerge until darkness had come again. Then they stole forth—the petty thief, the homeless vagrant and the drug fiend. Its walls were rotting; most of its rooms were doorless and yawned like caves beside the vacant corridors—all save Cohen's place.

Before Cohen's well-barred door you might wait and you might hammer on the panels until your fists were sore; and if you chose more drastic methods to gain entrance you would find, when the portal had been battered down, none of those whom you sought. A window opened out on the neighboring roof; from that roof others extended; there were many chimneys behind which fugitives might hide, and fire escapes led to the ground.

Sullivan knew Cohen's place and the history of many unsuccessful raids on Cohen's guests was fresh in his memory. He pondered, therefore, walking slowly down the street. "I'll go ut alone," he told himself at length.

He circled around a dozen squares, approaching the M & M. When he reached the narrow side street on which it stood he hurried to the building, silent, hugging the shadows like a thief. He entered the doorless portal; he climbed the musty stairways. The top corridor was dark; he felt his way along the walls, treading with infinite caution, holding his breath in the concentration of his efforts toward stealth. At length he reached the end and saw the narrow streak of lamplight that oozed out over Cohen's threshold. His nostrils widened; the odor of opium smoke was in the air. He tiptoed into the doorway across the hall. He waited there.

For a long time he stood in the darkness, watching the dim streak of yellow light. At first the rushing of his own breath was the only sound that he could hear. Then other noises came to him: the patter of rats hurrying between the old walls; the stirring of some sleeper on the floor below; and finally the muffled drone of low voices behind Cohen's door. He pulled his hat down tight and shifted his leather belt so that his revolver came farther toward the front. He settled himself into the weariness of an ambush. Sometime, sooner or later, the door must open to admit a visitor or allow an inmate to depart. The minutes dragged; he kept his eyes upon the streak of light; he listened for a footfall in the hall below. Half an hour went by.

Some one was coming into the building from the street. The step mounted from the first floor; it came on up the second flight of stairs, a stealthy tread. It approached down the hall. In the blackness of the empty room Sullivan became rigid.

Before him, in the grayness of the corridor, a shape took form. The man was not five feet from Sullivan when he stopped before the streak of yellow light upon the floor; he knocked on Cohen's door. One tap, then silence; two taps, silence again; then two more. A stirring sound came from behind the door; then the rasp of an iron bolt moving in its socket; after that the heavy noise of wooden bars being withdrawn. The knob rattled in turning. A path of light glowed out into the hallway. Sullivan leaped from his hiding-place. At once the door began to close.

Whipping a frightened glance across his shoulder, the man who had knocked saw Sullivan's huge bulk hurtling toward him from the blackness of the shadowed room. He uttered a shrill, gasping cry and threw his weight upon the door in a frenzied effort to enter. Then the plain-clothes man, his arms before him, crashed against the panels. The door gave back suddenly; both men shot into the room.

The place was thick with the fumes of opium. A kerosene lamp hung in a bracket on the wall. Beneath it, crouching on a disordered bed as he had halted in the act of springing to his feet, was a man whose cheek was hideous with a long, ragged scar. Cohen lay huddled against the wall, where the impact of the yielding door had thrown him. Sullivan stood, gripping the other man by both shoulders. For an instant these things endured.

Then Sullivan, with all the strength in his huge arms, flung his prisoner across the room upon Cohen. As the crash of the collision came he leaped toward Donohue. The murderer had risen to his feet now; he seized the kerosene lamp from its bracket and hurled it at the officer.

The missile flamed in the air like a thrown torch. Sullivan ducked low; he felt the hot breath of the fire against his cheek. There was a loud crash of breaking glass; a gush of flames and smoke filled the place. Straightening his back, Sullivan saw Donohue leap through the window out to the adjoining roof. He sprang across the room. As he crept out on the sill he heard the oaths of Cohen and the other, fighting their way through the burning oil. Then his own feet crashed as he alighted on the flat tin roof.

He was in the cool darkness of the night; a light breeze, coming across the city's building-tops, touched his cheek. It was marvelously sweet after the close room, with its opium fumes and its reek of burning kerosene. He stood still, leaning forward and peering into the vague, gray wilderness of shadows. The level expanse stretched before him, weirdly uncertain, merging into the night that mantled it. Chimneys loomed up above it, ending nowhere. Nothing moved. It was as silent here as in a forest.

Somewhere came a crack of tin beneath a stealthy foot. Then silence again. Donohue had disappeared.

For a moment Sullivan stood, his eyes searching the shadows, his ears waiting for some other sound. Then a flicker of light fell across his shoulder and touched the roof in front of him. And there came suddenly, from the building back of him, the tramp of feet and shouts. The M & M was emptying its hidden lodgers into the street.

Sullivan drew his revolver; aiming toward the heavens, he fired two shots. He followed this with three long blasts on his police whistle. Immediately from the depths of the street beneath came an answer—shrill, long-drawn; a moment later, from two blocks away, another whistle shrieked. He ran to the coping and, leaning far out, repeated the signal. From the pavement hoarse voices called up to him. Turning back, he peered again into the shadows of the roof. He stood, stooping forward, holding his warm revolver in his hand; his big chest was heaving from the struggle in Cohen's room.

The gray night and the gray-black roofs gave him no sign. He started toward the place where he had heard the movement on the tin. As he walked he thought he heard, among the crashing of his own steps, the other somewhere there ahead of him. He paused again. There was no noise save his own heavy breathing.

Then the streets beneath him resounded with the clangor of gongs and the hammering of swift hoofs on the cobblestones. The rattle of heavy trucks filled the air;

(Concluded on Page 74)

The Lean Sudan—By Harris Dickson

COTTON PIONEERS IN DESERT AND DELTA

Three Tall Palms Still Stand Like Feather-Dusters Leaning Against a Vacant Sky

FROM Wady Halfa to Khartum the lean Sudan flattens like a famished tiger, with lips against the Nile, sucking greedily at the chocolate-colored water that is meat as well as drink. Gaunt from a million years of sun, the starved creature falls prone at the river's brink. Yonder a knoll uprises; on the far horizon is a reddish ridge—hipbone and ribs of the emaciated beast, lifting his tawny hide above the level.

Limitless spaces shimmer in the sun; space—nothing but space—desert spaces which, like eternity, have no beginning and no end. There is no flower, no fruit, no living thing that walks the earth on foot or hoof, no bird to drowse in lazy circles through those infinite heavens. Space; nothing but space—a vacant land, an empty sky.

Beyond the imagining of hashish dreams run billowy waves of sand leading to remoter red-brown purples. A half-buried temple stares out from its uncovered tomb—stares through the glare and the heat and the silence. Desolate is the Sudan and cheerless, save for the mirage—that glittering lie. Arabs call this mirage a "Pool of the Angels," at which neither man nor beast may slake his thirst.

In places a frazzled ribbon divides the water and the waste—a broken ribbon that appears and disappears. This strip of arable Sudan is so narrow at times that a date palm, dabbling its feet in the water, casts its plumy shadow into the waste. Here, perhaps, are a Nile wheel, a noggur's sail, square yellow huts, the white tomb of a devotee—and the pitiless sun! A monotone of river creeps through a ravenous land; vacancy, emptiness, vastitude of sky and sand and sunshine—the Sudan, from Wady Halfa to Khartum.

Ages and ages ago—but that is ancient history and we are speaking of today. Today this hoary Sudan is borrowing from a youthful land of strangerhood, is sowing the cotton seed and trying to harvest pantaloons for trouserless millions of men. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.

Ten miles above the mouth of the Atbara River, Zeidab Plantation occupies the west bank of the Nile—an attenuated ribbon of fertility between nourishing waters and the Bayuda Desert. The ribbon is wider at Zeidab. Jaalin Arabs formerly cultivated this strip for how many years history does not record. They had their shadoofs and their sakiehs, lifting water to feed their hungry crops; naked men sang, as they toiled, the same sad old watersong that ripples forever along the Nile. At first these Jaalins were friendly with the Mahdi and his successor, the Khalifah. A coolness began and ended simultaneously, for in matters of massacre the Khalifah never dallied or delayed. He sent Mahmoud—narrow-cheeked, lofty-browed Mahmoud of pure Arabic stock. Mahmoud fell upon the Jaalins at Metemme and wiped them off the slate. Then he broke the slate and kept wiping out Jaalins as far as his horsemen could pursue them. That was fourteen years ago; the marks are fresh today—if anything can be considered fresh in the Sudan. The heat and dryness embalmed those battle-scars, as meat is embalmed if hung up in the sun. Mahmoud sprinkled the riverbank with gleaming bones of camels, goats and men; bones of donkeys, sheep, children and old women; no young women—they were sent to the conquerors at Omdurman. Mahmoud went his way in peace and this bleaching corpse of a country lay long unburied—what the hawks and the buzzards left. A few months in that shriveling heat counts as a thousand centuries.

Lord Kitchener came and wiped Mahmoud off the slate at the Atbara, annihilated the dervishes at Omdurman and drove their fugitive Khalifah into the unknown south. This discouraged hell-raising in the Sudan and forced their most active citizens to raise something else. The country became quiet. A holy calm had brooded and kept brooding—nobody being present to make a noise.

About this time an enterprising American glanced at Zeidab, took the cigar out of his mouth and backed his judgment that those lands were good for cotton. He acquired thousands of feddan—acres—imported carloads of American plantation machinery, squads of negroes from the Southern States; and also imported a sizzling new idea. He would create a Utopian farming community and solve the negro problem at home. Utopia and solution were mere incidents; he planned so many things. Something went wrong with the works; Utopia never steamed properly from the very first. His house of brick remains, with arcades, battlements and broad, cemented roofs to sleep upon. Three tall palms still stand like feather-dusters leaning against a vacant sky. Some of the Jaalins have come back again—but that sizzling scheme went "aft a-gley." Primitive prejudices in the Sudan wouldn't gee-haw with American contraptions; negroes and Jaalins didn't mix—or, perhaps, they mixed too much.

A hardheaded syndicate bought the property—one of those balance-sheet, red-ink, profit-and-loss corporations that have no soul, no ideals and no theories. Their chartered purpose was to raise cotton, and their general manager—a human steam-engine—laid down a straight track and proceeded to run on it. That is how the Zeidab neighborhood became obsessed with practical pioneering toward a definite cotton idea.

A century ago another vanguard of pioneers settled on a certain *terra incognita* in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta.

Their spirit is still at work today and every day, still carving new fields from the forest, just as the Sudan pioneer is wresting new feddan from the desert. To both of them attaches the intangible glamour that surrounds a knight errant who goes adventuring. Their trials and triumphs are alike in some respects, but so utterly different in others that comparisons may not be odious.

Ages and ages and ages ago—this would be stupid lore if it were not for the finale—the Mississippi, not yet the father of any waters to speak of, babbled between what are now the states of Illinois and Iowa. This farsighted youngster meandered southward prospecting for the most favorable spot on which to locate his city of Vicksburg. At that time the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri and Arkansas rivers were strangers. They had never met. They emptied by separate mouths into the inland sea—filling ahead of them with rich alluvium, building forward to the future great. They became acquainted and confided to each other the coincidence of their common purpose—Vicksburg. Then they joined forces and dumped the Yazoo basin full of fertilizer. "There now! That will last a million years." And they planted Vicksburg on the hill. Ignorant people refer to this Delta as a "new country." The eminent local antiquarian says: "*Yazoo oki ni ha* signifies a Waterpath through the ancient ruins. It is the same as Sanscrit; in fact, the Sanscrit language is derived from it. These Delta pre-Adamites had telephones before ancient India began to think of figleaves."

Be that as it may, more than a century ago the grandfather of Colonel Spottiswoode found that his Virginia fields were producing less and less cotton; his negroes were producing more and more children—distressing disparity. Something had to be done. Grandfather did what was done in Biblical days when pasturage became scant for a multiplying flock. He emigrated, with his household, his traditions, and settled upon the greatest river. This is what always happened along every silt-bearing stream—the Nile, the Mississippi, the Yellow. The high banks are settled first, because the floods subside in time to let the crops mature, and the river furnishes means of communication. Grandfather Spottiswoode entered his land from the Government, taking as much as he chose; Uncle Sam had plenty and was giving a cut-rate, with trading stamps. The land, fertile beyond belief, was overgrown with huge oaks, ash, cottonwood, magnolia; sloughs ran through the low places, tangles of briers sheltered the alligators, panthers and bears. The Sudan was a wilderness of vacancy; this was a wilderness of chaos.

A Land of Cotton and Canals

THE pioneer at Zeidab found a level country, sloping from the river just about as the land slopes from the Mississippi. Since Mahmoud's massacre, fields that had once been cultivated were overgrown with mimosa, desert thorns and the deadly Sodom apple—a sickish-green mockery that strikes men blind. Father Nile had covered it with rich brown silt brought all the way from Abyssinia—but parched, cracked and dusty. Rain never fell; there was no grass, there were no canebrakes, nothing green except here and there a group of crested palms. No tangled forests to cut down. Delta axmen of Mississippi would smile contemptuously at those thorny saplings and send the hoehands to chop them out.

A Sudan cottonfield must be level. Level in the Sudan is *level*. It must first be cleared of every root and stick and stump, so that scrapers may smooth it as fastidiously as a tennis court. There are forty thousand feddan at Zeidab. The Delta planter would not dream of leveling a forty-thousand-acre tennis court; but that is what Zeidab must do and is doing. The soil is so loose that it requires no plowing before the scraper moves it. Two bulls to the scraper, a half-naked man, clouds of stifling brown dust—toil, toil; patience, patience—and Zeidab lies like a billiard table. Otherwise the water cannot be evenly distributed. It will stand too deep in places, rotting the roots; other parts will perish from thirst. Zeidab has finicky notions about the waterwagon proposition.

The thornbushes are cleared away, but not burned. Nothing is destroyed in the Sudan. Thorns make good fences—zareba the Arab calls them—hedges of dried and prickly branches woven into a barrier, through which no conservative camel, donkey or goat will pass. Mahmoud naturally supposed that those Seaforth Highlanders, in purple tartans and black-green, would never knock their bare legs against his redoubtable zareba upon the Atbara. That's where Mahmoud lost the first trick. They and the black-faced Sudanese pulled down his zareba, tramped over it, tore through it and clapped Mahmoud in jail at Wady Halfa—else there would have been no cotton planted in the Jaalin country today. But camels, donkeys and goats have no banners flying, no bands playing, no reputations to lose—and they won't go through a thorny hedge. The zareba is the standard fence of the Sudan.

It requires much patience and experimenting to get a field absolutely level. Water must be turned on time after time, little mounds pared down and slight depressions raised—but how about water? The Delta conundrum is to keep water off the land; the Sudan puzzle is to get it on. Zeidab has constructed an enormous waterplant beside the Nile. The throb, throb, throb of its pumps, like the pulsation of a human heart, sends life along its arteries. When they stop everything stops. The pumps are the best that money and skill can provide, with double batteries of boilers, in case of breakdown. Ten thousand acres of growing cotton cannot be jeoparded.

Straight back from the river runs that main canal—many thousand gallons of water a minute. If such a stream traversed a doubtful Congressional district it would be rated as "navigable," surveyed and provided for in the rivers and harbors bill. Smaller canals branch off at intervals like the bars of a gridiron, with sluice gates and men to tend them. From them the patient fellaheen feed trickling rivulets to the cotton roots.

The fields are marked like a checker-board and plowed in squares, each square surrounded by a ridge of earth, so that the field may be irrigated in sections. When the thirsty land has drunk its fill, and the water has evaporated, the soil cracks open; fissures appear, like those in low Delta lands when the overflow has receded.

With a forty-thousand-acre tract—eleven thousand actually in cotton—the management must be almost military. General headquarters are in the big house near the river. The submanagers are all young men—very young; nothing less than boyish enthusiasm can conquer the Sudan. They live in mud-and-dung huts at convenient points near their own fields. It is their job to ride, ride, ride, all day long, like managers on a Delta plantation. The young British manager wears a linen suit, a cork helmet, bestrides an Abyssinian stallion or drapes himself across the hump of a fast camel. From that lofty pilot house he can see for miles. This Berber district has the hottest average temperature in this world—or the next; and, as the manager says, "a bloomin' palm-tree gives no more shade than an umbrella with the hide stripped off." Each day he rides over every part of his section; he sees every tenant and every laborer, making a written report in detail to the general manager.

It is the Work of Years to Clear Trees Like This From New Ground in the Mississippi Delta

Laborers come running from the fields asking for instructions; tenants gesticulate their voluble complaints in Arabic and gymnastic. The manager is Lord Oracle in all matters pertaining to crops, family affairs—which are intricate in the Orient—and everything except religion—the sheik attends to that.

The laborers and most of the tenants are Arabs, Jaalins, Berberines, Nubians—the same dingy peoples who, like the fellaheen of lower Egypt, live in their own villages of mud-and-dung huts in the shape of drygoods boxes and resembling dirt-daubers' nests. More prosperous tenants may have a hut for each wife, the group surrounded by a suncracked yellow wall, with palms for shade and for dates.

The Greek makes a good tenant. He generally cultivates a larger tract and employs his own gang, paying daily wages for daily work. Occasionally the Greek brings his wife and his sons and daughters; then comes a pathetic attempt to make his staring hovel look like a home.

Sometimes a squad of nomadic laborers may happen along, tarry until their beards grow, then hit the big road again. For instance, there goes a caravan, leaving Zeidab—men, women, children and camping outfit; it would remind a Delta planter of "moving-about time" among the negroes. This procession looks like the fag-end of a circus parade headed by a turbaned Nigerian—tar would make a white mark across his face. He rides erect on a tall camel, with a spear that touches the ground. Behind him follow other camels carrying other men and children and plunder; donkeys trot along with more men, more children, more plunder; women trudge on foot, driving more donkeys and carrying more plunder. They are Nigerians returning from their pilgrimage to Mecca. These devotees have performed their highest religious duty, walked seven times around the Kaaba, kissing the black stone at every lap. As a result they have become entitled to cock their turbans slantwise and look crosseyed at people who haven't made the pilgrimage. This particular group has been twenty-two years from home, children being born and growing up en route. They go into camp wherever they choose and nobody says "No." As a rule, these pilgrims are excellent tenants for a season and never disorganize the other labor.

The Sudan pioneer has a heartbreaking job in trying to wean his fellaheen away from their traditional methods of culture, scratching the ground with a sharpened stick and a pair of bulls that travel with bullheaded deliberation. A self-respecting fellah will never abandon this timeworn track. He dreads those devices of the devil, with wheels and clicking sprockets, that tear up the soil and smooth it out again all at once. Allah created no such thing—and he will have none of it.

There are no young women among the laborers; withered crones crouch on hands and knees, cutting grass from among the cotton. These never look up from their tasks at whoever may pass along the road. A clumsy knife is tool enough; yet they save every blade of precious grass to feed the camel and the donkey. There is no singing and skylarking in the field; no gathering about the plantation store, with banjo and song and double-shuffle; there's no plantation store. Sons of the desert are grave—a grim and meditative people in a grim and silent land.

The Beauty of the Camel

MUCH of the land adjoining Zeidab is held by Jaalins in small tracts, averaging four to five feddan. Some of these small landowners have been induced to abandon their laborious methods of lifting water by hand and to buy it from the Zeidab canals at twelve dollars and fifty cents a feddan by the year. In other words, they pay for water more than twice as much as many a Delta negro pays for his land, his cabins, pasturage, wood and fencing—everything that goes with the land on a Delta plantation. The Jaalin finds this cheaper and more profitable than the old system.

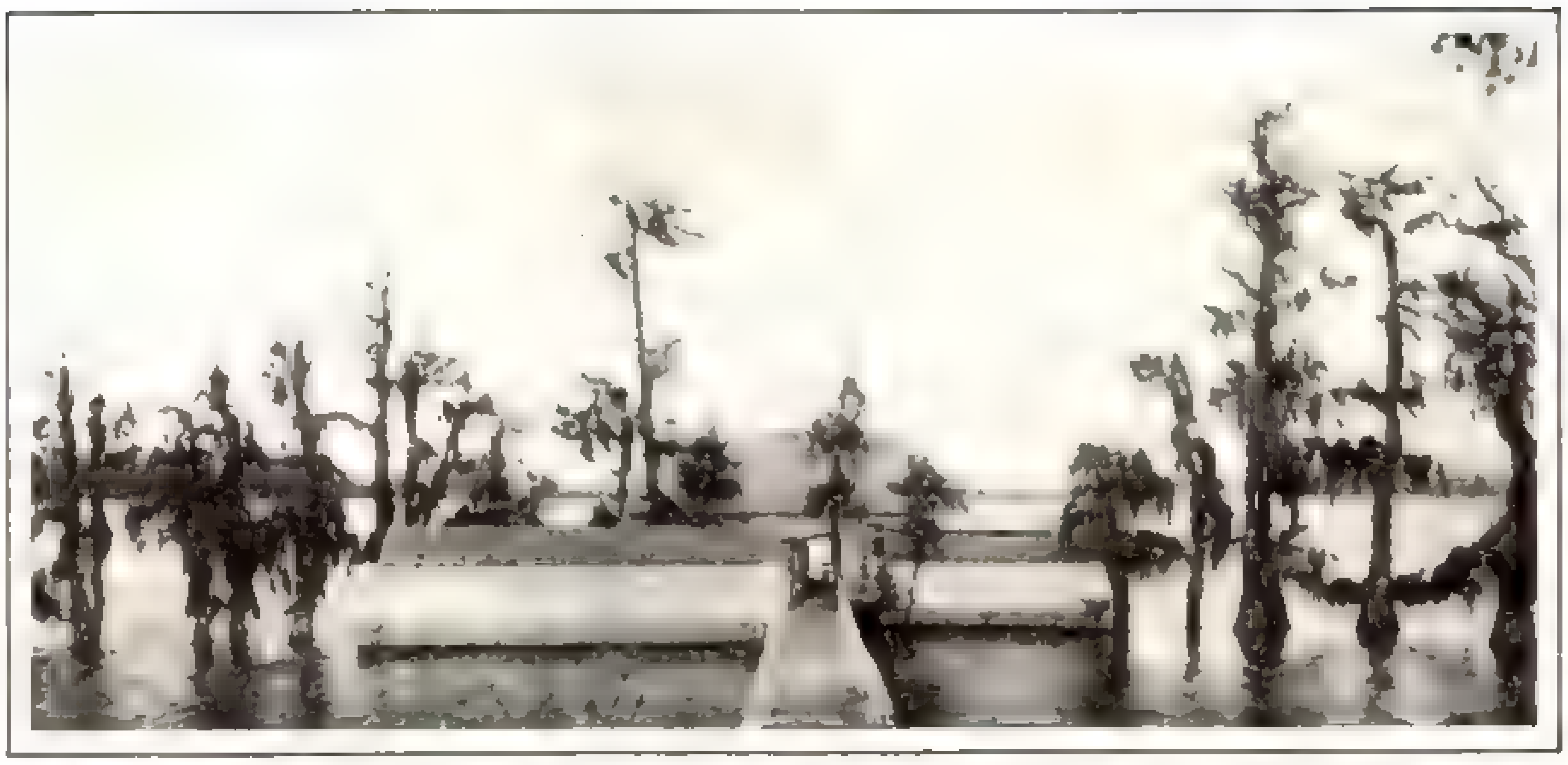
The big irrigation ditches are a constant source of trouble. A few minutes of driving sandstorm, and those on the desert's edge are obliterated as if they had never been. A main artery of plantation life has been closed; a hundred naked surgeons hurry with their shovels to open it again.

On the Atbara River, where American cotton flourishes better than the Egyptian, about eighteen waterings are required to bring the crop to maturity; but here, along the Nile, the fields are given some thirty drinks a season. No Delta planter would consider that drinking to excess.

If a Delta planter were to buy twenty camels at one clatter his family would ship him to the crazy-house. Zeidab sends among the tribesmen and buys a menagerieful for ordinary plantation use. The general manager is a camel enthusiast; he traces a subtle line of beauty in the camel's eccentric curves and finds joy in watching the wobbly movement of its loose-hung legs. Friends may differ about this animal's personal pulchritude, but not about its usefulness. Everybody, white and black and brown, swears by the hump of the camel and yields it ungrudging respect.

Where it is necessary to help a tenant finance his crop, Zeidab does it in a systematic way. He is not furnished with donkeys, gingersnaps or sardines, but comes to the landlord once every two weeks and gets a cash advance proportioned to the amount of land he is cultivating. These advances depend upon the submanager's report, showing the condition of each tenant's crop and the daily work being done by him.

The Sudan Government also makes advances in the shape of a loan or subsidy. Cotton farmers go before the officers at intervals with their tall, dignified sheik, who identifies them, describes the condition of their crops; and each man gets a certain amount of money.



Moss-Hung Cypress Trees in the Mississippi Valley Have a Somber Beauty That is All Their Own

The average cash rent paid for land in the Sudan is about double the Delta rate. It is sometimes—not often—worked on shares. Twice the American scale of rents seems very high, but the value of the product is almost double. A comparison of rents seems to show that the Sudan scale is much lower than that of lower Egypt.

Land values are exceedingly difficult to get at. Land is not for sale, except by the Government—the Arab clings to his feddan just as he clings to his religion. Ask a Jaalin what he will take for his land and he only smiles—that grave, inscrutable smile of the East.

A fair average production of lint cotton on this character of soil is three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds a feddan. This cotton—in 1909, for instance—sells for thirty to thirty-two and a half cents a pound. Yet that is not so much higher than the best Delta cotton—extra staple benders. Many thousand bales brought as much as twenty-seven cents a pound. This evens up the price when it is known that an American bale is allowed twenty-five pounds tare—from four to five per cent—for bagging and ties. The Egyptian bale is sold at net weight, bagging and ties thrown in. Sudan land that will produce four hundred pounds, worth thirty cents a pound, should be valued at one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred dollars a feddan.

The crop begins to mature, puffs of white burst from every boll, and every tenant gathers his own. There is no hurry about it, for the weather will be perfect. This would delight the Delta negro, who at this season is being rushed by the boss to get his fields picked out before the winter rains begin. The Jaalins pick the cotton promptly, leaving not a strand for the birds to build their nests with.

The lint comes out clean—not so white as the American, but unstained by frost, unmixed with sticks and dirt. The tenant hitches up his camel—or employs the camel-contractor, who is the neighborhood drayman—packs his cotton in long sacks and brings it to the gin in the seed. The classifier examines it and determines the grade. The Jaalin knows the grade of his cotton and is perfectly informed as to its price. Telegrams are posted in front of the gin, which give the daily quotations at Alexandria.

Zeidab buys the tenant's cotton in the seed, paying him cash—less advances and the cost of ginning. This price is exactly what the Jaalin would get if he were to ship the cotton to Alexandria on his own account.

Under the Yoke of Many Masters

GREAT BRITAIN has fine-combed her colonies to rake up a soil and climate where dependable cotton may be grown beneath the Union Jack. In pursuance of her fixed policy, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan levies no tax upon plantation property during the first two years of its development, and none for the first year of cultivation. Afterward the tax on the best cotton land runs from about two dollars to about three dollars a feddan. This is about one per cent of its actual value—based upon the value of its product.

At the present time there is no talk in the Sudan of serious crop pests—not even the moths and caterpillars that plague some districts of lower Egypt. Neither do they apprehend damage to cotton from seepage water or filtration of the Nile.

British officials and British pioneers get along very amiably with the conglomeration of natives. The British have had a wide experience in planting colonies among black, brown and yellow races. The Egyptian fellah has worn the yoke of successive masters for lo! these many centuries—masters who have flaunted the Crescent and those who bow before the Cross. His neck is callous and he doesn't mind. Among the pure-blooded Arabs there is an underlying dignity and independence; deeper, he cherishes the hatred that the man in turban and tarboosh always feels for the man in the helmet. The British often gave offense before native ways were better understood. For instance, the polite Arab, meeting an Englishman in the road, always dismounts from his donkey and salutes. The Englishman—riding with a whip—often returns that salute with his whip-hand, which riles the Arab. To him the courteous gesture means: "Yes, I see you; but you are under my whip."

The pioneer cotton planter in the Yazoo Delta was, in blood and tradition, the same man as the Sudan pioneer. The Delta contains three and a quarter million acres, three millions of which could easily be made productive. Prior to 1850 a settler could take up just as much swampland as he wanted, which was the genesis of the great plantation. In 1850 the United States ceded all alluvial public land to the respective states, to be sold and the proceeds devoted to improvement of the land. Two years later Mississippi placed the land within her borders under control of the several counties for levee purposes. Thereafter, whoever wanted land need only do a certain amount of work on the levees and he would receive a certificate that entitled him to a certain amount of land. These were no tight-wad certificates; there was nothing stingy about the number of acres included therein. Most of the Delta titles today are traced back to this land scrip.

The war came on; everything stood still except the Mississippi River—which continued to overflow, unfretted by pygmy ridges. In 1869 levee work was resumed and a tax of five cents an acre levied to pay off bonds that had been sold before the war. Delta lands were then regarded as of such little value that vast areas became the property of the levee board because the owners declined to pay five cents an acre. The board sold a million and a half acres to the Memphis & Vicksburg Railroad Company and a private syndicate, at an average price of ten cents. That was about thirty years ago. A certain man of faith owned a large tract; he died and his faith died with him. His two heirs thought so little of the land that, in making a division, they wrote section numbers on separate slips of paper and drew alternately from a hat. Then they forfeited the land—it not being worth five cents an acre. The railroad was built from Memphis to Vicksburg; thence to New Orleans. The company wholesaled and retailed, peddled and "hoss"-traded in that land, until today it does not own an acre. It has passed into the hands of the farmer and taxpayer. Likewise the forests have passed and fields have taken their places. Wild lands bought at ten cents sold for as high as thirty dollars—thirty thousand per cent profit—which would almost content a a lender of money to negroes. The same land in cotton is now worth from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre.

How the Negro Makes His Cabin Out of Cotton

IN CLEARING his new ground, the Delta pioneer smiles at the Sudan method—one oak, when cut down, gives foothold on its stump to twenty-seven negroes to have their pictures taken. They have no prissy theories about clearing up new ground—they just cleared it by main strength and awkwardness, sometimes under contract, sometimes on the lease system. The landlord first selects all the straight-grained trees and has them split into rails to be used for fencing. Every tree under a foot and a half in diameter is cut down and the remainder deadened—that is, girdled so that they die.

This work, if paid for by contract, costs from three to five dollars an acre. After the heavy timber is off the land, the landlord says to the negro: "I will give you the use of this land for two years, free of rent, if you will clean it up." That negro chops down the cane and lets it dry; then he sets fire to it, which only leaves a few saplings. These he cuts and burns, and is then ready for his first crop.

The amount of money expended by the owner governs the length of the negro's lease. Where the negro does all the work or builds his own cabin he will have five years free; but where the owner puts up some of the money or builds a cabin the lease is shortened.

Since the levees have been built up to the standard and the natural drains connected, some of the most productive acres are on the lowest lands, which were never before thought fit for cultivation. For instance: The earthquake of 1811-1812 depressed a very large area now called the St. Francis Basin. A few years ago this land was considered so valueless that Government engineers suggested

(Concluded on Page 73)

Canals Branch Off Like the Bars of a Gridiron

A Noggur's Sail, the White Tomb of a Devotee—and the Pitiless Sun

THE BLUE ENVELOPE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THIS is the story of how, out of adversity, financial disaster, frustration of hope, dread for the future, I found the way to prosperity; and, as the conditions confronting me were such in effect as are today confronting many thousands in various professions or occupations, the way in which I wrought for deliverance may be in effect their way as well. Naturally I prefer to write anonymously, as so much of the intimate must needs be told; but if it should chance that certain friends or acquaintances see through the anonymity it is really immaterial.

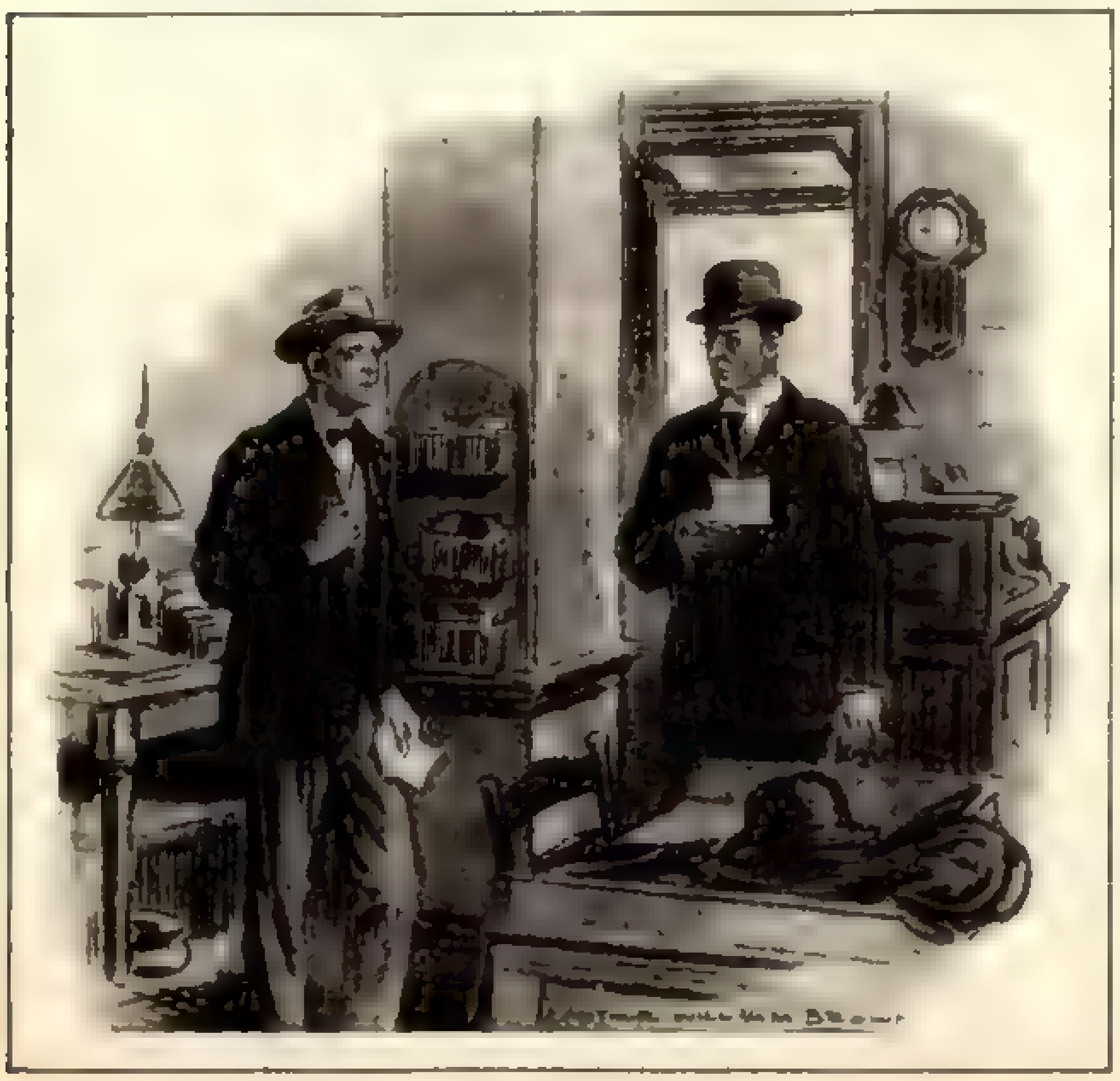
At the base of my troubles was the fact that I had been trained to one of the callings that are moneymaking only within certain narrow lines, and which, by custom, do not permit a man to learn the usefulness of mechanical or laboring work. When a man with the equipment of one of the professional, semi-professional or near-professional callings, one of the well-dressed and clean-handed callings—say, that of lawyer, teacher, bank clerk, journalist—finds that what has been his life occupation is failing him and realizes that he has little money saved, is over forty and is married, it is a serious situation. What is he to do? To what moneymaking source is he to turn? How is he going to secure bread and butter for his wife and himself for some fifteen to thirty years? Such was the proposition that I found confronting me some years ago.

The man who has worn good clothes, who has lived in good surroundings, is the man who suffers most when crushing financial misfortune comes. His earning power ceases and yet he cannot accept charity. It is like the case of the man who, when told that he must send his wife and his children to the seaside for the summer, said: "But, Doctor, I am too poor"; but who, when the doctor intimated that there were helpful associations, exclaimed: "But, Doctor, I am not poor enough!"

I was a newspaper man. I began the work when I was barely more than twenty, and it was in one of the cities just west of the Mississippi. From the first I had success; and so it was not at all surprising that within a few years I was planning to go to New York, the city that draws its recruits in every line of endeavor from all parts of the country. When I was twenty-seven I went there, having married the year before a wife eight years my junior.

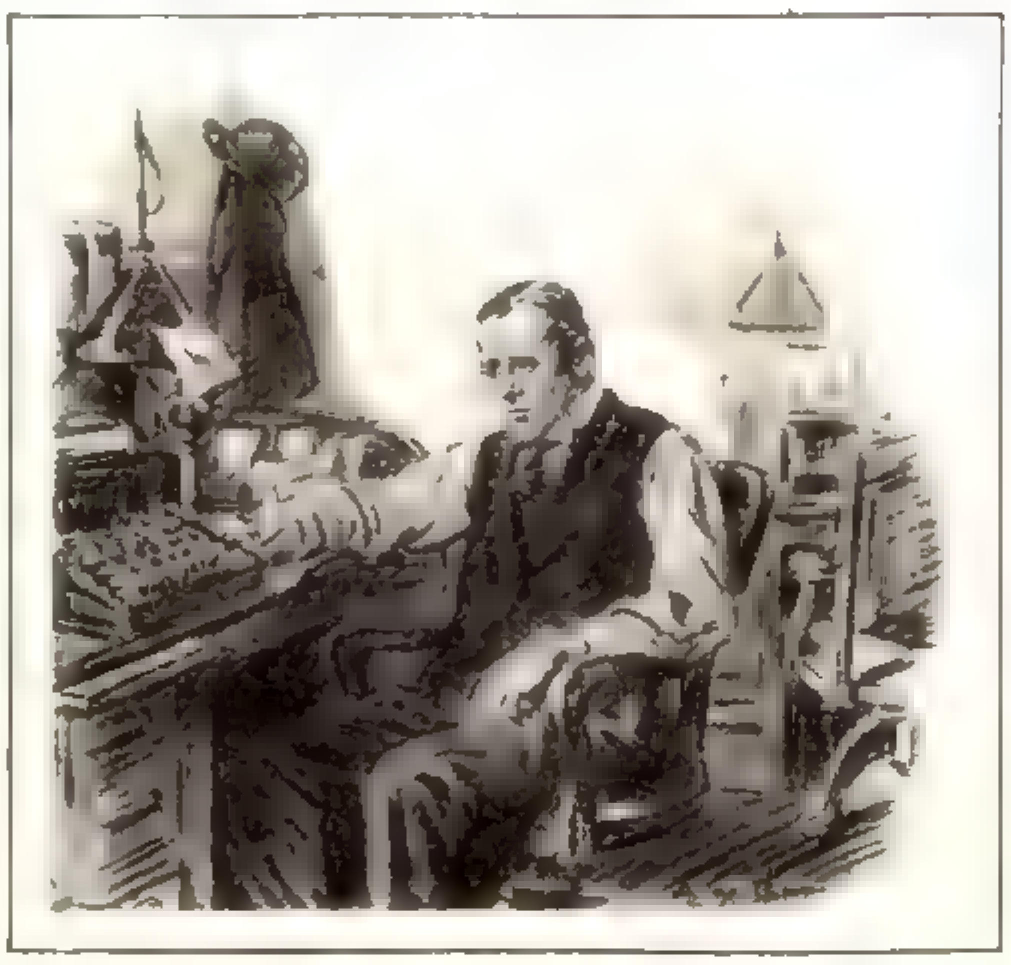
I don't know that I can quite say why I chose the work I did. I think it was only that my natural leaning was toward that kind of thing and that I let myself drift into it without sufficiently weighing the reasons, good and bad; and it was many years before I began to have doubts about the wisdom of it all.

From the first, in New York, I was successful. I was promptly put on the staff of one of the big dailies and before long was justified in thinking that, although by no means indispensable, I could feel sure of holding my place so long as I cared to and so long as I was ready and able to throw my entire strength and energy into the work.



His Face Grew White and His Hand Trembled, Although in a Moment He Had Recovered Himself

That is one feature of it—the demands upon one's strength. I remember a newspaper friend saying, "This work takes a man of iron!"—and he was dead in two weeks, poor fellow! A New York newspaper man must live quick, work quick, die quick. There is no time even for sickness. A reporter, if he hopes for success, must be ready to work from ten to sixteen hours a day for at least six days a week—and probably seven; and the newspaper that worked its men for the longest hours was one that, in its editorial columns, loved to thunder away on behalf of the eight-hour day for working men!



It Came Over Me That I Was Only a Machine That Was Wearing Out

Like other men in this work, I now and then went from one paper to another; and I even tried Philadelphia for a little while, my wanderings being made through fancy, or on account of the changing of an editor, or through receiving flattering proposals. In those days I was sought for—was bid for. My changes were all changes of volition—a condition exceedingly comfortable and even mildly intoxicating. Newspapers do not pension for long service; even those whose owners now and then give a long vacation in Europe or at the seashore do so arbitrarily—in none is there any particular effort to reward faithfulness, even though coupled with ability, unless the owner's attention chances to be attracted. There is, therefore, no strong reason for a man's staying with one more than another unless he cares to; but after I was thirty-five I settled down to stay on with just one, the paper I had on the whole most liked; and I gave to it all my strength and devotion.

There is fascination in the eager life of the newspaper man. There is wonderful fascination. Every variety of life is seen. Even in a single day the contrasts and variety are often positively amazing if one happens to think about it in that way. At noon one may be with the President of the United States on a flying visit to the city; at four o'clock he may be covering a big fire over in Brooklyn; at nine o'clock he is sent out to look up the particulars of a prominent suicide; at one in the morning he is probably getting a great bank president out of bed just to answer a few questions. There is continual excitement in the life. One is in touch with everything and everybody—in touch with the world; in fact, ahead of the world, knowing what has taken place before the world can know of it.

The fever of it gets into the blood—or if it does not, and in consequence a man does not throw himself fiercely into each day's work, his work will not be up to the mark and he is sure to get the blue envelope. Often enough he gets it even when he has devotedly and with tremendous absorption done his uttermost—the blue envelope being the phrase that had come to stand for discharge among a lot of us of my time, because one of the big papers reserved the use of that color of envelope for discharges only; and, more than that, made it possible for the rest of the staff to know for whom the envelope was lying in wait by having the cluster of letter boxes for the mail of the staff up at the front of the room, in plain view. Any one glancing that way might see the telltale color drawn out; any one getting his own letters could not well avoid seeing the blue in the box of a friend.

There was a sort of fascination about the blue envelope, long before I thought of it as a possibility for myself. Without wishing to and certainly without trying to, I have often seen the blue envelope taken like a real and savage blow.

I cannot speak too highly of the patience of my wife under the serious infliction of my outrageous hours of work. I do not mean only that the hours were long, but that they were so irregular that there was never certainty as to when or where I was to eat or sleep. Yet I cannot remember that there was ever a word of complaint or repining, no matter whether I was in Brooklyn or Harlem instead of being with her when she expected me to dinner; no matter whether, instead of going home at twelve, I was asked to take the midnight train for some distant point; no matter whether, after long hours of waiting, reading and sewing, so as not to be either asleep or sleepy when I should arrive, I did not come till the faint light of morning was touching the streets. My wife kept my hours and we ate our after-midnight supper each night with zest and pleasure—it was really the only time in the day for talking together.

Very often on my day off, which was, at different times, each of the seven, we were forced to give up some plan we had formed by my having to go to the office in response to a telegram. Of course it was a pleasant thing to be wanted and, of course, the paper paid for the extra work; but none the less such an emergency call interfered greatly with our life.

Because of realizing how lonely and unusual my wife must find a great part of her life to be, I got into the way of arranging pleasant little times on my day off. We would have dinner at a restaurant and go to the theater; or go together to invest in a picture, a rug, a special book. Our dinner invitations were few, for I never was able to accept with certainty. Once in a while a friend would drop in with me for an after-midnight supper and a couple of hours of pleasant talk; but we always knew that it was not the kind of hospitality that we should like to extend—we knew that it was an abnormal condition and that all of us ought to be in bed.

My wife's pleasures, with the exception of the few we took together, were pretty much confined to a little tea-sipping round of calls and afternoons at home, among a few friends, and to afternoon surveys of the art exhibits of the winter. My wife did not find pleasure in endless shopping; she did not search Broadway for matinées, for she did not care to go to the theater alone, even in daytime. It seems, now, as if we were living up to our early western ideals as to taking our pleasures either together or not at all.

My earnings averaged from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a week. It would not be easy to express the tremendous amount of toiling energy necessary, at seven dollars and a half or eight dollars a column, to make up enough columns to give such a total; for it is not only the actual writing of so many words—it is the immense work involved in gathering, from myriad sources, enough news to demand those words.

That we did not save much money will be understood by any who know the expenses of New York life. We were not extravagant; in fact, our tendencies were toward economy. But newspaper life is not a saving life—and it is hard to save with rents and general cost of living as high as they are in New York.

Whenever I was particularly prosperous for a time, and we really saved a little, there was always something to take the surplus away. There were necessary trips to our old home, in cases of sickness or death. There were pleasant vacation trips. One year I got leave of absence for a few months and we went to Europe and had a royal good time seeing the things we had always longed to see; so again there was no nest-egg.

I remember the first time it occurred to me that the blue envelope might some day be my own. I happened, by chance, to be at my letter-box when one of the oldest men on the staff came cheerfully into the room and cheerfully up to his box—only to draw out the fatal blue envelope—for it seemed to strike him as fatal. His face grew white and his hand trembled, although in a moment he had recovered himself. It gave me a sickish feeling to see him hurt; and then it flashed over me that that was the very thing that would some day happen to me! It made me feel pretty sober; and I began to count up just what I had accomplished in life and to estimate what the future really held. I was aghast to see that I had accomplished very little and that the future promised even less.

II

I AM afraid that I had been letting myself feel pride in what I more or less subconsciously considered my intellectuality; but, if so, I was sufficiently punished by the humiliation of having to realize that for years I had averaged fully twelve hours a day of work; had given recklessly of the best that was in me of health and strength; had found little time for reading, for amusement, for social relaxation; and had earned little money in comparison not only with the successful men of my age in New York but also in comparison with the successful friends of my own youth who had gone into business or professions and were rich and prosperous. A few were judges or corporation lawyers, at least one was a millionaire—most were broadly and materially successful.

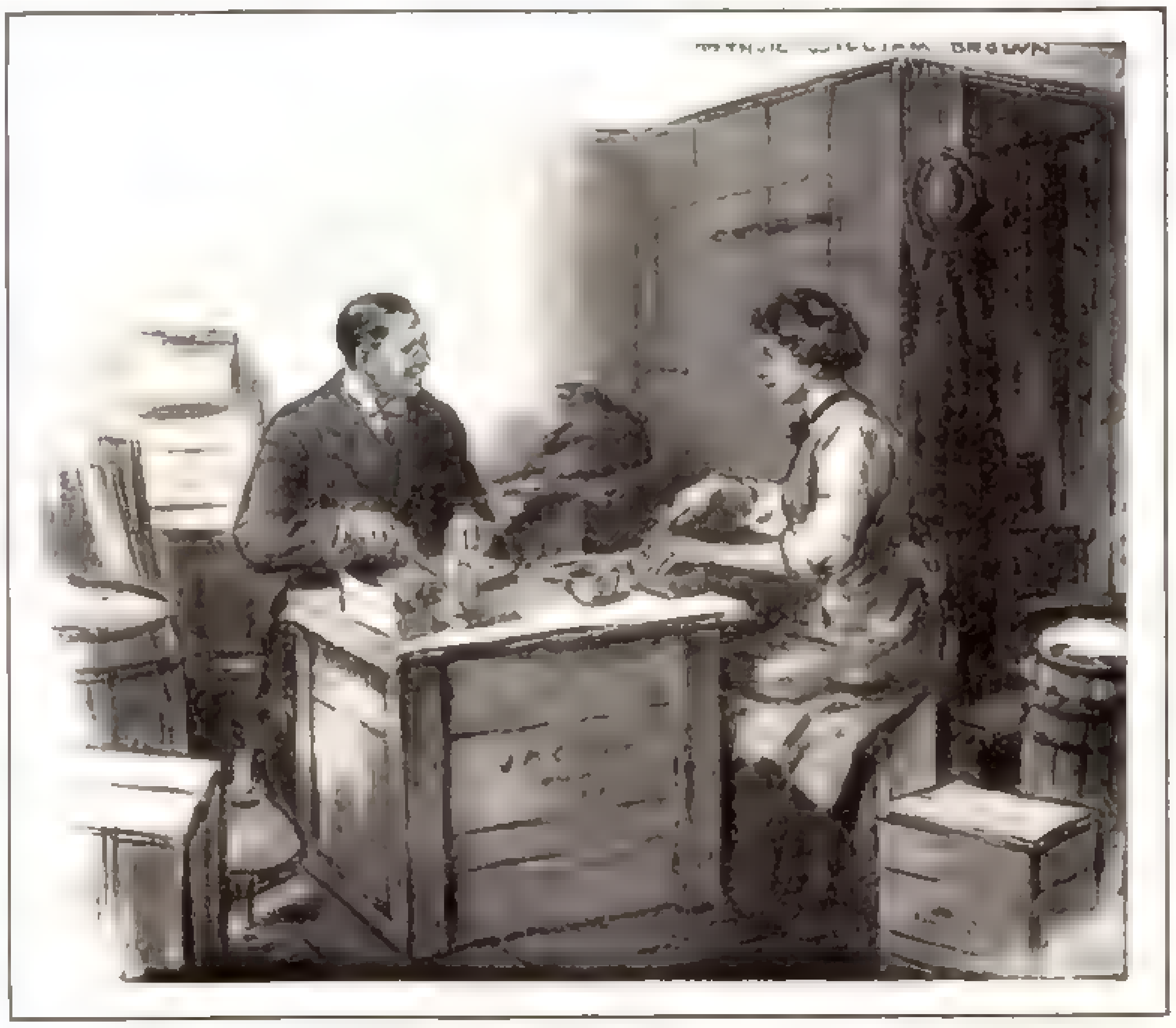
I had never, however, allowed myself to get into the foolish way of thinking that skill in setting words down on paper is in any sense a better faculty than that of going out and accomplishing things. I always knew it was better to be able to build a bridge or a building than merely to be able to write an account of its falling or burning; I always knew that it required quite as much ability to be a Senator as to be able to interview a Senator. I never felt sympathy with the many writers and painters who consider that the mere fact of their callings makes them intellectual leaders. To use the pen to write one descriptive word after another assuredly shows no higher mental power than does the signing of one's name at the foot of a goodly check, when the money that the check represents has been earned through one's own efforts. The most important duty of the brain is to provide food for the body and money for the rainy day.

That for many years my space-string continued to be a good one was matter for felicitation—the space-string being the record that makes the weekly bill. A newspaper man's space-string is the principal object of his concern; and, although most men did the clipping and pasting where the Cranford ladies ate their oranges—in the privacy of their own apartments—there were always a few who loved ostentatiously to paste up their strings in full view of the staff.

With us, the space-string pasting had long been one of our pleasantest home functions. It was of never-ending interest to see through how many rooms it would stretch. Once in a while the string would reach to twenty columns and stretched from the front windows of the apartment to the windows at the rear. I think the fact that we could so long continue to find relaxation in doing so simple a thing together showed that we were essentially young. It did not seem to be business; it was a sort of frolic.

At length the time came when the string began to average shorter; often it would hardly reach from the parlor into the dining room; and then, gradually and without a word spoken by either of us, we ceased to measure it together. One day I heard an editor rasp out about one of the men: "A reporter is only as good as his legs!" There was something horrible in it.

The general fascination of the life continued. Even now I can smell the printer's ink, hear the jangle of the telephone, see the men bent over their desks utterly absorbed, forgetful of everything on earth but the work in front of them. There was delight in the constant struggle of going out and getting something; there was fiery delight in capturing a big "beat" from under the very eyes of one's rivals of the other great papers.



We Sat Joyously Down to Our First Meal

Ah, well! the turmoil, the excitement, the camaraderie—what a charm lay in it all! . . . But after a while one begins to grow old.

A worn-out newspaper man is of no more use in a newspaper office than is yesterday morning's paper. Once in a while, as I approached the forty mark, I used to look with interest at the newspaper derelicts who drifted along like broken shadows. "Drink!" was the usual commentary I heard; but there came a time when I realized that there was more than that to it. Drinking is something that most newspaper men drop into. The strain is so great, the hours so long, the demand for full strength and flow of ideas so incessant, that to keep up strength and ideas—indeed, actually to keep awake at times—drink often seems inevitable. For my own part, I have sometimes worked for forty-eight hours on a stretch without a wink of sleep, meanwhile getting my meals by chance and at haphazard; and it was merely ordinary to go to bed the moment I reached home and go to work the minute I had eaten a hasty breakfast.

I began to notice that some of the men dropped off into business berths or private secretaryships, but somehow I never quite saw a chance to do this; in fact, I never thought seriously of it till I was too old. Nor did I ever get into the ranks of editors. The lower ones were not earning so much money as I was and, as to the others, no advances were ever made me by the proprietors.

I was just a good reporter. I had the newspaper instinct, could get my facts, handle and digest them, feel what was vital and set down a good straightaway account in what the editors thought was good straightaway English. Whether or not I can tell my own story as well as if it were the story of some one else I do not know.

As the years passed I felt headaches coming on and found that they were from my eyes. I had to have glasses—I, whose quick and accurate sight had so often helped me when only a glimpse was possible. My digestion began to disturb me; and one day it came over me, with a sickish sense of realization, that I was only a machine that was wearing out.

We began to economize. The lease of our apartment expired and we moved to one of lower rent. We took our pleasures with less expense—and we had never been extravagant. We wore our clothes longer. My day off began much oftener to be a real day off, as I was rather aghast at realizing; and as soon as it had come to be that we could really count on having it to ourselves for some enjoyable relaxation, we often stayed quietly at home.

Often I was positively weary, positively done out—and I was not old enough to be done out. I began to ask myself furiously why I had been tearing my heart out, wearing my strength out, for a newspaper that would toss me carelessly aside as soon as I should be a little more worn. Why had I not labored to better advantage for myself?

My wife had sacrificed so much for me—why, I demanded angrily of myself, had I not sooner realized that there could have been no higher ambition, no happier ambition, than that of making her happy? Of course there had been a host of pleasant things in our life together, but there had been such a host of normal and pleasant things that she had missed.

I looked at her and felt a sharp pang when I realized that she, like myself, was growing older. And from time to time there came, to torment me, the knowledge that the dearest pleasure of all had been foregone—for we had no child. We knew that, from our standpoint, we had no right to that most precious of all luxuries until we could afford it; and affording meant having assurance of money sufficient for education and care. Then, too, no child could be properly raised with my hours of work. It was difficult domesticity for two—impossible for three; and the shadows of coming age were beginning to fall across our path.

It came to be that I often waited for hours before an assignment came to me. And my assignments gradually decreased in importance and value. Once in a while I was even sent out to be a watcher in one of those famous cases in which each newspaper keeps a man under surveillance during every hour of the day and night, noting where he goes. One cold and rainy night I watched at a house up near Central Park, with other men—either beginners, as I noticed, or men like myself, approaching oldness; and I remember how the then "star" of my paper came up to the house, mounted the steps, rang the bell and went in, and how we all, from the various papers, came out of the places where we had been hiding from the wind and rain and clustered about him when he came down, to ask him what he was there for and what had happened. I, who myself had long been the "star," kept in the background, afraid that he would recognize me and yet equally afraid to miss what he might have to say. . . . I did not tell this to my wife.

In spite of such things, I felt that I could hold my place so long as I cared to and could make a living at it—not a good living and not a comfortable life, but still good enough to get along until I could make my indefinitely hoped-for change.

Keeping on with newspaper work did not mean indecision on my part or lack of ability to act upon decision; in fact, a trait of my character which had helped materially to give me newspaper success was the power of making up my mind and acting without, hesitation. When news must be gathered and written and put into type in time for an edition of a certain hour, the faculty of instant decision is precious.

Now I was going on without getting away from the danger that threatened me, because I did not see anything better to change to. I was looking around and more or less feeling and trying, but without result.

We were cutting down expenses. I had saved a little in the course of my many years of work; I had some eight hundred dollars in the bank. We were watching the outgo more closely than ever, but it was little that we could put away.

The constant expenses of my life were more than ever noticeable, now that my income had decreased. The pair of gloves that were worn shabby in a week—that was one of the necessities; the excessive wear of clothes and cost of laundry; the surprising total for carfares and minor expenses; the lunches and dinners away from home—such things were a heavy drain. The newspaper paid railway fares and a considerable part of one's expenses when away from the city; but a new auditor and a new city editor had taken charge, and between the two the expense accounts of the staff were sharply and unpleasantly criticised. I felt that if I wished to keep on good terms with the new editor I must forego charging up many items which ought to be paid by the paper.

The joy of life was vanishing. There was no longer gayety and sparkle; no longer silly little snatches of song as we dressed. Dame Care lived with us, sat down with us at our meals, slept under our roof!

I noticed with a start one day that I was beginning to grow bald and that there were some gray hairs around my temples. I could no longer swing into the office with a breeze of confidence and a command of position and estimation. When the editor would poke a clipping at me I had to fumble with my eyeglasses; and I knew he looked at me with at least a touch of doubt—of disfavor.

Long hours in the office waiting for an assignment became more customary—and when the assignment came it would not be a big one to make up for the delay. Nothing is more trying on the nerves than to wait in a roomful of men for an assignment; to see, time after time, the eye of the city editor range the men, estimating and appraising—and thus to wait and watch, growing more and more nervous and anxious as the hours pass and the day slips by with its possibility of earning. The later it was when the first assignment would come, the longer I would wait on at night in the hope of something further—or at least of a "rewrite," at half-space rates, of some beginner's copy or that of an out-of-town correspondent. When I ought to have been saving my strength I was wearing myself out more than ever.

One day I caught such a look in the editor's face as positively froze me. A few hours later I noticed that there were half a dozen blue envelopes in the boxes and I actually trembled until I saw there was none in mine. I knew now—there could no longer be doubt—I knew that I was liable at any moment to be thrown away as carelessly as an old coat.

But I fought for it. I threw myself into the work with such a sudden recovery of spirit as to astonish myself and astonish the editor, for he grunted out one day, in a sort of growling sneer, a few words of reluctant approval that were worse than blame; for they were to the effect that I still had something in me, after all.

How bitter that was I cannot say—it makes me almost writhe, even now, with the cruelty and pain of it. To suffer a word or taunt and not be in a position to resent it—I certainly do not know of anything in this world more humiliating.

One day, early in January, I got to the office feeling tired and terribly depressed. I had worked far into the morning the night before, had snatched five hours' sleep and was up and off again; for I did not dare to be late, although ordinarily when a man stays on unusually late at night he does not trouble himself too much to get to the office so promptly next day.

I felt that my very manliness was leaving me in my anxiety to hold my place; but I could not indulge in resentment or quarreling, with the responsibility of a wife and no future. No future!

I was among the first of the staff to arrive that day. The porter, with a long feather duster, was striking, with lazy up-and-down strokes, at desk and typewriter, one after another. The day was raw and chill out-of-doors and the big city room was full of the sickish, disagreeable odor of too much steam heat. Everywhere was a disorder of paper, of mucilage bottles misplaced, of general litter. There was a sort of sordidness about it all—and yet I felt thankful that I was still a part of the great system. The city editor—who came early because he always went home at six, leaving the continuation of the work to the night city editor—was bent over his desk, absorbed in his plans for the day.

I walked to my letter-box and as I did so I thought the editor was glancing up at me—and there, in my box, was the blue envelope!

Feeling that the editor's eyes were upon me and that he would readily find cause for a sneer, I opened the envelope as I stood there and, calmly reading the few brief words of the note that spoke curtly of a "necessary reduction of the staff," took out my wallet—the soft, well-made wallet of sunny and prosperous days when wallets were quickly filled and emptied with little thought of the morrow—and quietly put the blue envelope within.

III

THIS was the crisis of my life. What was I to do? I could begin to make my rounds of the different newspapers and within a few days—possibly on that very day—could get on the staff of one of them. After all, my long experience and my reputation as a man thoroughly reliable were assets; but, if the paper that owed me the greatest consideration had discharged me, all that I could expect was that any other paper would discharge me on any slight pretext or any reduction of force—and at the time of my next attempt I should be still older. The vaguely golden future of earlier years, that had been long and gradually slipping away from me, had all at once become a threatening future—no longer a golden future, but a gold-demanding future.

I was in precisely the condition of many a professional or near-professional man. There did not seem to be any remunerative demand for anything that my hands or head could do. The city wanted to shelve me as coolly and carelessly as if I were over eighty instead of over forty.

Yet, after the first shock, I felt a new strength. To some extent it came from a sense of injustice toward me; but to an even greater extent from the feeling that now—supremely—was the time to show what I could do. What threatened as a disaster and fell as a blow seemed, after the first moments of shock, to be in reality a relief, a release.

I walked home. I did not begin by wasting time around any of the haunts of newspaper men. I walked slowly home to give myself time to think and plan.

I ran over all the possibilities I could think of; but almost from the first I knew what I was going to decide—I only wanted to give myself the chance to think of something else if there were something else—and there wasn't. What I had in mind was a village.

Village life had long fascinated me, although never before had I thought of becoming a villager—for how did the people find a living there? The commuter from the city I could understand; I could understand doctor and minister and storekeeper—but how did the bulk of the villagers live? Most of them were not farmers. Some, I supposed—veterans or their families—had pensions. No doubt vegetables and chickens would go far in aiding explanation. Yet there was much to explain. How, after all, did villagers live? Did they all have little incomes or did they live on each other? All at once it had come to me that in a village lay my own financial salvation.

There came the vague picture of a charming town, of hills and fields and trees, of comfort and happiness, of quiet, of having time for social acquaintance. There came vaguely the dream of a new existence.

I had so often decided and acted swiftly for others that it would be only fair to do so for ourselves. My mind was so busy with possibilities and with pictures of our new future that by the time I reached home I was in a glow of enthusiasm for it all. My wife saw at once that there was something important.

"Our lease is up in two weeks," I said—rather abruptly, it now seems to me.

"Yes ——"

Then I went on and, in a few words of impetuous enthusiasm, pictured our new life as I had already come to visualize it. The fire of enthusiasm caught my wife's fancy, also, and blazed up as brightly as with me: and I saw that beneath it all she was feeling a deep sense of relief. "There'll be no trouble about the packing," she said; and, looking back at it, I think there was something humorous in that kind of approval. It was a time for stilted heroics, of set phrases, and neither of us was living up to the opportunity! Neither of us was saying anything "noble"! And it was only after a while that I even remembered to say that I had the blue envelope. "Oh, yes! I understood—and I am very glad."

That was all. What had so long hung over us, black and threatening, had all at once lost its gloomy look. Thus simply was the momentous decision mutually agreed to, although it would necessarily involve the changing of our entire course of life—and I was over forty, with my wife thirty-five.

It was fortunate that we did not busy ourselves with thinking up doubtful points; that we did not antiphonally conjure difficulties. We merely looked on the general plan as a good thing to attempt, and we knew each other so well that we could work in harmony.

After deciding upon it we talked far into the night. We must find a place near enough to the city for either of us to run in for a day's business or shopping; and yet it must be outside of the expensive commuting zone. My ideas were vague as to just what I should do to earn money, but we were sure that we were to have a garden and orchard and poultry yard, and were thus to raise the principal necessaries of life ourselves. One need not earn much money if he is not going to spend much money. Cut down the outgo and the income loses much of its importance. I remembered the mountaineers of the Southern mountains, among whom I had once lived for some weeks to get material for a series of moonshiner articles; and I remembered that, although they had scarcely any money, they were independent, for they got fuel and food from their forests and their little vegetable patches, and in their cabins the very cloth for their clothes was woven. Now I certainly had no desire to be a Southern mountaineer, but I did realize that they had a great deal of the vital philosophy of life.

With most city people the idea of making a living in the country means not becoming an actual farmer and growing wheat and corn for the market, but growing vegetables and chickens and turkeys and pigeons—and selling them to the city. Variants of the general dream include the selling of special pats of butter at special prices, and special eggs, each one marked and guaranteed, at fancy prices to some hotelkeeper or confiding friend; but I had not in me—or at least felt sure I had not—the spirit and ability and desire to do this with success. I could not picture myself selling chickens and eggs and making a living by it. In short, I suppose I was unpractical. I was going to grow things for ourselves and find a way of making some money besides.

First of all, we must get our home; and for economy's sake we ought to find it within the two weeks.

I wrote to country postmasters and talked with real-estate men who handled country property. With my wife, or alone, I made swift trips to various points and drove or walked through the country seeking the ideal place. The amount of territory we covered within a week was surprising.

Then, by good fortune, I met the secretary of a banking house in one of the larger suburban towns. Part of the business of the bank was the selling and renting of property for minors, estates or individuals; and the secretary, to whom I was quite frank as to my ideas and who entered with interest into the matter, told me of two or three properties that seemed to fit pretty well. One of them, indeed, proved to fit precisely.

The house he described was in a sleepy old town, over forty miles from the city. I found it to be a sort of run-to-seed town, precariously on the edge of dilapidation; yet it still had a fine air of distinction, with its long lines of gigantic elms and oaks, its ancient houses, its fields fenced with stone.

The particular house—*the* house—was old-fashioned, with quaintly high-pitched roof, and had nine rooms. It had a side wing, with a porch in front of it, and was set in the midst of black-boled locust trees—very picturesque trees that had grown up by themselves instead of having been formally planted; they had a sort of natural engirdling, encircling, protecting look. "I do love those trees!" exclaimed my wife impulsively.

Here I may say that my wife became another woman from the moment of the decision to change. It meant new life to her—a life full of interest and ambitions. At once she became a woman of verve and ideas, alert, eager, keenly interested in every possibility, absorbed in all that the new life might mean.

The town was in two parts—the new, which had grown up near the railway station, and the old, quite a distance away; and these parts were united by a scattering string of houses, some new and some old. The town was thus practically nothing but one long street that rambled gently on, with a babbling stream hemming in one side of it and a line of gently rising hills hemming in the other. For two miles the houses were scatteringly strung out and our house was near the farther end of the string. There were thirteen acres with the place, sweeping back to a line of hills. I did not want so much land as that, but I could rent the house and land together for only eight dollars a

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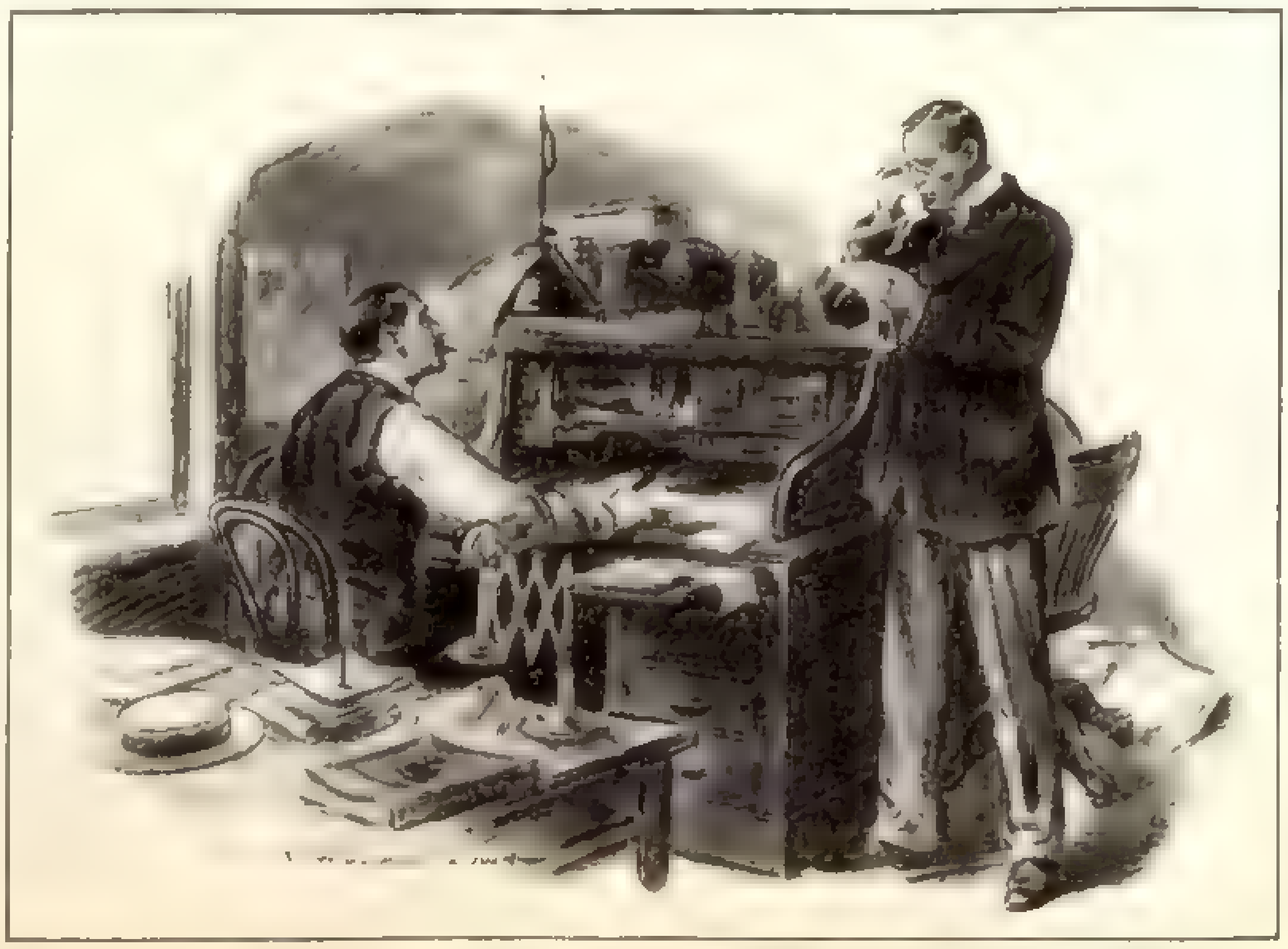


I Had to Fumble With My Eyeglasses; and I Knew He Looked at Me With at Least a Touch of Doubt

BROTHERS ALL

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Showing That, Even in Charity, it Pays to Keep Expenses Down

WHAT is the use talking, Mawruss?" Abe Potash protested. "The feller couldn't even talk ten words English at all."

"Sure, I know," Morris Perlmutter admitted; "but he would quick learn."

"Quick learn!" Abe exclaimed. "What d'ye mean, quick learn? Nowadays I never seen the like! A greenhorn comes over here from Russland which he is such an iggeramus he don't know his own name, understand me; and he expects right away to get a job in a cloak-and-suit concern uptown, where they would learn him how he should talk English and at the same time pay him ten dollars a week. Actually, Mawruss, them fellers thinks they are doing you a favor if they ruin ten garments a day on you in exchange for learning 'em English. Me, when I come over from Russland, I was *oser* so *grossartig*. I was glad to got a job learning on shirts in a subcellar and the boss boards me for wages. I got an elegant bill of fare, too, I bet yer, Mawruss. Every day for dinner is salt herring and potatoes, except Sundays is onions extra. And did that feller learn me English, Mawruss? *Oser a stück*. I must got to go to night school to learn English, Mawruss, and I did, Mawruss—and they learned me good there, Mawruss; and so this here feller you are talking about should do the same."

"We wouldn't got to learn him English, Abe," Morris declared. "The feller is a bright, smart feller, and he could pick it up quick enough."

"Sure, I know," Abe rejoined; "and pick up a whole lot of other things, too, Mawruss. Silks and velvets and buttons them fellers picks up."

"Not this feller, Abe," Morris said. "He is from decent, respectable people in the old country. He is studying for a doctor already when he comes over here, but he gets into trouble on account he belongs to a politics society over there; so he must got to run away. The feller is a bright feller, Abe."

"I know them bright fellers, Mawruss—sit up till all hours of the night in Canal Street coffee houses killing off grand dukes. Grand dukes is got to make a living the same like anybody else, Mawruss; and anyhow, Mawruss, when a feller comes over here from Russland, Mawruss, he ain't got no business bothering his head about grand dukes. The way things is nowadays in the cloak-and-suit trade, Mawruss, a feller's got all he could attend to holding on to his job."

Morris shrugged.

"Let's give the feller a show anyhow, Abe," he rejoined; "and if he don't soon make good we could quick fire him, y'understand."

"That's what you said about that feller Harkavy, which we give him a job in our cutting room, Mawruss. All the time he works for us he acts so *dumm* like a ten-year-old child; and so soon as we fire him, Mawruss, he goes to work by Kleiman & Elenbogen and turns out a couple of styles, which the least them highwaymen makes out of 'em is five thousand dollars."

"How should I know what Harkavy could do with Kleiman & Elenbogen, Abe?" Morris cried. "You are the prophet of this here concern, Abe. Always you are predicting to me tomorrow what is going to happen yesterday."

"Well, what's *vorbei* is *vorbei*, Mawruss," Abe retorted; "and if I would got to stand here all day and *schmooes* with you, Mawruss, go ahead and hire the feller. Only one thing I am saying to you, Mawruss: Don't tell me afterward that I was in favor of the feller from the start; because I ain't."

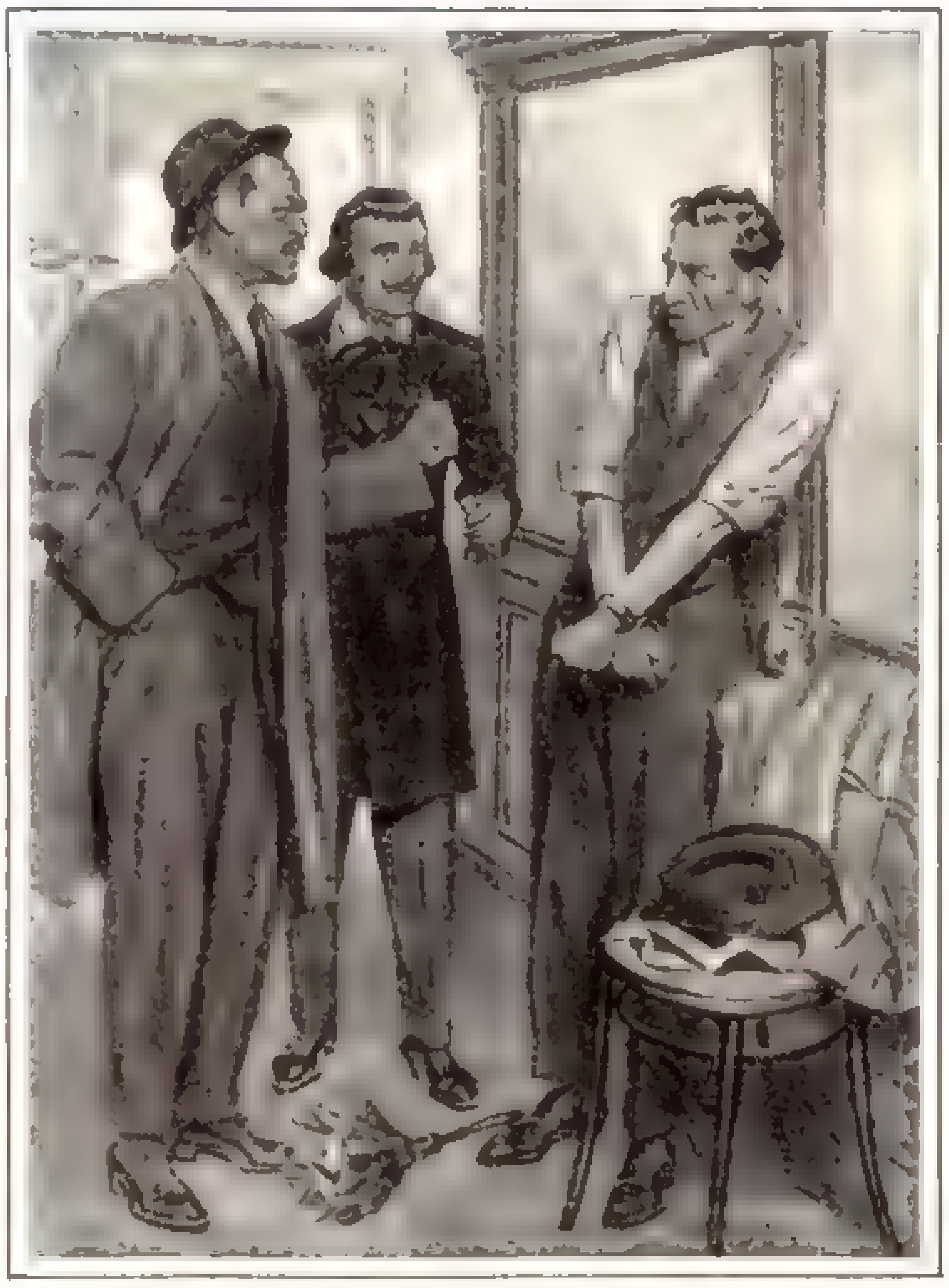
With this ultimatum, Abe glanced toward the cutting room, where sat a tall, stooping figure, holding in his two hands a peaked cap.

"Only to look at the feller gives me a *krank*, Mawruss," Abe continued; "so, if you are going to hire him, Mawruss, do me the favor and give him a couple dollars out of the safe so he should get a shave and a haircut and a new hat."

Morris nodded and started for the cutting room, when Abe called him back.

"For my part, Mawruss, I don't care what people says, y'understand," he declared; "but if we got a couple of them Thirty-fourth Street buyers around here and they sees our workpeople is got such shoes which their toes is sticking out already, Mawruss, what do they think of us? Am I right or wrong?"

"Sure, I know," Morris said; "but ——"



"Come Along Quiet," Said Mr. Gunther Calmly, "or I'll Knock Yer Block Awff"

"But nothing, Mawruss," Abe concluded. "For three dollars we should make suckers out of ourselves! Don't stand there like a fool, Mawruss. Give the feller five dollars; he should buy himself a pair of shoes and *fertig*."

II

THE transformation begun in Cesar Kovalenko by a haircut and a shave was made complete when Morris, accompanied by Kovalenko's cousin, went with him to a retail clothing establishment. There Cesar discarded forever his cap, top boots and frogged overcoat and emerged—but for his vocabulary—a naturalized citizen of the cloak-and-suit trade.

"Now all he's got to do," Morris said, "is to work hard and he would quick be making good wages."

"Sure, sure!" the cousin replied. "At first, maybe he would be a little *dumm* on account he is got a whole lot of experiences lately."

"Experiences?" Morris asked. "What for experiences?"

"Well, in the first place," the cousin proceeded, "two years ago he is studying for a doctor in the University of Harkav, and next door to him one house by the other lives a feller which I ain't got nothing to say against him, y'understand, only he goes to work and sends a package to the chief of police, Mr. Perlmutter, which when they open the package, y'understand, inside is something g'fixed. Mind you, Mr. Perlmutter, I wouldn't say nothing if it would be really the chief of police which would open the package, but always it is some poor *Schnorrer* which the chief of police calls in from the street. This time it was a feller by the name Levin, a decent, respectable, young feller—his father was a *Rav*. The old man is coming over here this week, I understand, Mr. Perlmutter—but when the chief of police sends out Levin in the back yard he should open the package, understand me, that's the last any one sees either from the package or either from Levin."

Morris clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"And what did they done to the feller which sends the package?" he asked.

"Him, they didn't done nothing, Mr. Perlmutter," the cousin replied; "but Cesar, here, they put it all on to him. First they are making him arrested, and the police pretty near kill him and the Cossacks take him from Harkav to Odessa he should get tried, and then they pretty near kill him there; and if it wouldn't be that we are sending over to give to a judge there a couple thousand rubles they would right away shoot him. Anyhow, Mr. Perlmutter, one year my cousin sits in prison there; and then we are sending over a couple thousand rubles more which we give the feller what runs the prison, and so my cousin sneaks out of there and he comes over here to this country."

Morris gazed at the neatly clad figure who walked quietly along beside him.

"You wouldn't think it to look at him," he said; "but, anyhow, I would do my best to see he gets a good show; and he would quick learn, I bet yer."

By this time they had reached Potash & Perlmutter's premises and the cousin shook hands warmly with Morris.

"You got a good heart, Mr. Perlmutter," he declared fervently; "and you wouldn't lose money supposing you did pay him eight dollars a week to start."

Morris paused before passing indoors.

"Listen here to me," he said. "Maybe I got a good heart and maybe I ain't, but your cousin starts on five dollars a week, understand me; and if he gets six dollars inside of a month he would got to earn it."

Despite this assertion, however, it was barely three weeks before Cesar Kovalenko was earning and receiving eight dollars a week, for never in their business experience had Abe and Morris employed a more intelligent workman. Not only did he exhibit great promise as an assistant cutter but he had acquired a knowledge of English sufficient for his needs.

"If the feller keeps on, Abe," Morris said, "we would soon got to give him another raise. He's a wonder!"

Abe nodded gloomily.

"You could get all the wonders you want, Mawruss, to learn cutting at eight dollars a week," he said; "and supposing he does pick up English quick, Mawruss—a feller could be a regular Henry Shakspere, y'understand, and he wouldn't be any better as a garment cutter on that account. Am I right or wrong?"

"Well, certainly it don't do no harm that Kovalenko understands a little English," Morris commented.

"Sure not," Abe agreed satirically, "because the quicker he learns English, Mawruss, the quicker he would copy our styles and find a job with a competitor. Take this here Harkavy, for instance. Only this morning I seen Felix Geigermann in the subway and he says that Kleiman & Elenbogen is showing, at a dollar less on the garment, a ringer for our Style 4022 which we sold him, Mawruss. Now, who tells them suckers how they could cut down on the buttons and the lining, Mawruss, and put one pleat less in the skirt, Mawruss? I suppose you did or I did, Mawruss—ain't it?"

He paused for a reply, but none came.

"And yet, Mawruss," he concluded, "that feller Harkavy was a wonder too; and I suppose, Mawruss, the way he picked up English would be a big consolation to us, Mawruss, if a good customer like Geigermann leaves us and goes over to Kleiman & Elenbogen."

Morris grunted scornfully.

"You are all the time looking for trouble, Abe," he said. "If we would lose as many customers as you are talking about, Abe, we wouldn't got a decent concern left on our books at all. You got to give Geigermann credit for knowing a good garment when he sees it."

"Sure, I know, Mawruss," Abe replied. "Geigermann knows a good garment when he sees it, but his customers don't; and if Geigermann could get, for a dollar less than ours, garments which looks like ours and is like ours, all but the buttons and the pleats in the skirt, we could kiss ourselves goodby with the business, no matter how many bright greenhorns we got it in our cutting room."

"*Geh weg!*" Morris exclaimed. "You don't know what you are talking about, Abe."

Nevertheless, when Felix Geigermann, the well-known Harlem drygoods merchant and violin dilettante, entered Potash & Perlmutter's showroom the next morning Morris greeted him with some misgiving.

"Hello, Felix," he said. "Are you giving us a repeat order so soon already on them 4022's?"

Felix shook his head.

"I got a few words to say to Abe, Mawruss," he replied. "Is he in now?"

Morris smiled amiably, although he was convinced that Felix's visit boded a cancelation of the 4022's.

"He ain't in now," he answered, "but if you wait a few minutes he'll be right back."

He returned hastily to the office, for he knew that if Abe found them in conversation on his return he would impute the cancelation of the order to something Morris had said. Thus Felix was left alone in the showroom, save for Cesar Kovalenko, who plied a feather duster industriously among the sample racks. As he worked, Cesar whistled a Russian melody, half sad, half cheerful, and Felix paused midway in the lighting of his cigar. It was the opening theme in the second movement of Tschaikovsky's Fourth Symphony; and Cesar's rendition of it was not only true to pitch but he managed to introduce certain nuances that to Felix proclaimed the born musician.

"What's that you are whistling?" he inquired; and Cesar smiled.

"Tschaikovsky's Fourt' Symphony," he replied, and then he reached around to his hip-pocket. "See; I am got music."

He handed a paper-covered miniature score to Geigermann, who opened it at random.

"Ha!" Felix exclaimed as his eye lit on a familiar phrase in the last movement. He hummed it over and Cesar joined him in a clear, musical barytone. They were thus engaged when a tall, broad-shouldered individual entered the showroom.

"Sorry to interrupt you, gentlemen," he said, "but is the boss in?"

"In the office back there," Felix replied.

"Will you tell him Mr. Gunther would like to see him?" the newcomer continued.

"I will if you want me to," Felix said; "but I am here only a customer."

"Excuse me," Mr. Gunther apologized. "I was talking about the other feller. However ——"

He proceeded to the office and engaged Morris in earnest conversation for several minutes. They returned to the showroom just as Cesar was replacing the score in his hip-pocket. The motion was too much for Mr. Gunther, whose occupation made him nervous; and he plunged his hand into his overcoat and brought out a shining metallic object. There was a sharp struggle and Cesar Kovalenko leaned against the partition with his wrists encircled by a pair of handcuffs.

"Come along quiet," said Mr. Gunther calmly, "or I'll knock yer block awff."

At this juncture the elevator door banged open and Abe came into the showroom.

"What is the matter here?" he cried.

Mr. Gunther smiled.

"I'm a United States deputy marshal," he proclaimed, "and I'm arresting this guy under a warrant duly issued in the Southern District of New York. I've got a taxicab downstairs and if any of you gentlemen is a friend of the prisoner youse can come along to the marshal's office."

Morris darted into the office and reappeared with his hat and coat.

"Abe," he said, "you stay here in the store. I would go down with him."

Abe frowned.

"One moment, Mawruss," he cried. "It don't go so quick as all that. First, we would find out what he makes this young feller arrested for."

The deputy marshal nodded.

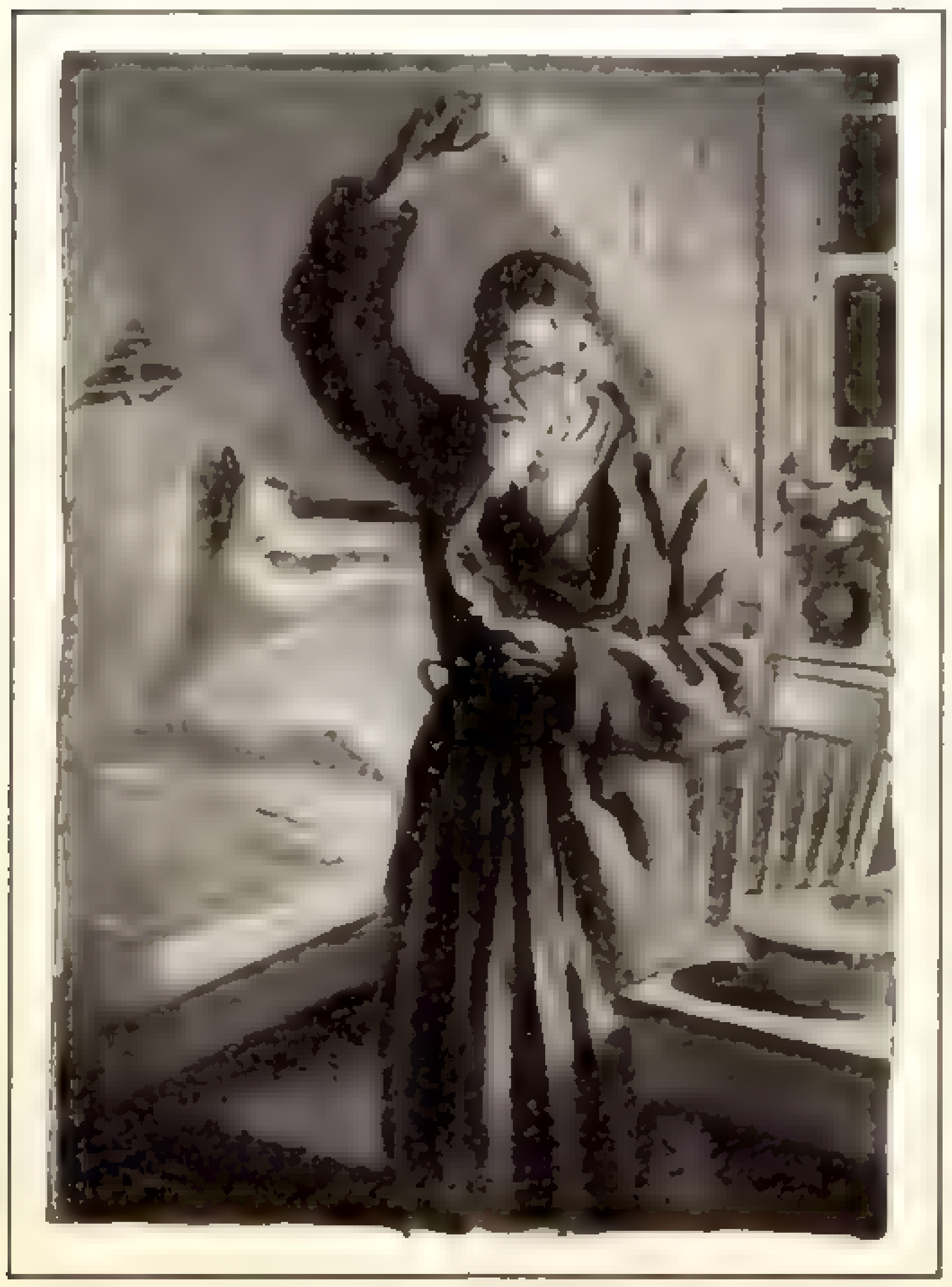
"That's all right," he said. "You're entitled to know it. He's arrested on the complaint of the Russian Consulate for something he did in Russia two years ago."

"In Russia!" Abe exclaimed. "Two years ago! Mawruss, do me a favor. You stay in the store and I would go with him."

Felix Geigermann placed his hand on Abe's arm.

"Say, lookyhere, Abe," he said. "I'll tell you the truth. I am pretty busy today and I am coming here to cancel them 4022's; but now I don't care at all. You could ship them goods if you want to, Abe; but one thing I ask you as a favor—let me go with him. I don't care what the other feller says. I am just now talking to this here young feller and if he done anything in Russia, understand me, I would eat it. So you stay here and tend to business and I would go with him."

Morris drew on his overcoat with force sufficient to rip the sleeve-lining. "Nathan, the shipping clerk, could tend the store, Abe," he declared, "and we'll all go with him."



"An Eye for an Eye!" He Cried in Shrill Tones "A Tooth for a Tooth!"

III

"IN THE first place, Mawruss," Abe said, after they had returned from the United States Commissioner's office, where Cesar Kovalenko had been arraigned and committed without bail to the Tombs—"In the first place what are we bothering our heads about this young feller? Of course, when I was down there, Mawruss, and see that feller from the Russian counselor's office, which he is got a face, Mawruss, hard like iron, y'understand, I didn't say nothing; but the way you are going to work and telephoning to Henry D. Feldman and everything, Mawruss—before we would get through with him it would cost us anyhow a couple hundred dollars."

"Geigermann says he would go half," Morris said.

"Sure, I know, Mawruss; but just because Geigermann acts like a sucker, Mawruss, why should we get ourselves into it too? Furthermore, Mawruss, how do we know Geigermann would go half? He's that kind of feller, Mawruss, that when he says something he don't take it so particular he should stick to it, Mawruss. One day he gives us an order and the next he cancels it, Mawruss and that's the kind of a man he is."

"He didn't cancel it, Abe," Morris cried. "He was going to cancel it, but he changed his mind."

"Sure, he changed his mind," Abe interrupted; "and what is going to hinder him changing his mind on this other proposition, Mawruss? You could take it from me, Mawruss, when the time comes he should pay up, understand me, it'll be a case of *nix wissen*—and don't you forget it."

Morris shrugged impatiently.

"*Nu*, Abe," he said; "what could we do? Once in a while we couldn't help ourselves, y'understand. Should we let this poor greenhorn be sent back to Russland, which he ain't got a relative in the world, understand me, except his cousin, which he is just so poor as Kovalenko?"

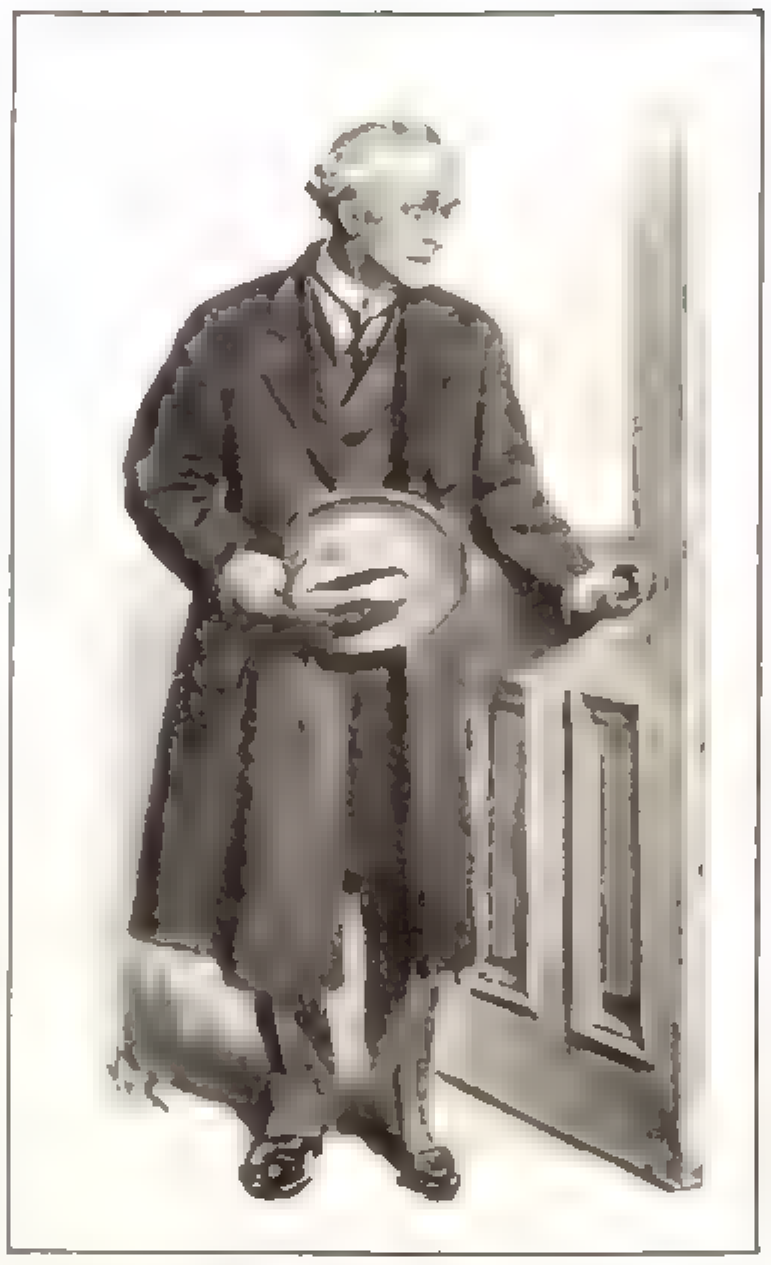
"That's all right, Mawruss," Abe declared. "I ain't kicking we shouldn't help the feller. All I am saying is there's lots of our people which they got more dollars as we got dimes. Take Moses M. Steuermann, for instance; there's a feller which he is such a big charity feller, understand me, why shouldn't he help Kovalenko?"

"Well, in the first place, no one tells him about it, Abe," Morris said, "and in the second place ——"

"But why don't we tell him about it, Mawruss?" Abe interrupted. "Why don't you go down to see him, Mawruss, and tell him all about it?"

"Me go down to see him, Abe!" Morris cried. "Why, the feller is a multimillionaire. With such people like that I couldn't open my mouth at all. Why don't you go down to see him?"

"Why should I go down?" Abe asked. "You are the lodge brother here, Mawruss—ain't it?



"Mr. Potash?" the Newcomer Asked Timidly

You are the one which you are always sitting up till all hours of the night making motions. I couldn't make a motion to save my life, Mawruss, and you know it."

"Sure, I know," Morris protested; "but lodge meetings is something else again. A feller could talk at a lodge meeting—and what is it? A couple young lawyers which they couldn't even pay their laundry bills, y'understand, and a dozen other fellers, insurance brokers *oder* cigar dealers, and most of 'em old-timers at that—why should I be afraid to say a little something to 'em? But with a feller like Moses M. Steuermann, which his folks was bankers in Frankfort-on-the-Main when Carnegie and Vanderbilt and all them other *goyim* was new beginners yet, Abe—that's a different proposition entirely."

Abe nodded and remained silent for a few minutes.

"Might Felix Geigermann would go down and see him, Mawruss," he suggested finally. "It wouldn't do no harm we should ring him up anyhow."

"Go as far as you like, Abe," Morris said, and Abe started immediately for the telephone.

"I spoke to Felix, Mawruss," he announced a few minutes later, "and Felix said he would go right down and see him. He ain't so stuck on paying Feldman a couple hundred dollars neither."

Morris snorted indignantly.

"If you are going to be charitable, Abe," he said, "why don't you be a sport? We could easy stand a couple hundred dollars."

"That's all right, Mawruss," Abe declared. "Business is business and charity is charity, y'understand; but even in charity, Mawruss, it don't do no harm to keep the expenses down."

Two hours afterward Felix Geigermann entered the showroom, his face glistening with perspiration.

"Well, boys," he almost shouted, "I seen him, and he says he would call in here on his way uptown."

"Who would call in?" Morris asked.

"Moses M. Steuermann," Felix replied. "It was the Tschaikovsky Fourth that fixed him, Mawruss. I told him that young feller carries round with him an orchestral score, and right away he says he would come up. For years I seen Mr. Steuermann at the Philharmonics and the Boston Symphonies, Mawruss, and I didn't know who he was at all. I always thought he was something to do with a music-publishing concern."

"Steuermann got something to do with a music-publishing concern!" Morris exclaimed. "I'm surprised to hear you, you should talk that way, Felix."

"Well, when you are seeing year in and year out a feller goes to every concert what is, Abe," Felix explained, "naturally you get an idee he is in the music business—ain't it?"

"That's what you think, Felix," Abe said, taking up the cudgels in defense of Steuermann; "but you could take it from me, Felix, if a feller like Steuermann seemingly fools away his time at concerts, understand me, he ain't doing it for nothing. He probably gets some business out of it the same like a lot of fellers you would think is making suckers of themselves going to lodge meetings, Felix. Most of 'em sells many a big bill of goods that way."

"That ain't here nor there, Abe," Felix rejoined. "The point is, Steuermann would be up here at five o'clock; so, what are you going to tell him when he calls?"

"Me tell him!" Abe cried. "Why, I wouldn't be here at all. I got to—now—see—a—now—customer at the Prince Clarence."

"You ain't got to do nothing of the kind, Abe," Morris retorted angrily. "You are going to stay right here and talk to that feller when he comes. What do you think—I am going to be the goat every time?"

"What's the matter, Abe?" Felix asked. "Are you afraid of the feller? He couldn't eat you up, Abe."

"What d'ye mean, afraid of him?" Abe exclaimed. "I am seeing big merchants every day, Felix, and I could talk right up to them too. But this here is my partner's affair. He hired Kovalenko in the first place; and ——"

"What's the use talking, Abe?" Morris interrupted. "If you go home I go home; so you got to stay and we would both see the feller. What is the difference, supposing the feller does got a couple million dollars?"

"A couple million dollars!" Felix said. "Why, I bet yer, if the feller's got a cent he is worth twenty million dollars."

Abe grew pale.

"Say, lookyhere, why should I talk to Mr. Steuermann?" he besought. "You could do this without me, Mawruss."

"Don't be a baby, Abe," Morris retorted. "Felix would stay here with us and "

"Not me, boys," Felix said. "I guess you got to excuse me. I done enough already and if I don't get right home and change my underclothes, which they are dripping wet with perspiration, I would sure catch a bad cold."

He shook Abe and Morris warmly by the hand; and hardly had the elevator door closed behind him when the showroom became a scene of nervous activity.

"Nathan," Abe yelled to the shipping clerk, "fetch the broom. The place looks like a pigsty here!"

He turned to Morris with an excited gesture.

"Do me the favor, Mawruss," he said; "tell a couple of them young fellers from the cutting room to come in here. Them sample-racks ain't been straightened up for a week. I am going round to the barber shop, Mawruss, and I would be right back."

IV

IT LACKED one minute of five and Abe and Morris sat at their respective desks in the firm's office, when Miss Cohen, the bookkeeper, knocked timidly at the door.

"A gentleman wants to see you, Mr. Potash," she said. "He wouldn't give his name."

Abe cleared his throat with an effort.

"Tell him he should come right in," he croaked; and a moment later a tall personage, clad in a fur overcoat and wearing a freshly ironed silk hat, appeared in the doorway.

"Is this Mr. Potash?" he asked in rounded, oratorical tones.

Abe nodded. For a moment he was bereft of speech and he jerked his head sideways in the direction of his partner.

"This is Mr. Perlmutter," he said at length—"my partner."

"How do you do, sir?" the visitor replied as he seized Morris' clammy palm in a warm embrace.

"Take a seat," Morris murmured, dragging forth a chair; and the stranger sat down deliberately.

"Well, sir," Abe asked, "what could we do for you?"

"Mr. Potash," the visitor began, "every merchant is at times confronted with a situation which demands a few appropriate remarks."

Abe nodded and mopped tentatively at his dewy forehead.

"But how many are there," the visitor continued, "who can do justice to the occasion? For instance, Mr. Perlmutter, you are asked at a charitable meeting to discuss the question of restricting immigration. I ask you candidly, Mr. Perlmutter, would you feel competent to stand upon your feet and ——"

Suddenly Abe jumped to his feet.

"Excuse me, my dear sir," he cried. "Wouldn't you smoke a cigar?"

Morris was nearest the safe and he, too, leaped from his chair.

"Never mind the safe, Mawruss," Abe said, flapping his right hand excitedly. "I bought some while I was out just now."

He handed a gold-banded, Bismarck-size cigar to the visitor, who nodded a dignified acknowledgment and immediately struck a match.

"Yes, Mr. Perlmutter," he went on, "as I was saying, such a topic as the restriction of immigration would embarrass even an experienced speaker." He paused and cleared his throat impressively. "Now, I have here," he said, exploring the capacious pockets of his overcoat, "a work entitled A Quarter of a Century in Congress, by the Honorable Lucius J. Howell, which, gentlemen, is issued upon subscription only, in half morocco or crushed levant at a hitherto unheard-of price."

Abe ceased mopping his brow and turned a terrible glare upon the book canvasser.

"What!" he roared. "A book agent?"

Once more he jumped to his feet. "Out!" he bellowed. "Out from my office, you dirty loafer!"

The book agent scowled and replaced the bound dummy in his pocket.

"With a high-grade selling proposition like this, Mr. Potash," he said, "you should be careful of your language."

"Mawruss," Abe cried, "what the devil do you mean letting in a feller like this?"

"What d'ye mean, letting him in?" Morris retorted. "Did I tell Miss Cohen she should show him in?"

"Don't quarrel on my account, gentlemen," the canvasser said as he puffed at his cigar. "I shall call again when you're not so busy."

He passed out of the office with a graceful gesture of farewell and once more Abe and Morris sat down on the edge of their chairs. It was not for long, however; and this time, without any announcement, a thick-set gentleman with carefully trimmed beard and mustache stood in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said—and Abe and Morris literally sprang into the middle of the office floor.

"Mr. Steuermann?" Abe gasped, extending his hand.

"My name is Mister Goldstein," the visitor replied, "and I represent the Lilywhite Dress Shield Company."

He proceeded no further, however, for Morris led him by the shoulder to the elevator shaft and pointed to a notice reading:

HOURS FOR SALESMEN

8 to 9:30

Morris returned to the office and hardly was he seated in his chair when, for the third time, the doorway framed a visitor.

"Mr. Potash?" the newcomer asked timidly. He was a short, slender man, past middle age, clad in a shabby overcoat, half threadbare, and a soft felt hat of a dingy, weatherbeaten appearance.

"*Nu!*" Abe growled. "What is it now?"

"Mr. Potash," the stranger continued, "I called to see you at the request of Mr. Geigermann. My name is Steuermann." Abe essayed to rise, but his knees would not support him and he waved his hand feebly to a chair that Morris dragged forward.

"Mr. Steuermann," Morris said, "you are coming up here to see us when we could much better afford it if we would go down and see you."

"Why, gentlemen, it was no inconvenience for me," Steuermann replied. "I am on my way home."

"God would bless you for it, anyway!" Abe declared fervently; and Steuermann blushed.

"Now, Mr. Potash," he protested, "I am not here for compliments. I've come to see what we can all do for this poor fellow. I'm a little late, because I was waiting for a report from my lawyers."

"Your lawyers!" Abe exclaimed. "Why, we already hired Henry D. Feldman."

"So I believe," Steuermann replied; "and he has consented to act in conjunction with my lawyers—Chitty, Schwarzstein & Munjoy. I shall relieve you gentlemen of all responsibility in the matter."

"Do you mean by responsibility, Mr. Steuermann, that you would pay Feldman?" Abe asked.

Mr. Steuermann smiled.

"Well, we won't discuss that just now," he said.

"Because," Abe continued, "we wouldn't consent to nothing of the kind, Mr. Steuermann; the young feller works for us and we would got to do our share."

"That part will come later," Steuermann insisted; "and now let's see what is to be done."

For more than half an hour Steuermann disclosed to Abe and Morris the result of his lawyers' investigation.

"Mr. Munjoy has seen Kovalenko," Steuermann said, "and he asserts that, so far as proof is concerned, no murder was ever committed."

"But, Mr. Steuermann," Morris said, "the feller which he opened the package, y'understand, was blown up so his own father couldn't recognize him even."

"That's just the point, Mr. Perlmutter," Steuermann declared; "and Mr. Munjoy says that on this circumstance hinges the Russian consulate's whole case. They are obliged to prove that a definite person was killed; and it seems that the consulate paid the passage of the victim's father to this country, so that he might testify before the United States Commissioner. I understand that the old man, who by the way is a Rabbi, arrived last week. Mr. Munjoy says that if the father is unable to testify to the identity of the victim it may so complicate matters that more evidence will be necessary and the consulate may drop the affair on account of the expense involved."

Morris nodded sadly.

"Lawyers could always make expenses, Mr. Steuermann," he said, "for the Russian counselor and for us also."

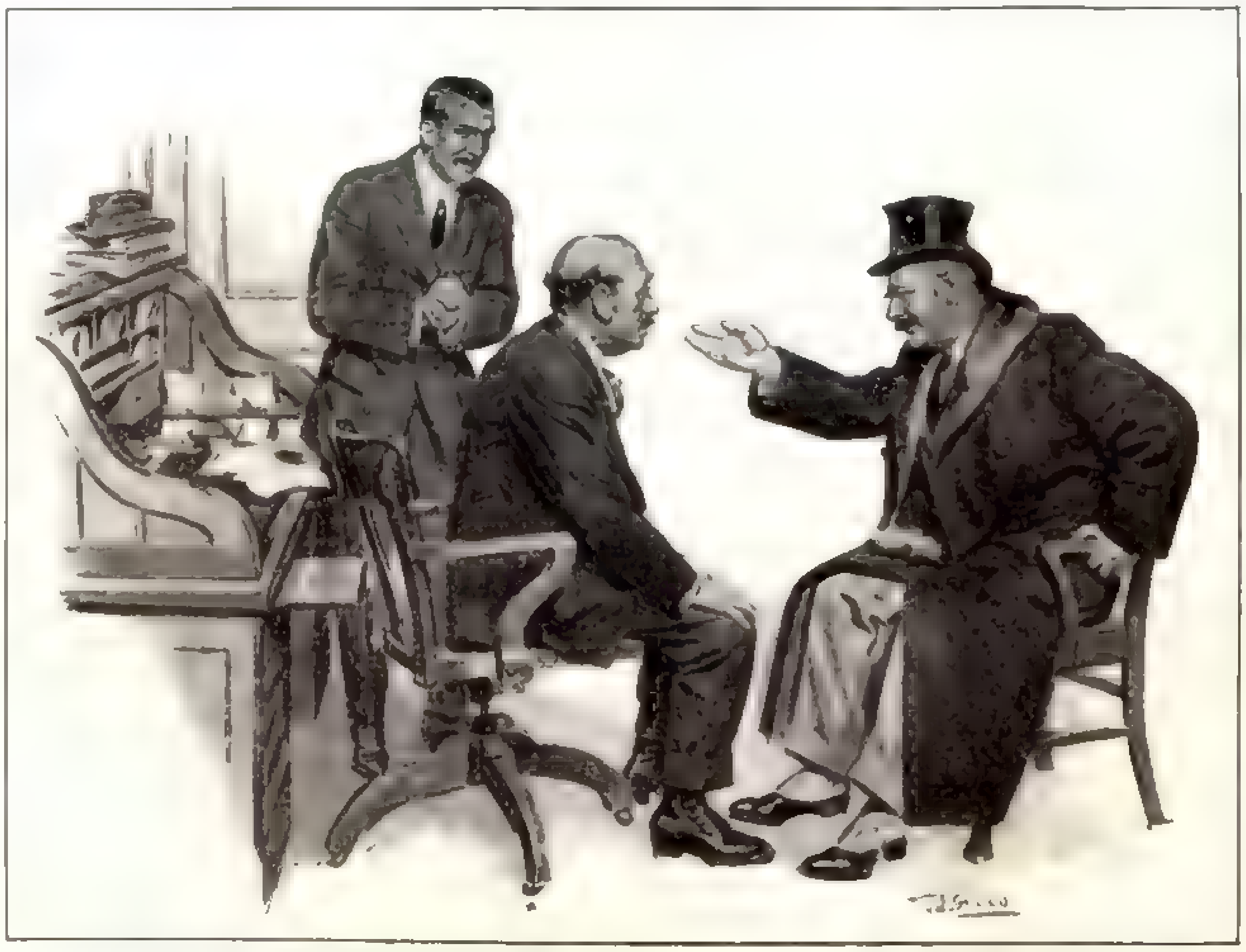
"Never mind about expense, Mawruss," Abe interrupted. "What does it matter a few hundred dollars, Mawruss, so long as we get this young feller free? In fact, Mr. Steuermann, I am willing we should go half if we could see this here Rabbi and *schmier* him a thousand dollars he should swear that no one was killed at all."

Mr. Steuermann shook his head. "That would be in effect suborning perjury, Mr. Potash," he said—and Morris glared at Abe.

"I'm surprised at you, you should suggest such a thing, Abe!" he exclaimed. "Seemingly you got no conscience at all. A thousand dollars we should pay the feller! I bet yer he would lie himself black in the face for a twenty-dollar bill."

"It isn't a matter of money, Mr. Perlmutter," Steuermann said; "but why not see the old man tonight? I have his address here, and if you approached him in the right way perhaps he might testify that he did not recognize the murdered man. That would only be the simple truth and it would be just what we want. As it is, I'm afraid the Russian consulate will intimidate him into swearing that he knew the body to be that of his son."

He handed Morris a card bearing a Madison Street address.



"Mr. Potash," the Visitor Began, "Every Merchant is at Times Confronted With a Situation Which Demands a Few Appropriate Remarks"

(Continued on Page 32)

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

THERE is one interesting thing about the Government at Washington that is sometimes overlooked: the Government at Washington is not of divine origin. The Government at Washington is not our master. The Government at Washington is not even a government of wise men. We are the Government at Washington—you and I. When we spend incomprehensible sums it is our money that we spend—and when we subsequently look for this money in our pocketbooks it isn't there. When we save money it is our money we save. Conversely, if we choose to spend it on ourselves, that is our privilege. It is our money.

We recently sustained a sudden attack of thrift and attempted to raise the postage rate on the advertising in periodicals to four cents a pound, with the purpose to make a profit on carriage. Curiously enough, we proposed to do this thing without our own knowledge—surreptitiously, so to speak. We tried to do good by stealth and we now blush to find it fame.

But if, as many of us believe, the outcry of the "muckrakers" has saved the coal lands of Alaska to us, saved what forests we have left from wasteful spoliation, and has otherwise served the cause of good citizenship far and near in a hundred ways—we shall find that the old postal rate has been a good investment.

Mr. Hitchcock says, with the loud pedal, that the Government—we—carries, or carry, eight hundred million pounds of second-class matter at one cent a pound, at a total cost of nine cents a pound; that the annual loss is sixty-two million dollars. He mentions, with the soft pedal, that these eight hundred million pounds include the "newspapers" and other matters, which he proposes to carry at the same old rate. He does not say that the advertising of which he complains originates most of the first-class—thirty-two cents a pound—postal matter, or of the fourth-class—sixteen cents a pound—postal matter. But it does. I answer many ads, and pay much postage on merchandise shipped by mail. Do you? By his own figures the profit from first and fourth class matter brings the annual deficit down to six million dollars, or two-thirds the cost of a nice new battleship. Your share would therefore be—two-thirds of a cent!

He next goes on to say that the proposed increase will make the average postage on "periodicals"—reading matter and advertising combined—two cents a pound; and all will be lovely! But he has just said that the cost of carrying the magazines was nine cents a pound! I am not good at figures. I do not like them. They remind me of bills. But it does seem to me, on casual inspection, that we would still lose seven cents a pound. Why this leniency? Far be it from me to say that Mr. Hitchcock blundered. He is too able a man to blunder so simply. Let us not be unjust: let us say, not that he blundered, but that he mixed the figures. This mental sleight-of-hand is not uncommon with statisticians.

The One Cheap Thing in America

MR. HITCHCOCK says the owners of the magazines are making money. I believe that. I hope so. If they are not—some of them—making money they would not publish the magazines.

He quotes from some one who says "magazine publishers receive gross incomes as high as six million dollars a year. Dividends amounting approximately to one million dollars yearly have been declared."

That is the high-water mark, I take it. He does not say that many publishing houses have failed; that many are in difficulties; that many make a very modest profit indeed. But let it go at that. Say that every magazine has a gross income of six million dollars annually and a net profit of one million dollars. If you can show me any other man—or concern—that will take all risks, furnish the brains and executive ability, give me back five-sixths of the gross income for labor and raw material, and also give me for my very own the article produced by the five-sixths of his gross income and his brains—why, I'll be in favor of a nine-cent postal rate and an additional punishment of ten years' hard labor for each separate offense. For note this: The advertiser pays the bills and I get the magazine at a nominal price. Look at this magazine business—not as an expert, but as a layman. Never mind what some one tells you; consider what you know yourself.

There is today only one cheap thing in this country. Farm products are high, clothing is high, meat is double high, labor is high. Magazines are cheap. You buy a magazine for from five to thirty-five cents, equal in content and quality to all but the thrice-picked best books and infinitely superior to the usual run of books at one dollar and a half, after they have been picked once, by reason that the poorer ones failed to sell at all.

And our magazines are the best. Our book product is wofully inferior compared with England's; our magazines are immeasurably superior to England's. Why? Because the magazines pay the writers, whether of fiction or special articles, good prices—ranging all the way from a fair price to a price that would make the illustrious dead turn over in their graves. For the first time in the world's history there is a living wage for the literary man. None of them have ever died disgraced; but a good writer is sure of a decent living. We have no magazine that does not pay at least a fair price for "good stuff." Why? The subscription price rarely covers the cost of white paper and printing. It is the advertising. From this income are paid all operating and editorial expenses, rent or building expenses, postage and express, commissions to agents or newsdealers, "remuneration or guerdon" to artists and authors—and the profit. And, without brains to direct the enterprise, there will be no profit. A magazine must make good with every issue.

No Profits Without Big Risks

THIS is the house that Jack built. Observe now that, though great wealth does not necessarily follow from intelligence—or the reverse—it is true most people in fairly comfortable circumstances are intelligent and most of the more intelligent people are in fairly comfortable circumstances. Intelligent people take the best magazines—the best from the literary point of view. The best magazines have the most circulation; advertisers seek the magazines having the most circulation among people who, being intelligent, presumably have a little money to spare to buy the advertised goods. Advertisers pay the highest prices to such magazines for their advertisements; hence these magazines have more money to get better "copy," which makes the magazine better, which wins more circulation, which attracts more advertising—and that's the house that Jack built. It is self-perpetuating. But some one had to go ahead—to be first, to take the risks. The publisher was first—Jack. He took the risk. He furnished faith, hope and money, foresight and brains. Why not let the publisher share the profit? In this connection, notice that the Supreme Court of Oklahoma, that radical State, has just handed down a decision that a corporation is entitled to reasonable return not only on the strict physical valuation of the property but on the very real added value which results from being a "going concern"—having in view the fact that there are usually seven lean years during which almost any business must be run at actual loss, before it builds a reputation and so becomes a "going concern." Of no other business is this so true as of magazine building. A magazine depends entirely upon good-will; the only way to get good-will is to provide good reading, and the surest way to provide good reading is to pay inspiring prices. There are but few magazines that cannot look back on weary year after weary year of loss and breathless struggle, before they earned their first dollar.

There is no doubt, I think, that magazines are really carried at less than cost—cost including, at present, poor business methods. There is no moral issue involved. As individuals, you and I have a right to buy a magazine, a cigar or a glass of soda. It is our money. Collectively, we have a perfect right to haul magazines cheaply in order that we may buy magazines cheaply. It is our money. The question is this: Is it good policy to make the proposed change? Do not you and I get far more benefit from the present cheap rate than any one else? If we raise the postage won't we have to pay a bigger price for a copy? Won't it be merely taking our money from one pocket to put it in the other, with a loss of time and the chance of losing more money? Can we better ourselves by making money from ourselves by delivering our own magazines at our own doors? Shall we emulate the famed inhabitants of the Scilly Isles, who eke out a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing?

The junior editor—it is a country weekly and not liable to the proposed increase—says, in effect: "Well, they can pay the writers less."

I shuddered. Beef is twenty-five cents a pound. "Resolutely putting aside the extremely personal aspect of the case," I answered with dignity, "wouldn't the more intelligent writers go into life insurance or shoe stores, or something profitable—and leave letters to mediocrity?"

The junior editor said something that I did not get. Then he brightened up.

"Cut out the publisher's profit," he beamed.

Now that is exactly the thing—the most important thing. I don't want to cut out the publisher's profit. I want him to have enough money to be independent of "pressure." I object to this rate as a reader, because I want my reading to be better and not worse; I object as a writer, because I want my bit to be larger and not smaller; but I object as a citizen—longer, and harder, and with a stronger pull altogether—because I want the publisher always to have enough money to jingle in his pocket, so that when he wants to publish something that may be for the public good no moneyed gentleman with a first mortgage shall say him nay. Once you drive the publisher to that first-mortgage habit there will be no more "muckraking." Muckraking may be over-enthusiastic and sometimes gets to seeing things at night; but it lets in light in dark places. May the publisher always be in a position to tell the banker where he may go if he—the banker—desires.

Hark back a little. There are other magazines besides the best. The discrimination forms them. They do not muckrake or uplift. They are edited with less ability; their literary quality is near the freezing point; they are poorly printed on cheap paper. And they have few advertisements or none. Why? Because they have no charm for intelligent people; the people for whom they have charm are not usually those with much money to buy advertised goods. Yet these—never helpful, often mischievous—are exactly the magazines that will be almost untouched by the discrimination of the proposed rate. The line is drawn precisely where agitation of public affairs begins. Why not call this law "A bill to put a premium on trashy reading and to penalize any attempt at good literature"?

That brings us to consider advertising. The magazines not only protect us collectively in their essays at good citizenship—they protect us as individuals by their close supervision of the advertising department. Most of them bar out liquor advertisements. They all reject fakes, swindlers, quackery, get-rich-quick and, generally speaking, doubtful advertisements.—The exception you mention proves what all exceptions prove.—They save each of us many an annual two-thirds of a cent. In most of them, the mere fact that an advertisement appears is a guarantee that the concern is on the square. That is a public service and a big one. They may have my two-thirds of a cent. For that is what it amounts to. The loss from carrying magazines at the low rate is doubtless large; yet the profit on the enormous mass of business directly due to advertisements is what cuts down the deficit to two-thirds of a cent *per capita*. But the big daily papers—many of which publish pages of ads which all leading magazines refuse—they are to go at one cent a pound!

A Case of Poetic Justice

BESIDES that, I like to read the ads. To my notion, after the Golden Rule and the editor's "acceptance blank," the finest bit of literature I know is the ad of a certain table-sauce. This is not free advertising—I say nothing of the sauce; but to read that label ad makes me hungry.

Now that "last analysis" thing. A good magazine gets circulation; circulation draws advertising; advertising pays the profit. The well-to-do answer the advertisements. Those of us who are not well-to-do, therefore, get our magazines at far less than actual cost because the well-to-do answer the advertisements. This is not exact justice. It is poetic justice. To him that hath not shall be given, and from him that hath shall be taken away (a little) that he hath—just this once. That is how this present non-governmental device, constructed by Jack, works out. Most governmental devices—I think we may say all governmental devices except the income tax—work on the orthodox plan of taking from him that hath not even that which he hath. This is a pleasant change.

As I said before, we all take magazines now, and to all practical intents and purposes the rich and near-rich pay indirectly for the subscriptions of the poor and near-poor. I should hate to see this ideal arrangement tampered with in any way.

Of course, all this is not at all the thing for the mind that likes statistical, cold figures. I loathe them. These stupendous and incomprehensible sums, coming lightly and trippingly from the tongue, only stun me and convey no impression to my mind except of a species of blasphemy. The conventional way of treating this subject would be to present a balance sheet of our business, income and outgo, with illustrations drawn to scale. For example, there would be a very large whisky bottle, with a stupendous sum printed on the label to represent our revenue from this source and to remind us that we are partners in the business. A tobacco sack, a plug of navy and a cigar, with curling smoke effect, due proportion of size and label preserved, would further elucidate our income. Next would come a custom-house with interesting details of the scales, life-size, in the upper left-hand corner.

Then would come expenditures in effigy—administrative, legislative, judicial; battleships, with the price-tag and postscript, "out of date," in the corner; an old veteran, representing the pension list; a Filipino, with his price; a consul, with his cost; a cross-section of the big canal, with the price. At last we would come to the Post-office Department and go in for detail.

We would find there an engine, with a big label, showing our liberality to the railroads; a man uniformed, with a very small label, showing our thrift with the underpaid and overworked railway mail service.

Next would come the city carrier and his little bill, the rural free delivery cart and that little bill, the postmaster and his little bill last of all, the magazines, with the magic word "profit" diagonally across the back. About all the rest of the balance sheet—army, navy, rivers and harbors, "pork" generally—would show "loss"; but we'd lay up money on carrying our own magazines to our own doors. Don't misunderstand me. I approve of the rural free delivery, though carried on at a loss, for the same reason that I approve of carrying magazines at the present rate—because the benefit is far greater than the price paid.

Is it possible that we are to spend two billion dollars lavishly, presumably for the public welfare, and then turn shopkeeper on this single small item, where the people as a whole get the benefit of a wise liberality immediately?

If such a bill ever passes we shall pay more for our magazines—out of one pocket; but shall we get this money back into our other pocket—our post-office pocket?

Still Some Wests to Conquer

THE president of the Northern Pacific Railroad recently pointed out that only about a third of the arable land in Minnesota was under cultivation; that in density of population that state ranks lower than any east of the Mississippi except Maine; that the number of its farms increased only one per cent in ten years. For some time the president of the New York Central has been pointing out that a great amount of good farm land is to be had cheap in the Empire State. The neglected agricultural opportunities in New England and other old-settled sections are beginning to receive attention.

There is an impression in some circles that the cream of opportunity has been pretty thoroughly skimmed off the United States—at least east of the Rockies—there is no more free or cheap land; no new country to be opened up; no more virgin reservoirs of natural wealth to be tapped. We've just about used up our margin; blown in our last free gift from Nature. There isn't much left for an ambitious young man except to take a job driving a street car—if he should be lucky enough to get one.

Such is the impression; but, between the Rocky Mountains and the seaboard, how many new Wests, as full of virgin opportunity as the first one, do you suppose there still are? We should say, at least a couple of hundred.

THE GRAIN OF DUST

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XVI

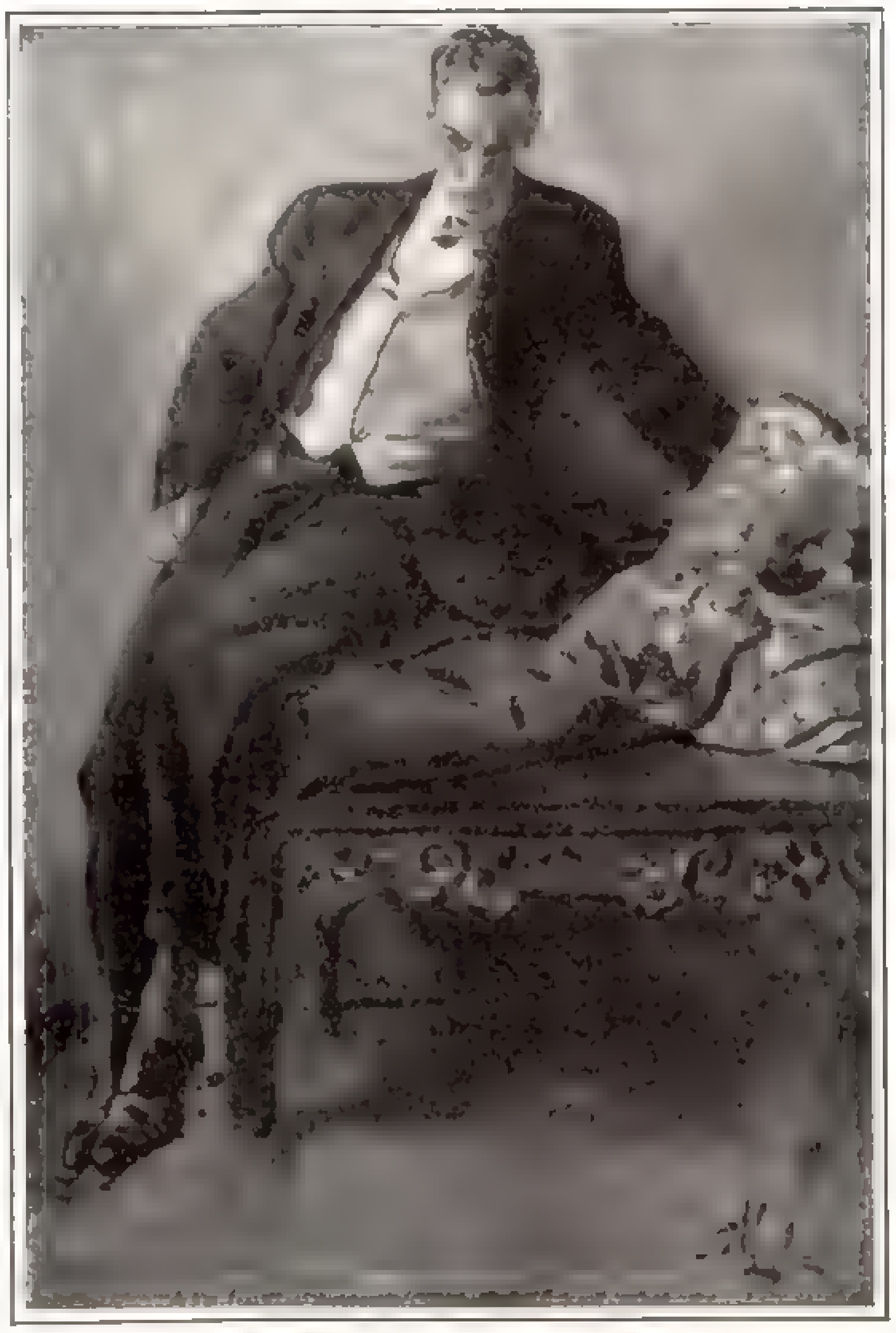
ABOUT half an hour later the door into the bedroom opened and Dorothy appeared on the threshold of the sitting-room, ready for the street. Norman stared at her with the amazement of a man faced by the impossible, and uncertain whether it is sight or reason that is tricking him. She had gone into the bedroom not only homely but commonplace, not only commonplace but common, a dingy, washed-out blonde girl whom it would be a humiliation to present as his wife. She was standing there in the majesty of such proud, pale beauty as poets delight to ascribe to a sorrowful princess. Her wonderful skin was clear and translucent, giving her an ethereal look. Her hair reminded him again of the marvels he had seen in the sunlight of a Sunday afternoon. And looking at her form, and the small head so gracefully capping it, he could think only of the simile that had always come to him in his moments of ecstasy—the lily on its tall stem.

And once more, like a torrent, the old infatuation sprang from its dried sources and came rushing and overwhelming through vein and nerve. "Am I mad now?—was I mad a few moments ago?—is it she or is it my own disordered senses?"

She was drawing on her gloves, unconscious of his confusion. He controlled himself and said: "You have a most disconcerting way of changing your appearance."

She glanced down at her costume. "No, it's the same dress. I've only the one, you know."

He longed to take her in his arms, but could not trust himself. And this wonder-girl, his very own, was talking of leaving him! And he—not an hour before—he, apparently in his right senses, had been tolerating such preposterous talk! Give her up? Never! He must see to it that the subject did not find excuse for intruding again. "I have frightened her—have disgusted her. I must restrain myself. I must be patient—and teach her slowly—and win her gradually."



They spent an interesting and even exciting afternoon, driving from shop to shop and selecting the first beginnings of her wardrobe. He had only about three hundred dollars. Some of the things they ordered were ready for delivery, and so had to be paid for at once. When they returned to the hotel he had but fifty dollars left and had contracted debts that made it necessary for him to raise at least a thousand dollars within a week. He saw that his freedom with sums of money terrified her, filled her with awe and admiration, and that he was already more successful than he had expected to be in increasing her hesitation about leaving him. Among the things they had bought were a simple black chiffon dress and a big plumed black hat to match. These needed no alterations and were delivered soon after they returned. Some silk stockings came also and a pair of slippers bought for the dinner toilet.

"You can dress tonight," said he, "and I'll take you to dinner and to the theater afterward."

She was delighted. At last she was going to look like the women of whom she had been dreaming these last few months. She set about dressing herself, he waiting in the sitting-room in a state of acute nervousness. What would be the effect of such a toilet? Would she look like a lady—or like—what she had suggested that morning? She was so changeable, had such a wide range of variability, that he dared not hope. When she finally appeared he was ready to fall down and worship. He was about to take her where his world would see her, where every inch of her would be subjected to the cruelest, most hostile criticism. One glance at her and he knew a triumph awaited him. No man and no woman would wonder that he had lost his head over such beauty as hers. Hat and dress seemed just what had been needed to bring out the full glory of her charms.

"You are incredibly beautiful," he said in an awed tone. "I am proud of you."

A little color came into her cheeks. She looked at herself in the mirror with her quiet, intense, secret, yet not covert, vanity. He laughed in boyish pleasure. "This is only the small beginning," said he. "Wait a few months!"

At dinner and in a box at the theater afterward he had the most exquisite pleasure of his life. She had been seen by many of his former friends, and he was certain they knew who she was. He felt that he would have no difficulty in putting her in the place his wife should occupy. A woman with such beauty as hers was a sensation, one that fashionable society would not deny itself. She had good manners—an admirable manner. With a little coaching she would be as much at home in grandeur as were those who had always had it.

The last fear of losing her left him. On the way back to the hotel he, in a delirium of pride and passion, crushed her in his arms and caressed her with the frenzy that had always terrified her. She resisted only faintly, was almost passive. "She is mine!" he said to himself exultantly. "She is really mine!"

When he awoke in the morning she was still asleep—looked like a tired, lovely child. Several times, while he was dressing, he went in to feast his eyes upon her beauty. How could he possibly have thought her homely, in whatever moment of less beauty or charm she might have had? The crowning charm of infinite variety! She had a delightfully sweet disposition. He was not sure how much or how little intelligence she had—probably more than most women. But what did that matter? It would be impossible ever to grow weary or to be anything but an infatuated lover when she had such changeful beauty.

He kissed her lightly on her thick braids as he was about to go. He left a note explaining that he did not wish to disturb her and that it was necessary for him to be at the office early. And that morning in all New York no man left his home for the day's struggle for dollars with a freer or happier heart, or readier to play the game boldly, skillfully, with success.

Certainly he needed all his courage and all his skill.

To most of the people who live in New York and elsewhere throughout the country—or the world, for that matter—an income of a thousand dollars a month seems extremely comfortable, to say the least of it. The average American family of five has to scrape along on about half that sum a year. But among the comfortable classes in New York—and perhaps in one or two other cities—a thousand dollars a month is literally genteel poverty. To people accustomed to what is called luxury nowadays—people with the habit of the private carriage, the private automobile, and several servants—to such people a thousand dollars a month is an absurd little sum. It would not pay for the food alone. It would not buy for a man and his wife, with no children, clothing enough to enable them to make a decent appearance.

Norman, living alone and living very quietly indeed, might have got along for a while on that sum if he had taken much thought about expenditures, had persisted in such severe economies as using street cars instead of taxicabs and drinking whisky at dinner instead of his customary quart of six-dollar champagne. Norman, the married man, could not escape disaster for a single month on an income so pitiful.

Probably on the morning on which he set out for downtown in search of money enough to enable him to live decently, not less than ten thousand men on Manhattan Island left comfortable or luxurious homes faced with precisely the same problem. And each and every one of them knew that on that day or some day soon he must find the money demanded imperiously by his own and their families' tastes and necessities or be ruined—flung out, trampled upon, derided as failures, hated by the "loved ones" they had caused to be humiliated. And every man of that legion had a fine, an unusually fine brain—resourceful, incessant, teeming with schemes for wresting from those who had dollars the dollars they dared not go home without. And those ten thousand quickest and most energetic brains, by their mode of thought and action, determined the thought and action of the entire country—gave the mercenary and unscrupulous cast to the whole social system. Themselves the victims of conditions, they were the bell-wethers to millions of victims compelled to follow their leadership.

Norman, by the roundabout mode of communication he and Tetlow had established, summoned his friend and backer to his office. "Tetlow," he began straight off, "I've got to have more money."

"How much?" said Tetlow.

"More than you can afford to advance me."

"How much?" repeated Tetlow.

"Three thousand a month right away—at the least."

"That's a big sum," said Tetlow.

"Yes, for a man used to dealing in small figures. But in reality it's a moderate income."

"Few large families spend more."

"Few large or small families in my part of New York pinch along on so little."

"What has happened to you?" said Tetlow, dropping into a chair and folding his fat hands on his stomach.

"Why?" asked Norman.

"It's in your voice—in your face—in your cool demand for a big income."

"Let's start right, old man," said Norman. "Don't call thirty-six thousand a year big or you'll think it big. And if you think it big you will stay little."

Tetlow nodded. "I'm ready to grow," said he. "Now what's happened to you?"

"I've got married," replied Norman.

"I thought so. To Miss—Hallowell?"

"To Miss Hallowell. So my way's clear, and I'm going to resume the march."

"Yes?"

"I've two plans. Either will serve. The first is yours—the one you partly revealed to me the other day."

"Partly?" said Tetlow.

"Partly," repeated Norman, laughing. "I know you, Billy, and that means I know you're absolutely incapable of plotting as big a scheme as you suggested to me. It came either from Galloway or from some one of his clique."

"I said all I'm at liberty to say, Fred."

"I don't wish you to break your promise. All I want to know is, can I get the three thousand a month and assurance of its lasting and leading to something bigger?"

"What is your other scheme?" said Tetlow, and it was plain to the shrewd young lawyer that the less shrewd young lawyer wished to gain time.

"That will wait till I've tried yours," replied Norman. "Come in behind me. I've got nerve for two—now!"

At that triumphant "now" Tetlow looked curiously at his friend. "Yes, it has changed you—changed you back to what you were. I don't understand."

"It isn't necessary that you understand."

"But aren't you letting your confidence in yourself deceive you?" said Tetlow.

"Did I ever let it deceive me?"

"No," confessed Tetlow. "I've often watched you, and thought you'd fall through it, or stumble at least. But you never did."

"And shall I tell you why? Because I use my self-confidence and my hopefulness and all my optimistic qualities only to create an atmosphere of success. But when it comes to planning a move of any kind, when I assemble my lieutenants round the council board in my brain, I never permit a single cheerful one to speak, or even to enter. It's a serious, gloomy circle of faces, Bill."

Tetlow nodded reminiscently. "Yes, you always were like that, Fred."

"And the one who does the most talking at my council is the gloomiest of all. He's Lieutenant Flawpicker. He can't see any hope for anything. He sees all the possibilities of failure. He sees all the chances against success. And what's the result? Why, when the council rises it has taken out of the plan every chance of mishap that my intelligence could foresee—and it has provided not one but several safe lines of orderly retreat in case success proves impossible."

Tetlow gazed at Norman in worshipful admiration. "What a brain! What a mind!" he ejaculated. "And to think that you could be upset by a woman!"

Norman leaned back in his chair smiling broadly. "Not by a woman," he corrected. "By a girl—an inexperienced girl of twenty."

"It seems incredible."

"A grain of dust, dropped into a watch movement in just the right place—you know what happens."

Tetlow nodded. Then, with a sharp, anxious look, he said: "But it's all over?"

Norman hesitated. "I believe so," said he.

Tetlow rose and rubbed his thighs. He had been sitting long in the same position, and he was now stout enough to suffer from fat man's cramp. "Well," said he, "I can guarantee you the three thousand dollars, and the other things."

Norman shook his head. "Not enough," he said.

"You want more money?"

"No; but I will not work, or rather wait, in the dark. Tell your principals that I must be let in."

Tetlow hesitated, walking about the office. Finally he said: "Look here, Fred—you think I deceived you the other day—posed as your friend when in reality I was simply acting as agent for people who wanted you."

Norman gave Tetlow a look that made him redden with pleasure. "No, I don't, old man," said he. "I know you recommended me—and that they were shy of me because of the way I've been acting—and that you stood sponsor for me. Isn't that right?"

"Something like that," admitted Tetlow. "But they were eager to get you. It was only a question of trusting you. I was able to do you a good turn there."

"And I'll make a rich man, and a famous one, of you," said Norman.

"Yes; I believe you will," cried Tetlow, tears in his prominent, studious eyes. "I'll see those people in a day or two and let you know. Do you need money right away? Of course you do." And down he sat and drew a check for fifteen hundred dollars.

Norman laughed as he glanced to see if it was correctly drawn. "I'd not have dared return to my bride with empty pockets. That's what it means to live in New York."

Tetlow grinned. "A sentimental town, isn't it? Especially the women."

"Oh, I don't blame them," said Norman. "They need the money, and the only way they've got of making it is out of sentiment. And you must admit they do it mighty well."

Tetlow shrugged his shoulders. "I'm glad I don't need them," said he. "It gives me the creeps to see them gliding about with their beautiful dresses and their sweet, soft faces."

He and Norman lunched together in an out-of-the-way restaurant. After a busy and a happy afternoon Norman returned early to the hotel. He had cashed his check. He was in funds. He would give her another and more thrilling taste of the joy that was to be hers through him, and soon she would be giving even as she got; for he would teach her not to fear love, not to shrink from it, but to rejoice in it and to let it permeate and complete all her charms.

He ascended to the apartment and knocked. There was no answer. He searched in vain for a chambermaid to let him in. He descended to the office. "Oh, Mr. Norman," said one of the clerks. "Your wife left this note for you."

Norman took it. "She went out?"

"About three o'clock—with a young gentleman who called on her. They came back a while ago and she left the note."

"Thank you," said Norman. He took his key, went up to the apartment. Not until he had closed and locked the door did he open the note. He read:

> Last night you broke your promise; so I am going away. Don't look for me. It won't be any use. When I decide what to do I'll send you word.

He was standing at the table. He tossed the note on the table, threw open the bedroom door. The black chiffon dress, the big plumed hat, and all the other articles they had bought were spread upon the bed, arranged with the obvious intention that he should see at a glance she had taken nothing away with her.

"Hell!" he said aloud. "Why didn't I let her go yesterday morning?"

XVII

A FEW days later, Tetlow, having business with Norman, tried to reach him by telephone. After several failures he went to the hotel, and in the bar learned enough to enable him to guess that Norman was off on a mad carouse. He had no difficulty in finding the trail or in following it; the difficulty lay in catching up, for Norman was going fast. Not until late at night—that is, early in the morning—of the sixth day did he get his man.

He was prepared to find a wreck, haggard, wildly nervous and disreputably disheveled; for, so far as he could ascertain, Norman had not been to bed, but had gone on and on from one crowd of revelers to another, in a city where it is easy to find companions in dissipation at any hour of the twenty-four. Tetlow was even calculating upon having to put off their business many weeks while the crazy man was pulling through delirium tremens or some other form of brain fever.

An astonishing sight met his eyes in a Third Avenue oyster house before which the touring car Norman had been using was drawn up. At a long table, eating oysters as fast as the opener could work, sat Norman and his friend Gaskill, a fellow-member of the Federal Club, and about a score of broken and battered tramps. The supper or breakfast was going forward in admirable order. Gaskill, whom Norman had picked up a few hours before, showed signs of having done some drinking. But not Norman. It is true his clothing might have looked fresher, but hardly the man himself.

"Just in time!" he cried out genially at sight of Tetlow. "Sit down with us. Waiter, a chair next to mine. Gentlemen, Mr. Tetlow. Mr. Tetlow, gentlemen. What'll you have, old man?"

Tetlow declined champagne, but accepted half a dozen of the huge oysters. "I've been after you for nearly a week," said he to Norman.

"Pity you weren't with me," said Norman. "I've been getting acquainted with large numbers of my fellow-citizens."

"From the Bowery to Yonkers."

"Exactly. Don't fall asleep, Gaskill."

But Gaskill was snoring with his head on the back of his chair and his throat presented as though for the axe of the executioner.

"He's all in," said Tetlow.

"That's the way it goes," complained Norman. "I can't find any one to keep me company."

Tetlow laughed. "You look as though you had just started out," said he. "Tell me—where have you slept?"

"I haven't had time to sleep as yet."

"I dropped in to suggest that a little sleep wouldn't do any harm."

"Not quite yet. Watch our friends eat. It gives me an appetite. Waiter, another dozen all round—and some more of this stuff you've labeled champagne."

As he called out this order a grunt of satisfaction ran round the row of human derelicts. Tetlow shuddered, yet was moved and thrilled, too, as he glanced from face to face—those hideous, hairy countenances, begrimed and beslimed, each countenance expressing in its own repulsive way the one emotion of gratified longing for food and drink. "Where did you get 'em?" inquired he.

"From the benches in Madison Square," replied Norman. He laughed queerly. "Recognize yourself in any of those mugs, Tetlow?" he asked.

Tetlow shivered. "I should say not!" he exclaimed.

Norman's eyes gleamed. "I see myself in all of 'em," said he.

"Poor wretches!" muttered Tetlow.

"Pity wasted," he rejoined. "You might feel sorry for a man on the way to where they've got. But once arrived—as well pity a dead man sleeping quietly in his box with six feet of solid earth between him and worries of every kind."

"Shake this crowd," said Tetlow impatiently. "I want to talk with you."

"All right, if it bores you." He sent the waiter out for enough lodging-house tickets to provide for all. He distributed them himself to make sure that the proprietor of the restaurant did not attempt to graft. Then he roused Gaskill and bundled him into the car and sent it away to his address. The tramps gathered round and gave Norman three cheers—they pressed close while four of them tried to pick his and Tetlow's pockets. Norman knocked them away good-naturedly, and he and Tetlow climbed into Tetlow's hansom.

"To my place," suggested Tetlow.

"No, to mine," replied Norman.

"I'd rather you went to my place first," said Tetlow.

"My wife isn't with me. She has left me," said Norman calmly.

Tetlow hesitated, extremely nervous, finally acquiesced. They drove a while in silence, then Norman said: "What's the business?"

"Galloway wants to see you."

"Tell him to come to my office tomorrow—that means today—at any time after eleven."

"But that gives you no chance to pull yourself together," objected Tetlow.

Norman's face, seen in the light of the street lamp they happened to be passing, showed ironic amusement. "Never mind about me, Billy. Tell him to come."

Tetlow cleared his throat nervously. "Don't you think, old man, that you'd better go to see him? I'll arrange the appointment."

Norman said quietly: "Tetlow, I've dropped pretty far. But not so far that I go to my clients. The rule of calls is that the man seeking the favor goes to the man who can grant it."

"But it isn't the custom nowadays for a lawyer to deal that way with a man like Galloway."

"And neither is it the custom for any one to have any self-respect. Does Galloway need my brains more than I need his money, or do I need his money more than he needs my brains? You know what the answer to that is, Billy. We are partners—you and I. I'm training you for the position."

"Galloway won't come," said Tetlow curtly.

"So much the worse for him," retorted Norman placidly. "No—I've not been drinking too much, old man—as your worried-old-maid look suggests. Do a little thinking. If Galloway doesn't get me whom will he get?"

"You know very well, Norman, there are scores of lawyers, good ones, who'd crawl at his feet for his business. Nowadays, most lawyers are always looking round for a pair of rich man's boots to lick."

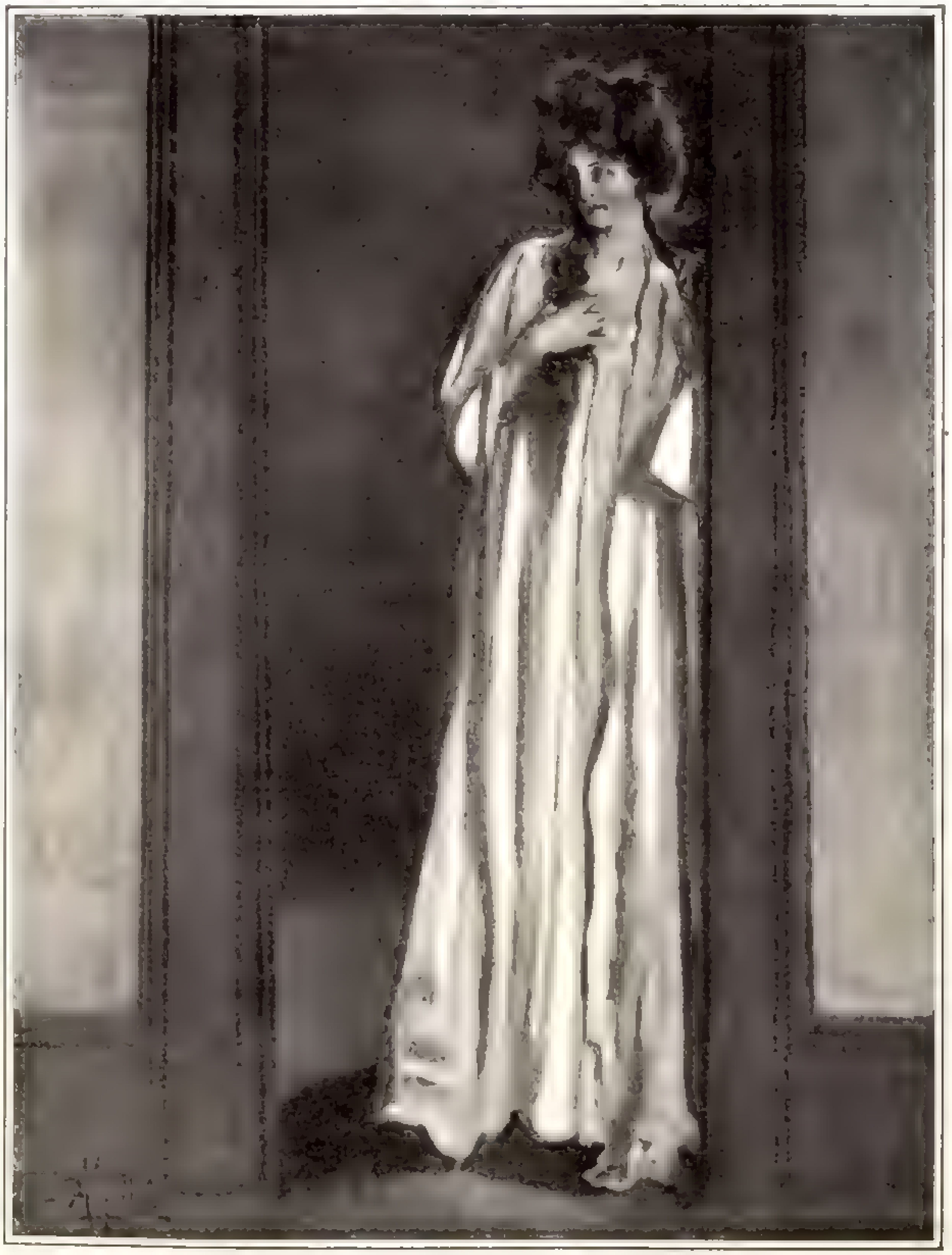
"But I am not 'most lawyers,'" said Norman. "Of course, if Galloway could make me come to him he'd be a fool to come to me; but when he finds I'm not coming, why, he'll behave himself if his business is important enough for me to bother with."

"But if he doesn't come, Fred?"

"Then some other scheme. But you will never see me limbering my knees in the anteroom of a rich man, when he needs me and I don't need him."

"Well, we'll see," said Tetlow, with the air of a sober man, patient with one who is not sober.

"By the way," continued Norman, "if Galloway says he's too ill to come—or anything of that sort tell him I'd not care to undertake the affairs of a man too old or too feeble to attend to business, as he might die in the midst of it."



"I Fell Asleep Again. I Only This Minute Awakened"

Tetlow's face was such a wondrous exhibit of discomfiture that Norman laughed outright. Evidently he had forestalled his fat friend in a scheme to get him to Galloway in spite of himself. "All right—all right," said Tetlow fretfully. "We'll sleep on this. But I don't see why you're so opposed to going to see the man. It looks like snobbishness to me—false pride—silly false pride."

"It is snobbishness," said Norman. "But you forget that snobbishness rules the world. The way to rule fools is to make them respect you; and the way to make them respect you is by showing them that they are your inferiors. I want Galloway's respect because I want his money; and I'll not get his money as much of it as belongs to me—except by showing him my value. Not my value as a lawyer, for he knows that already, but my value as a man. Do you see?"

"No, I don't," snapped Tetlow.

"That's what it means to be Tetlow. Now, I do see and that's why I'm Norman."

Tetlow looked at him doubtfully, uncertain whether he had been listening to wisdom put in a jocose form of audacious egotism or to the effervescings of intoxication. The hint of a smile lurking in the sobriety of the powerful mouth of his extraordinary friend only increased his doubt.

Was Norman mocking him, and himself as well? If so, was it the mockery of sober sense or of drunkenness?

"You seem to be puzzled, Billy," said Norman, and Tetlow wondered how he had seen. "Don't get your brains in a stew trying to understand me. I'm acting the way I've always acted—except in one matter. You know that I know what I'm about."

"I certainly do," replied his admirer.

"Then, let it go at that. If you could understand me the sort of man I am, the sort of thing I do—you'd not need me, but would be the whole show yourself—eh? That being true, don't show yourself a commonplace nobody by deriding and denying what your brain is unable to comprehend. Show yourself a somebody by seeing the limitations of your ability. The world is full of little people who criticise and judge and laugh at and misunderstand the few real intelligences. And very tedious interruptions of the scenery those little people are. Don't be one of them. . . . Did you know my wife's father?"

Tetlow startled. "No that is, yes," he stammered. "That is, I met him a few times."

"Often enough to find out that he was crazy?"

"Oh, yes. He explained some of his ideas to me. Yes he was quite mad, poor fellow."

Norman gave way to a fit of silent laughter. "I can imagine," he presently said, "what you'd have thought if Columbus or Alexander or Napoleon or Stephenson, or even the chaps who doped out the telephone and the telegraph—if they had talked to you before they arrived or even after they arrived, if they had been explaining some still newer and bigger idea not yet accomplished."

"You don't think Mr. Hallowell was mad?"

"He was mad, assuming that you are the standard of sanity. Otherwise, he was a great man. There'll be statues erected and pages of the book of fame devoted to the men who carry out his ideas."

"His death was certainly a great loss to his daughter," said Tetlow in his heaviest, most bourgeois manner.

"I said he was a great man," observed Norman. "I didn't say he was a great father. A great man is never a great father. It takes a small man to be a great father."

"At any rate, her having no relatives doesn't matter, now that she has you," said Tetlow, in a forced manner.

"Um," muttered Norman.

Said Tetlow: "Perhaps you misunderstood why I—I acted as I did about her toward the last."

"It was of no importance," said Norman brusquely. "I wish to hear nothing about it."

"But I must explain, Fred. She piqued me by showing so plainly that she despised me. I must admit the truth, though I've got as much vanity as the next man and don't like to admit it. She absolutely despised me, and it made me mad."

Norman smiled satirically. "She despised me too."

"Yes, she did," said Tetlow. "And both of us were certainly greatly her superiors—in every substantial way. It seemed to me most—most ——"

"Most impertinent of her?" suggested Norman.

"Precisely. Most impertinent."

"Rather say, ignorant and small. My dear Tetlow, let me tell you something. Anybody, however insignificant, can be loved. To be loved means nothing, except possibly an hallucination in the brain of the lover. But to love! Only a great soul is capable of a great love."

"That is true," murmured Tetlow sentimentally, preening in a quiet, gentle way.

Said Norman: "You stopped loving. It was I who kept on."

Tetlow looked uncomfortable. "Yes—yes," he said. "But we were talking of her—of her not appreciating the love she got. And I was about to say"—earnestly—"Fred, she's not to be blamed for her folly! She's very, very young—and has all the weaknesses and vanities of youth ——"

"Here we are," interrupted Norman.

The hansom had stopped in their street before the deserted but still brilliantly lighted entrances to the great hotel. Norman sprang out so lightly and surely that Tetlow wondered how it was possible for this to be the man who had been racketing and roistering day after day, night after night, for nearly a' week. He helped the heavy and awkward Tetlow to descend, and said:

"You'll have to pay, Bill. I've got less than a dollar left, and I touched Gaskill for a hundred and fifty tonight."

"And you want Galloway to come to you!" thrust Tetlow as he counted out the money.

"Don't go back and chew on that," laughed Norman. "It's settled." He took the money, gave it to the driver. "Thanks," he said to Tetlow. "I'll pay you tomorrow—that is, later today—when you send me another check."

"Why should you pay for my cab?" rejoined Tetlow.

"Because it's easier for me to make money than it is for you," replied Norman. "If you were in my position—the position I've been in for months—would anybody on earth give you three thousand dollars a month?"

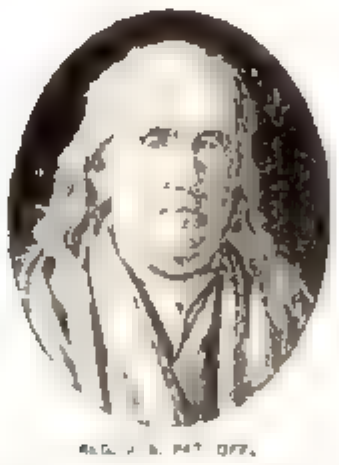
Tetlow looked sour. His good nature was rubbing thin in spots.

"Don't lose your temper," laughed Norman. "I'm pounding away at you about my superiority partly because I've been drinking, but chiefly for your own good—so that you'll realize I'm right and will not mess things with Galloway."

They went up to Norman's suite. Norman tried to unlock the door, found it already unlocked. He turned the knob, threw the door wide open for Tetlow to enter first. Then, over Tetlow's shoulder, he saw on the

(Continued on Page 75)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 1, 1911

Is This Diplomacy—or What?

ON MARCH seventh the War Department suddenly ordered the greatest movement of regular troops ever undertaken in this country in time of peace. The official statement said this was simply "to try out organization and equipment, and to locate any defects therein. The movement is made at this time to take advantage of the open season in that section of the country"—Texas—"and before the season is open in the North for troops to maneuver in the field most advantageously."

Next day press dispatches reported that "Washington officials continue to declare that this concentration of twenty thousand troops and various naval forces near the Mexican border is simply for maneuvers."

On the ninth there was given out at Washington a dispatch from President Taft to President Diaz, which spoke of "the wrong interpretation and sensational construction made by the newspapers upon the military maneuvers which are going to take place in Texas." That afternoon the President left Washington for the South. That evening the staff correspondent of the Associated Press, who accompanied the President, filed a dispatch which began:

"All doubt as to the purpose of the Government in sending twenty thousand troops to the Mexican border has at last been swept away. The United States has determined that the revolution in the republic to the south must end. The American troops have been sent to form a solid military wall along the Rio Grande, to stop filibustering and to see that there is no further smuggling of arms and men across the international boundary."

We suppose this is diplomacy; but, as the American Government was dealing with its own people in a matter of considerable importance, we don't see why the simple truth wouldn't have answered every purpose.

The Big Job and the Little One

AT LAST accounts a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year job was going begging. Two or three men had been earnestly besought to accept it. It had been offered them, so to speak, on a gold platter and on bended knees. They had judiciously fingered it over, sniffed and declined it—much to the disappointment, distress and chagrin of the gentlemen who were doing the offering.

It was a railroad job; and to the same railroad undoubtedly a great many persons are applying for eight and nine and ten-hundred-dollar-a-year jobs—applying very humbly, very wistfully; but in vain.

Now, if we were in the conspiracy to bunco youth we should say: "Such is the opportunity that lies before you; just make up your mind to be a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year man instead of a thousand-dollar-a-year one, and high-priced jobs will be offered to you as bouquets to a popular prima donna." It is true that a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year man never cares much about any particular job. He is sure of having his pick of jobs anyway. The job that wants him has to chase him. But there are only a handful of such men in the country. In the nature of the case, there never can be more than a handful. If they were common their price would fail amazingly. Their success has no more significance for nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the breadwinning population than the ability of an ostrich to digest nails has for a company of sparrows. Any arrangement designed simply to provide them with opportunity is a rank failure, for they are perfectly capable of providing themselves with opportunity.

The really significant thing is the raft of thousand-dollar applicants. Opportunity in which they may reasonably hope to share is the only sort worth thinking about.

Taking Your Money While You Sleep

MR. TAWNEY, upon retiring from Congress, remarked that he had been chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the House for six years, during which period Congress had appropriated a total of six billion dollars. We scarcely need add that this is a pile of money. Except postal receipts and a few million dollars derived from the corporation tax, all of it has passed from the pockets of the people to the Treasury of the United States by indirect means. Everybody knows that the people paid it somehow; but, broadly speaking, not a soul alive knows when he paid or how much. Within a decade, for example, net ordinary disbursements of the Government have risen about one-half; but who can put his finger on the items that constitute his contribution to the increase?

From the public point of view, this taxing a man in his sleep has obvious disadvantages. Nobody can tell when or where he was hit, and a gentleman who is unable to tell when or where he was hit is certainly handicapped in the matter of convincing anybody that he was hit at all. Everybody knows that a considerable part of this six billion dollars was wasted; but nobody can say with any sort of definiteness that his money was wasted. If the Government derived an important part of its income from direct taxation, and a great many citizens knew that they had contributed exactly so many dollars and cents to its support, the motive for objecting to governmental waste would be much sharper. Last month all the big appropriation bills were cracked through the Senate in the overcrowded closing days of the session. If millions of voters had had those bills brought home to them in the form of individual tax receipts, the bills, no doubt, would have received rather more careful and prayerful scrutiny.

Government Ownership in France

THE swift downfall of Premier Briand, following his decisive victory over the striking employees of the Government-owned railroads, naturally recalls the fact that his predecessor, Clemenceau, suffered exactly the same fate. On taking charge of the Government, Clemenceau was nearly as much a Socialist as Briand; but when some fifteen hundred Government employees in the post-office and telegraph departments struck, demoralizing communication in the country, he used very drastic measures against them and crushed the strike. His course was approved by a formal vote in the Chamber of Deputies; but within a week, on an entirely different question, the Chamber voted him out of office. He was followed by Briand, an avowed Socialist; and when the Government railroad employees struck last fall, demoralizing traffic, he used measures more rigorous than those of Clemenceau, even mobilizing the strikers by a War Department order and requiring them, on pain of military punishment, to resume work. His course also was approved by a formal vote in the Chamber; but a little later, on a different question, the Chamber overthrew him. Apparently no French minister, however radical his leanings, can fail to repress rigorously a strike on Government-owned public utilities. The Chamber's direct vote on that question in the Clemenceau and Briand cases looks conclusive. Apparently, also, a minister who does use rigorous measures to crush a strike will be overthrown on the first fair pretense as soon as the strike is out of the way. In struggling with this paradox, French statesmanship may be visited by moments of doubt as to whether Government ownership does not raise more social and political questions than it settles.

Why This Hundred Million Dollars?

RECENTLY the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway built an extension, some fifteen hundred miles in length, to the Pacific Coast. This extension cost a hundred and twenty-three million dollars, all of which was supplied from the St. Paul's opulent treasury; in evidence whereof, the separate company which was organized to build the extension handed over to the St. Paul one hundred and twenty-three million dollars of first mortgage bonds. It also issued and handed over to the St. Paul one hundred million dollars of stock; so the extension is now capitalized that much in excess of its cost.

Since the St. Paul owns the extension and holds in its treasury all of the securities, this might be regarded as only a family affair, of no concern to the public. To make the extension's books balance, however, the value of the road must be set down not at one hundred and twenty-three million dollars but at two hundred and twenty-three million. If it earns six million net this year the books will show not that earnings amounted to five per cent on the investment but that they amounted to less than three per cent. Freight and passenger rates might be adequate if they yielded five per cent on the investment, but would be inadequate if they yielded less than three.

Concerning this hundred million of stock, we hear that the value of property in all the towns along the line has much increased because of the building of the extension and that the real estate owned by the company will presently be worth a hundred million dollars more than it cost, thereby absorbing all the water in the stock. Granting that the company is entitled to this profit, why not show it on the books as a profit rather than as an original investment, when no such investment was made?

We recommend this modern instance to the consideration of the Railroad Securities Commission, which is now sitting trying to find out whether the issue of railroad stocks and bonds should be subject to Federal regulation.

Government Bonds for the Public

UNINCORPORATED citizens of the United States will soon enjoy the novel privilege of investing in Government bonds, a privilege that has been practically withheld from them for many years. Over four-fifths of the bonds now outstanding are held by national banks, and for practical purposes they are not available to other investors. They bear only two per cent interest, and none but a national bank can take advantage of the compensating right of issuing circulating notes against them. Aside from national banks, there are only twenty thousand registered holders of Government bonds in the country; though France, with less than half our population, has between four and five million Government bondholders. A month ago Congress authorized the issue of Panama Canal bonds, bearing three per cent interest and not available as a basis for banknote circulation. They will come upon the market simply as an investment and open up a long-obstructed channel between the Government and the investing public. A channel of that description is advantageous to both parties concerned. If a man is looking for a safe place to put a thousand dollars it is obviously no bad thing for him to have, among other opportunities, the option of buying a Government bond on an investment basis. Other investments must meet that competition. For a long while the strongest of all competitors—the Government—has been out of the investment market. The Government now owes, in round numbers, nine hundred million dollars of interest-bearing debt, mostly held by the banks. The amount of the debt is hardly likely to decrease; but the time is coming when banknote circulation will be based on something besides bonds, and the Government must rely upon actual investors to carry its debt. Looking toward that future, it is an excellent thing for the Government to begin getting in touch with investors now.

Endowed Art

THE simplest and most economical arrangement is for every lobster to grow his own shell. We are naturally reminded of this fact by the announcement that the New Theater has decided to abandon the beautiful, spacious and very costly shell on Central Park West. As shells go, it is among the finest in the world, but there was nothing fitted to live in it. If we had had a big, vigorous, native dramatic art when the New Theater engaged to spend some four or five million dollars for the drama this error would not have occurred, because the projectors would have had before them the exact thing that they proposed to build for. In that case, in other words, we should have begun with the lobster rather than with the shell.

The greatest of all endowed theaters came in the wake of an inspired but strictly commercial tramp actor-manager, who dashed off immortal plays at odd moments for the purpose of keeping his company busy and getting money to pay his board bills. There was art, that is, before there was any endowment. France began with the lobster. Endowing art, when there is art to endow, is praiseworthy; but we are somewhat doubtful about the ultimate benefits of an endowment when there isn't any art in particular to go with it. It is well that endowment should follow art; but we cannot at the moment recall any important evidence in support of the proposition that art will follow an endowment. The peculiarity of art is that nobody can tell in the least what it will follow—or whether it will follow anything. Of course learned persons, long after the event, will explain why such an art flourished in such a place at such a time; but their explanations will equally well fit other times and places in which no such art flourished.

Not that we begrudge the New Theater the least penny it has spent. On the contrary, we hope it will get twice as much more. It will undoubtedly set a high standard of stage management and may once in a while produce a good native play that would not have been produced otherwise. But we expect that the American drama twenty years hence will be essentially what it would have been anyway.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The First Republican Elected Governor of Tennessee in Thirty Years

A Tennessee Trick

THERE are a great many ways of keeping the mind actively engaged in order that it may not become dull and torpid. To be sure, most of us require no other mental stimulant than that provided by the stern necessity of getting by each month with the landlord and the grocer and other insistent persons in similar walks of life; but there are instances when even these spurs to complicated thought are not sufficient.

I have known men with minds that needed further gymnastics to keep them fit—men who have put in hours every day trying to square the circle, to solve the chess problems printed in the Sunday newspapers, to discover new ways to work the Pythagorean proposition, to prove what became of the lost tribes of Israel, and who really wrote Shakspere, and to learn the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask—all very useful lines of mental endeavor and fraught with great consequences to the human race as at present constituted. There are men who think deeply on economic and sociological and religious topics, emitting from their domes of thought the while a low purring or buzzing sound, which shows the acute character of their concentration. Others can only keep their brains in ringside condition by discovering and propelling various kinds of reform.

All of these methods are good—some better than others, but all good. Still, I contend that, if any man has a mind that requires an involuted and convoluted subject for investigation and inquiry, he can do no better than to turn from any perplexing topic he may have in contemplation, from the nebular hypothesis to the problem how to make an incubator work, and take up Tennessee politics. So far as I have been able to discover, there is nobody outside of Tennessee who understands that intricate subject—and not many inside.

It is quite likely that Colonel Robert M. Gates, for example, comprehends the various lockings and interlockings; knows what each current and cross-current means; what each faction, subfaction, defection and disaffection has behind it, and can trace every ulterior motive to its lair. So, too, can Colonel Robert H. Watkins; and there may be a few others. Still, with most of the rest of the populace, Tennessee politics is the last problem on the last page of the second volume—unsolvable and unknowable.

We grasp vaguely the H. Clay Evans contention and the Brownlow contention. We listen to the Patterson partisans and the independent Democrats. We have thrust at us forty other ends. It is an incomprehensible mixture of claims and counter-claims, charges and counter-charges, of feuds that go back to war days and feuds that began yesterday, well worth the patient investigation of any person who has the time and the inclination. You may talk about mixed politics in Indiana, or in Ohio, or in Illinois. Those are little two-and-two-make-four propositions compared to Tennessee's.

The Darkest Horse That Ever Was

STILL, leaving the politicians aside, the people of Tennessee may be trusted to hit the bull's-eye any time they get a fair chance at the target, as will the people of any other state. For, although politics and politicians may appear to predominate in that state the real predominators are the folks who walk up to the polls on election day and vote as they durned please—provided they take it into their heads to do that thing, which, many times, they do not, and whereby there is so much politics and there are so many politicians. What happened in Tennessee last fall was that there was a determination to give a certain wing of the Democratic party what was coming to that wing; and the rest of the Democrats and the Republicans joined in and put it over, not giving a whoop about party ties or old associations, but joyously combining and as joyously executing.

The person chosen by the combined Republicans and independent Democrats to hand the Patterson crowd their transfers and tell them where to get off was Benjamin W. Hooper. Incidentally in so doing Mr. Hooper defeated for governor Senator Robert Love Taylor, who for thirty-five years has been the most prominent and most popular Democrat in that state. Nothing personal, you understand. The senator got in wrong—that's all. They didn't like his sponsors.

Harking back to the perplexities of Tennessee politics and not forgetting various times when Bob Taylor ran for governor, or what-not, against his brother Alf, as well as other curious demonstrations of Tennessee's peculiar brand, consider the case of Benjamin W. Hooper. When he stepped out on the platform to accept the nomination for governor there were a good many of the old-time leaders who then saw him for the first time; and most of them had never heard of him until within the week. Talk about dark horses! Hooper was so dark that charcoal would make a white mark on him.

He lived in a mountain town in eastern Tennessee called Newport. There he practiced law and from that district he had been sent twice to the legislature without attracting enough attention to make anybody remember his name. But he had a friend, had Hooper—a friend who, sitting in his country newspaper office in Newport, knew what was happening in Tennessee, and laid a plan. This friend was Susong, the editor of the Newport Plaintalk. A few days before the Republican convention at Nashville last fall, Susong sent for Hooper, who was in his law office. "Come on, Ben," he said. "We'll go down to Nashville and grab that nomination for governor."

They went to Nashville. Hooper kept in the background. Susong understood the situation. The Democrats were helplessly split into two factions and there were two factions in the Republican party also. Still, if a man could be found who was acceptable to the anti-Patterson Democrats and could get the O. K. of the two Republican factions, he could be nominated and elected. Hooper was able, clean and had not mixed in factional politics. The Evans people harpooned every Brownlow man who was proposed and the Brownlow men slaughtered every Evans man who was proposed. And the independent Democrats were mighty finicky.

At this exact juncture Susong gave his first loud halloo. "What," he inquired, "is the matter with Captain Benjamin W. Hooper, of Newport, Tennessee?" And he inquired it in a loud tone of voice and at rapid intervals in every place where the inquiry would fall on the ears of a politician, a delegate, an independent Democrat or a newspaper reporter—especially the latter.

"Fine!" they all said; "but who the Andrew Johnson is Benjamin W. Hooper?"

"Who, indeed!" retorted Susong—"Who, indeed, but the logical candidate in this situation, acceptable to everybody, clean as a hound's tooth"—plagiarizing a little—"a grand young man!"

Susong gyrated through that town of Nashville for two days like a whirlwind. He told the Evans people Hooper had never fought them and told the Brownlow people Hooper had never fought them, which was true in both instances, for Hooper had never fought anybody. He furnished pictures and nice writeups of his candidate to the papers and he had a line of talk for the independent Democrats that made them think Hooper was one of them. At first, they thought Susong was a joke. Then they found he was an extremely earnest person, with a good argument. Every time any person asked about Hooper, Susong was there with an answer.

On the day before the convention the leaders began to think about Hooper. On the night before the convention they decided on him and in the convention they selected him; and he went out with the indorsement of the independent Democrats and was elected—the first Republican elected governor of that state in thirty years and the third since the Civil War.

As the campaign progressed there came other inquiries—"Who is Hooper?"—and Hooper answered these himself. He told his questioners he did not know who he was, beyond the fact that he was an honest, clean, decent man, living in eastern Tennessee and respected by his neighbors. As for family, he had none. His recollection only ran back to an orphan asylum in Knoxville, where he spent his early years—and there the records did not show whence he came. Were you questioning the statement about the politics of Tennessee?

One Chance in a Million

PAUL COWLES, now in Atlanta, was in charge of the Associated Press Bureau in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire. The Associated Press had about the only wires running out of the stricken city and Cowles was besieged by people he knew to let them send messages over those wires to friends outside.

Personal messages to the East, where most of these went, cost a dollar each, and Cowles soon found that his good nature was costing him about all the ready money he had. So he made it a practice to tell those who wanted to telegraph that the messages would cost a dollar each. This either stopped the request or secured Cowles the dollar.

One day the president of one of the biggest banks in San Francisco came to Cowles and said: "Cowles, I wish you would send this wire for me. It is very important."

"All right," Cowles replied. "I'll send it and it will cost you a dollar."

"A dollar!" repeated the bank president. "Why, Cowles, I haven't got a dollar in cash. Will you lend me one so that I can get that urgent wire off?"

Cowles thought he would take a chance. "Yes," he said, "I'll lend you the dollar." He took the message down to his operator. On the way he read it. The message was addressed to one of the big banking houses in New York and read: "Send one million dollars immediately."

The Hall of Fame

¶ George Alfred Townsend, who reported the Battle of Bull Run for a New York paper, is still doing journalistic work in Washington.

¶ Charles Dewey Hilles, President Taft's new secretary, ran the New York Juvenile Asylum before he took a job in the Treasury Department.

¶ Senator Lippitt, who succeeds Senator Aldrich from Rhode Island, was the football star of Brown University during his four years at that institution. He is a cotton manufacturer and has oodles of it.

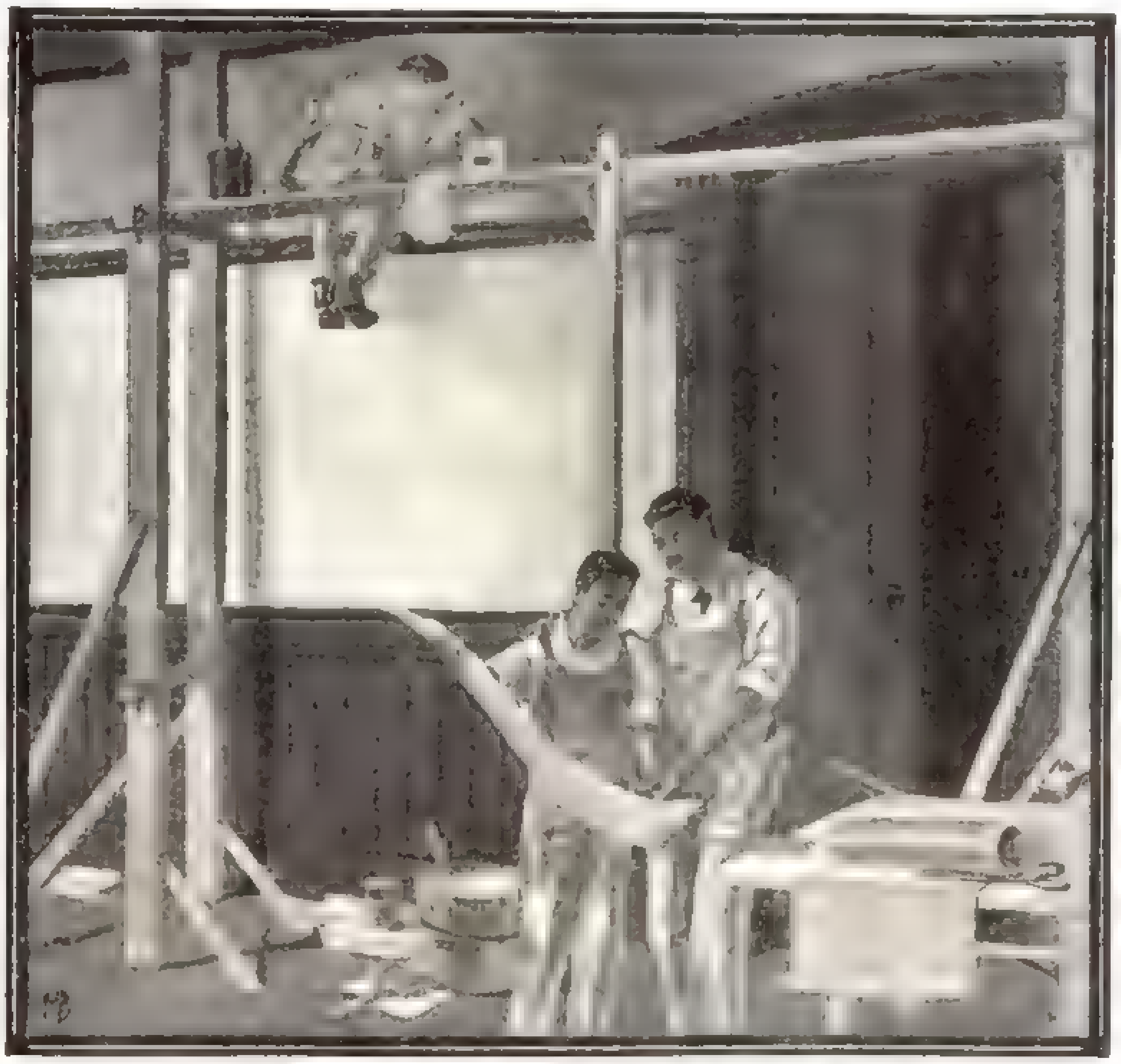
¶ Mr. Justice Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court, is a grandson of Joseph Rucker, who was one of the great slaveholders of the South and liberated eleven hundred slaves at the close of the Civil War.

¶ Luke Lea, who bulged into the Senate from Tennessee at the age of thirty-one, is known as the young Napoleon of politics of that state and is supposed to have one fine, glittering star of destiny as a personal adjunct.

Training for Citizenship in Munich

An Industrial Experiment—By Edwin G. Cooley

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



The Teacher is No Longer a Stranger, but a Foreman or Journeyman of the Pupil's Own Trade

THE city of Munich is one of the most attractive places in Germany. Thousands come here every year to visit its palaces, art galleries and museums. People from all over the world come here to attend the University and Technical High School, or to study music or art. On account of its fine climate and the many advantages it offers for study of all kinds, Munich has a large American colony the year round. At the present time Munich is the Mecca to which hundreds of teachers make pilgrimages in order to study its system of industrial continuation schools. Hundreds of visitors come here for this purpose every year from the other cities of Germany, from Russia, Japan, England and America. In the short time I spent in Munich I met a number of prominent American, German and English educators who were visiting the continuation schools of the city, not from mere curiosity, but with the hope and expectation of getting help in this field of educational work.

The continuation school of Germany has been in operation in one form or other for over a hundred years. Its recent development is connected with Germany's industrial revolution, dating back to the time of the Franco-Prussian War. Since that time all the states of Germany have taken up anew the work of continuing the education given in the elementary schools, by lessons on Sunday, on holidays and in the evening, the purpose being to carry forward the education given to the German youth up to the close of his apprenticeship, which terminates when he is eighteen years old.

The instruction, until recently, has been in the nature of a repetition or an extension of the subjects studied in the elementary schools. It was urged that during these very important years—between fourteen and eighteen—some educational work should be done by the German youth to prevent his entering his lifework in the trade at eighteen with less knowledge than he had when he left the elementary schools. At present the schools of Germany are changing their point of view; and they are now trying to connect the training or instruction given in the continuation schools with the trade or occupation of the boy or girl. There is no unanimity of opinion in Germany as to just how this shall be done, and the systems employed in different parts of Germany differ widely as to the number of hours given to the continuation courses, the time of day when the instruction should be given and the subjects studied.

A Revolution in Educational Methods

THE system developed in Munich is in many respects the most interesting one in Germany and is the creation of the present superintendent or director of schools there, Dr. Georg Kerchensteiner. Doctor Kerchensteiner was formerly a teacher of mathematics in a German university. In 1895 he was placed at the head of the schools of Munich and began at once his work of reorganizing them with a view to offering better opportunities for the practical training of the youth of Munich. In 1900 the Royal Society of Erfurt offered a prize for the best essay on the subject, "How are our young men, from the time of leaving the elementary school—age, fourteen years—until the time of entering military service—age, twenty years—to be educated for citizenship?" Doctor Kerchensteiner sent in an essay entitled Education for Citizenship, which contains in broad outlines his scheme for the reorganization of the Munich continuation schools. He was awarded the prize and his essay has been widely read in Germany, England and the United States. A translation of it has been made by a Scotch educator and is now being published by the Chicago Commercial Club.

This essay brought him prominently before the educational world and has aided him in his efforts to improve the schools of Munich. The number of hours a week given by the apprentice to schoolwork has been greatly increased. The work, instead of being done in the evening and on Sunday, has been transferred to the weekday, and the subjects have been broadened so as to include a study of the mother-tongue, civics, hygiene, practical mathematics, industrial drawing and about two hours a week of work in the school workshops. The change brought about by this system of industrial work has effected a revolution in the schools of Munich that has attracted the attention of educators all over the world. Doctor Kerchensteiner has been called upon by the people of other German cities to describe his system of continuation schools. He has delivered courses of lectures in Scotland and England on the subject and has just completed a course of lectures in America under the auspices of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education.

Doctor Kerchensteiner is an all-round man—an athlete, an artist, an architect and a musician. He is interested and active in all phases of educational work and was recently selected as president of the governing board of the new *Handelshochschule*, or School of Commerce, opened in Munich in October, 1910. He is also a member of the governing board of the German Industrial Museum of Munich, which carries on, in connection with its exhibit, classes for the technical instruction of German workers of all ages.

His main interest, however, is in the training of the German youth in the elementary schools and in the industrial continuation schools—the workingman's high schools. His other connections are necessary to enable him to carry out his plans for the lower schools. He has persuaded the school authorities to open public kindergartens in connection with the elementary schools, to introduce manual training and household arts and physical and chemical laboratories in the eighth grade of the elementary schools. He has added school gardens and collections of animals and plants to the equipment of the elementary schools—all with a view to making the work less bookish and more practical. He has induced the city authorities to more than double the amount they spend each year on the people's school of Munich.

His fundamental aim is character building; and he denies that any teaching of words, whether of history or religion, is worth much in character building unless accompanied by the action that is inculcated in the lessons. This opinion has led him not only to add laboratories, gardens, kitchens and workshops to the schools of Munich, but also to make these the central point in the instruction given in other lessons. Instead of beginning the work of the school with analysis of words and sounds, and drill in word and sentence formation, the child begins his school life with the observation of the things in the school, in the home and on the street, which form the basis of the oral and written language lessons, of the lessons in drawing and mathematics, and of the lessons in history and geography.

Books, of course, are soon introduced; but they are books that can be connected with the real life and interests of the child, that will illuminate and enlarge the instruction given in the school. From the time he or she starts school the boy or girl is regarded as an active living being and not as an automatic registration machine of things set down in books, to be committed to memory. Through observation lessons, through lessons in science and industry, the child is an active being throughout the grades.

It was inevitable that a man holding such opinions should be dissatisfied with the *Allgemeine*, or General Continuation School, that was in existence in Munich when he took charge of the schools, and is still the common form of continuation school in Germany. Instruction in those schools was a mere repetition and enlargement of the bookish work of the elementary schools and had little interest for the youthful apprentices. He accordingly proposed a new program for the continuation school, the central point of which was the work of the shop. He believed that the trade was the center of interest for the young workman and therefore he introduced many different kinds of shops into the schools for apprentices, in which the typical processes of the various trades were carried on under the direction of competent workmen.

Opportunities for the Scholar

HE CONNECTED the work in drawing, in mathematics, civics—in fact, all of the work—with this shopwork practice. He believed that only in this way can apprentices become interested in the various subjects taught in the schools—only in this way can a genuine joy in the work of the school and shop be produced. He believed that dexterity must be based on insight; and if the boy becomes an efficient workman he must comprehend his work in all of its relations to science, to art and to society in general. Efficiency in work will lead to joy in work and joy in work will lead to good citizenship. The young workman who understands his trade in its scientific relations, its historical, economic and social bearings—who comprehends the inner connection that must exist in the work of all members of society—will take a higher view of his trade, of his powers and duties as a citizen and as a member of society. No instruction in what is commonly called civics, and no shop training that leads to mere mechanical efficiency, can make good citizens. The school must do the following things: First—It must teach skill

in work and out of this joy in work; for true joy in work can grow only out of real capacity for work. Second—It must teach the student to use skill and joy in work in the service of his fellows. Third—It must teach insight into the aims of society and the state. Dexterity and insight demand moral character, for neither men nor industries nor states can live isolated lives.

Doctor Kerchensteiner lays down, as the first fundamental principle of the rightly organized continuation school, that it must extend to the eighteenth year of every boy and girl who is not being educated in the secondary school. He urges that the elementary school does not afford sufficient preparation for citizenship, as it leaves off just where the education for a calling begins. He urges that the struggle for life as well as for practical education begins with millions at the age of fourteen; that we cannot educate a man without reference to a special calling; that the useful man is the predecessor of the ideal man. To leave the youth at this most critical age without adequate educational opportunities to become an efficient and, therefore, a contented member of society is not the act of an educational statesman, and is most inconsistent with the philanthropic claims of modern school systems. The schools for the masses should not close where those for the favored few begin.

Doctor Kerchensteiner, as well as practically everybody else in Germany, is convinced that voluntary continuation schools will not suffice for the educational needs of modern society. Employers will prevent their youthful workmen from attending the continuation school unless it be in the evening, when both mind and body are too fatigued to profit much by its instruction. Under such conditions the efficiency and joy in work, so necessary for training for citizenship, are out of the question and the boy soon learns to hate the continuation school. This means failure in our aim. Then, too, only the boy and girl with the exceptional physical and moral power will attend voluntary evening continuation schools. These are not the boys and girls who need its assistance most. There is, too, a tendency in voluntary continuation schools, even when held in the daytime, to limit the training too narrowly to the mechanical side of the trade. A large majority of the schoolmen of Germany demand compulsory continuation schools, carried on during weekdays, closing before seven o'clock in the evening. Most of the states of Germany already have them.

Munich Schools Sixteen Years Ago

A SKETCH of Doctor Kerchensteiner's experience in reorganizing the continuation schools of Munich, given as far as possible in his own words, will be both interesting and instructive.

In Connection With the Study of Commercial Geography There is a Careful Study of Commercial Wares

When he took charge of the schools of Munich in July, 1895, there were four kinds: First – The obligatory industrial continuation schools of Munich, with from five to six hours a week of instruction and about one hundred and eighty classes, situated in the different schoolhouses of the city. Second—Three handworkers' schools, with about fifty classes for the voluntary instruction of journeymen and masters in the trade. Third—Three guild industrial schools for apprentices. Fourth—Three private courses for journeymen.

The obligatory continuation schools were the so-called general continuation schools, with three hours a week of instruction in drawing and five hours a week of instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic. In none of these subjects was any particular attention paid to the industry to which the pupil belonged. Five hours of the instruction fell upon Sunday and three either on a workday or in the evening. The purpose of these schools was to repeat and perhaps increase the instruction given previously in the elementary schools.

At the continuation schools for journeymen and masters, the subjects of instruction were almost exclusively drawing, painting, modeling and chasing—the hobby of drawing being ridden to death. The instruction took place in the evening from seven until nine o'clock, or on Sunday. There were also a few day classes in the so-called open drawing rooms, in which young people in the industries could use their leisure time in further study of drawing. For the apprentices in cabinetmaking, metalwork and for those in the machine trades there were three hours of instruction a week in technical drawing.

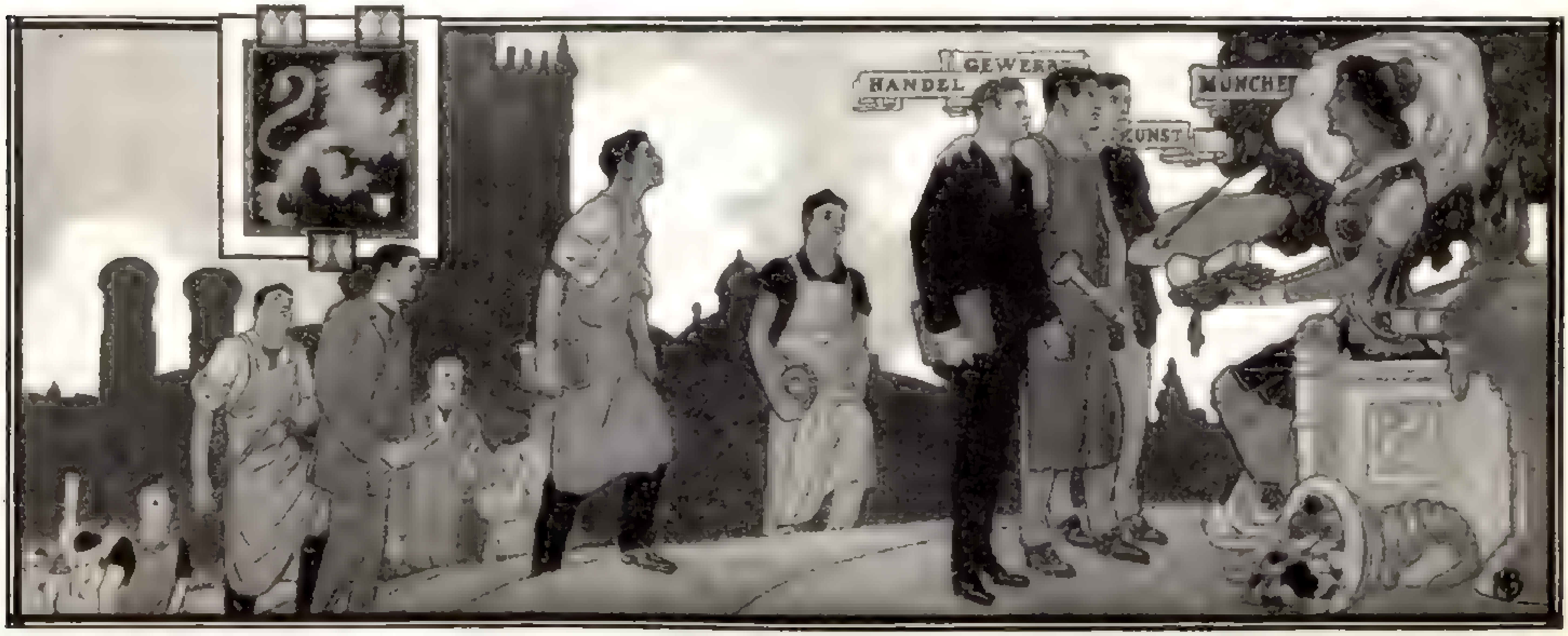
The four guild schools for the apprentices of the tailors, shoemakers, glazers and decorators were very poorly attended, and, with the exception of the school for decorators, which gave instruction during the whole day in the four winter months, they were evening courses, from seven to nine o'clock, once a week. In the schools for journeymen, the one for gardeners was held on Sunday and the one for shoemakers was held in the evening from eight to ten, while the one for decorators was open during the four winter months, in the weekday, at the same time as the apprentice schools for the same trade.

The barrenness of these trade schools became notorious. Very few employers or workmen took any interest in them. The bond of union between the school and the workshop was lacking. Too little attention was paid to practical work; and it was forgotten that the boy ought to become not only a good worker but also a good citizen—that the man ought not to disappear in the laborer or the future citizen in the apprentice.

On the twenty-fourth of April and the third of May, 1900, the two city councils of Munich authorized the reorganization of the continuation schools in accordance with the principles laid down in Doctor Kerchensteiner's prize essay. His first step toward improving conditions was to connect practical industrial instruction with the trade and continuation schools. Thousands of boys have only a one-sided apprenticeship, and thousands more lack even this. He wished to inspire them through the delight that springs from thoroughness of work – to teach them to appreciate the moral effect of good work on their personalities. He urged that, if we make practical industrial training instead of textbooks and mere words the first form of instruction, we gain at once the interest and good-will of the pupils. There is then no difficulty in leading them to appreciate the allied branches of schoolwork—drawing, arithmetic, bookkeeping, technology and knowledge of materials, tools and machinery. The interest aroused by practical work will be transmitted to all these allied subjects.

German Employers Interested

HIS second step was to enlist the active sympathy of employers and the trade guilds. He was assisted at the outset by the school workshops. The employers, seeing the apprentices taking an increasing interest in their work and finding them more efficient, gave the schools the credit for it. Doctor Kerchensteiner permitted these associations to inspect the schools, to advise regarding their progress and to assist in the choice of foremen and journeymen as teachers. He also consulted their wishes as to timetables and invited them to give their opinion regarding the syllabus of instruction. In return, he was able to secure from them models, tools, machinery and some raw materials. Through their interest in his schools



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he was able to secure attendance during a better part of the day and to put pressure upon the apprentices to take advantage of the classes.

His third step was regarding the timetables. The quantity of work was increased to from seven to nine hours a week. The instruction of the apprentices on Sundays and in the evenings was given up. Every apprentice was compelled to attend a continuation school the whole time of his apprenticeship, or until he had reached his eighteenth year. The schools continued to give instruction on Sunday and in the evenings to masters and journeymen, but not to apprentices.

The reorganization has proceeded step by step, the whole plan of instruction receiving its present form in the course adopted in the last year, 1910. The courses of study were given a thorough-going examination and discussion by all the teaching bodies of the different industrial schools on the basis of the experience gained during the previous nine years. Forty-six of these conferences were held under the supervision of School Inspector Schmid, who has immediate charge of this part of the schoolwork of Munich. The courses of study so discussed and the amendments recommended were then studied in forty-six further conferences, under the immediate supervision of Doctor Kerchensteiner. In these conferences the masters and journeymen of all the individual trades took part. Where an industrial union did not exist the most important employers of labor and recommended journeymen of special trades were invited to the discussion. School Inspector Schmid and the directors and heads of departments of various industrial schools were also present. The present course of study is the result of these conferences and has the approval of teachers, employers and employees.

A comparison of the present situation with that of 1895, given previously, will show how much has been accomplished during Doctor Kerchensteiner's administration. Munich is a city of five hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, with seventy thousand children in the elementary schools. The obligatory boys' continuation schools last year enrolled about nine thousand pupils. The obligatory girls' continuation schools enrolled about seventy-five hundred. The voluntary girls' continuation schools, including the eighth-grade classes for girls, enrolled thirty-six hundred pupils. Altogether there are about twenty thousand pupils in the continuation schools of Munich. If we add to this the number in the elementary schools—and about ten thousand pupils of the secondary schools of the city—we have one hundred thousand children who attend the public schools of Munich. This is about eighteen per cent of the population of Munich and ninety-three per cent of all the boys and girls in Munich between the ages of six and eighteen. This is a remarkable showing.

Many Industries Represented

The nine thousand boys in the obligatory continuation schools of Munich are distributed in fifty-two industrial or commercial continuation schools, studying forty-six different trades, and in twelve general continuation schools for boys who are not apprenticed to a trade. The seventy-five hundred girls in the obligatory continuation schools are divided into forty different schools and receive instruction in the household arts. Of the thirty-six hundred girls who attend the voluntary continuation schools, twelve hundred are in the eighth grade, thirteen hundred in the household-arts division, nine hundred in commercial schools and two hundred in other industries. They are instructed in twenty-one different schools. There are twenty-five hundred pupils in one hundred and thirty classes in the voluntary industrial schools for journeymen and masters.

Industrial continuation schools are introduced for every industry that has twenty apprentices. Industries having a greater number of apprentices are distributed in several schools in the city in order to shorten the distance the pupils have to travel. The twelve hundred commercial apprentices are, however, all instructed in a single building. The industrial continuation schools, together with the divisons for journeymen and masters, are for the most part distributed in seven school buildings specially equipped for industrial and commercial education. One of these contains only boys engaged in commerce; another, the different branches of the decorators; a third, the different branches of the building trades; a fourth, the printing trades, the fine mechanics and machinists; a fifth, the different branches of the woodworking trades. The school for butchers' apprentices is connected with the slaughter-house of the city, and the school for gardeners has its own building and equipment. Six of the fifty-two industrial continuation schools are carried on in elementary school buildings to avoid making the pupils travel too long a distance.

Every apprentice takes from his week's work one whole day or two half days for the industrial continuation school. In some cases he does not lose his wages on this account. In most cases he does. These schools employ one hundred and ten regular teachers and three hundred teachers who are employed a part of the time in other occupations. It is believed that there is an advantage in having shop teachers still connected with the industries outside of the schools.

The yearly expenditure for the continuation schools of Munich for apprentices and journeymen amounts to about nine hundred thousand marks, without considering the cost of the buildings. The expenditure for the corresponding continuation school for girls amounts to about four hundred thousand marks. Every continuation school pupil costs the city about eighty marks a year. The pupils in the elementary schools cost about ninety-three marks a year apiece; the pupils in the secondary schools, about two hundred marks.

School Attendance Compulsory

As has been pointed out, the practical instruction in the workshops, laboratories, kitchens and gardens stands in the middle point of the instruction in every industrial continuation school. The instruction in drawing and arithmetic is united with the practical instruction in the closest possible way. Nothing is drawn that is not worked out in the workshop, and nothing is worked out or made in the workshop that is not drawn. The whole process of work is accompanied by arithmetical calculations, both in estimates of cost and in final settlements. With the practical instruction is united in the closest way the subject of the materials, tools and machinery used in the industry. The pupils learn through practical use about the necessary tools, machinery and materials. Where, however, the process of work makes a scientific knowledge of physics and chemistry necessary in order to enable the pupil to understand the reason for his methods of work, such special laboratory instruction in science is introduced. The lessons in the mother-tongue, together with the reading of good books from the school libraries and the instruction in civics, aim at the widening of the moral insight. In his civic instruction the student traces the historical development of the industry to which he belongs and is shown, in the struggles of his fellow workers, the continually growing interdependence of all the citizens of a community. The great examples of devotion to a common cause are placed before him; and by degrees he recognizes the problems that cities and nations have to deal with and learns the rights and duties of the individual within the state. The association of the scholars into working groups, especially during the last school-year, leads to a certain disposition in the pupils to consider others, to work together and to devote themselves to a common purpose.

In Munich all young men engaged in commercial pursuits are obliged to attend a commercial continuation school unless they have completed a six years' course in a secondary school. Attendance is compulsory until the course is completed, or at least until the student has completed his eighteenth year. The course comprises three years' work with a preparatory class for pupils whose preparation is insufficient to enable them to profit by the regular instruction. The instruction is carried on for eight hours a week, every class having one forenoon period and one afternoon period of four hours each. The school runs from September fifteenth to July fourteenth, with two weeks' vacation during the Christmas holidays.

To make it possible to specialize, the pupils are divided into four groups, according to the branch of business followed by them. To the first group belong all those engaged in the food and provision business;

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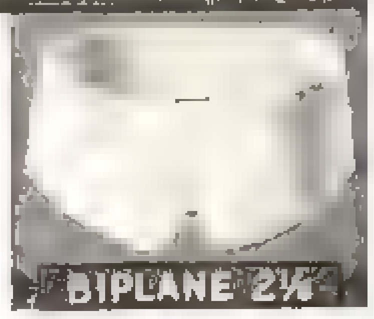

Men are usually careful to get a correct size when they buy a collar, but after some collars are worn a few times they become too large, gape at the front and set awkwardly on the neck-band of the shirt.

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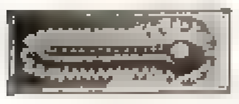

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to the second, those in banks and insurance offices, also booksellers; to the third, those handling drapery, textiles, leather and the like; to the fourth, those in shops handling porcelain, cutlery and hardware. This arrangement makes the work of conducting classes in bookkeeping and the study of commercial wares easier and more practical. Special commercial teachers are employed in giving purely commercial instruction, but specially trained teachers from the elementary schools do most of the teaching. The director of the school and several of his teachers have been in business, some of them still continuing their business connections while teaching a few hours a week. This enables them to keep in touch with what is going on in the business world.

In the middle point of the instruction stands the business. The various subjects are taught in the closest possible relation to business. Mathematics, business correspondence, bookkeeping, study of wares as well as the civics, are treated in their relations to the business.

Only such mathematics is taught as can be related to the business, and much of it is taken from the transactions recorded in the bookkeeping or connected with the exchanges. The system of coinage used in Europe affords material for considerable arithmetical work. Calculations of interest, bills of exchange, stocks and securities, and so forth, call for constant practice in practical mathematics.

The customs and laws regulating the use of checks, bills of exchange and accounts current are studied in bookkeeping. Practice is given in Italian, French and American systems of bookkeeping. In connection with this there is constant practice in business correspondence, the materials being taken from the transactions recorded in the bookkeeping.

In connection with the study of commercial geography there is a careful study of commercial wares. These articles are handled by the pupils where possible. In connection with this is a careful study of commerce and trade—both domestic and foreign—of transportation by land and sea, of the industrial productions and industrial efficiency of the various nations of the earth. The climate, productions and industries of surrounding nations are studied. In the study of commercial wares their origin, their production and characteristics are taken up. The pupils are taught indications of genuineness and adulterations, the methods of packing and preserving. In connection with this study, numerous visits are made to the factories and warehouses.

Commercial Wares Studied

The course in hygiene is in general character the same as that given to other apprentices in the other trades, with such modifications in details as the trade makes necessary.

Drill in writing is given with a view to developing a plain, pleasing and fluent handwriting, and affords an opportunity for drill in the use of foreign words and abbreviations, as well as in letter forms. Courses in foreign languages and in stenography are offered and are taken by a large number of pupils. The pupils write well, but very slowly. The writing is plain, with a slight slant. There was no vertical writing in evidence. The Germans have had their experience with vertical writing and have got over it. I saw no drill in movement and no pupils employing what we in America call the muscular movement.

I was especially interested in the two classes I saw in the study of commercial wares. These recitations were held in rooms containing collections of commercial wares furnished by the merchants of Munich. On the walls were numerous charts, picturing the processes employed in producing the various articles of commerce, and cases containing articles of commerce were in evidence.

The first class was studying wool. About thirty boys, under the direction of a teacher who was in the textile business, were examining some ten or twelve samples of wool produced in different countries. In front of the class were charts showing the structure of the fiber and methods of preparing it for the market. The teacher divided the class into groups, giving each group samples of wool. They were taught how to discriminate between them. The mercantile value of the different wools was discussed and samples of cloth—all wool, part wool and shoddy—were examined.

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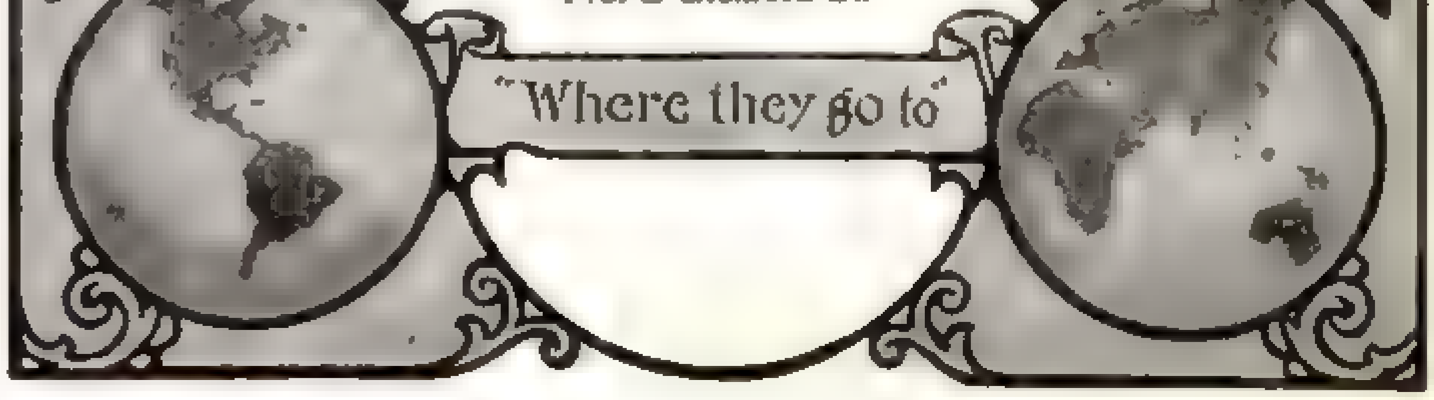

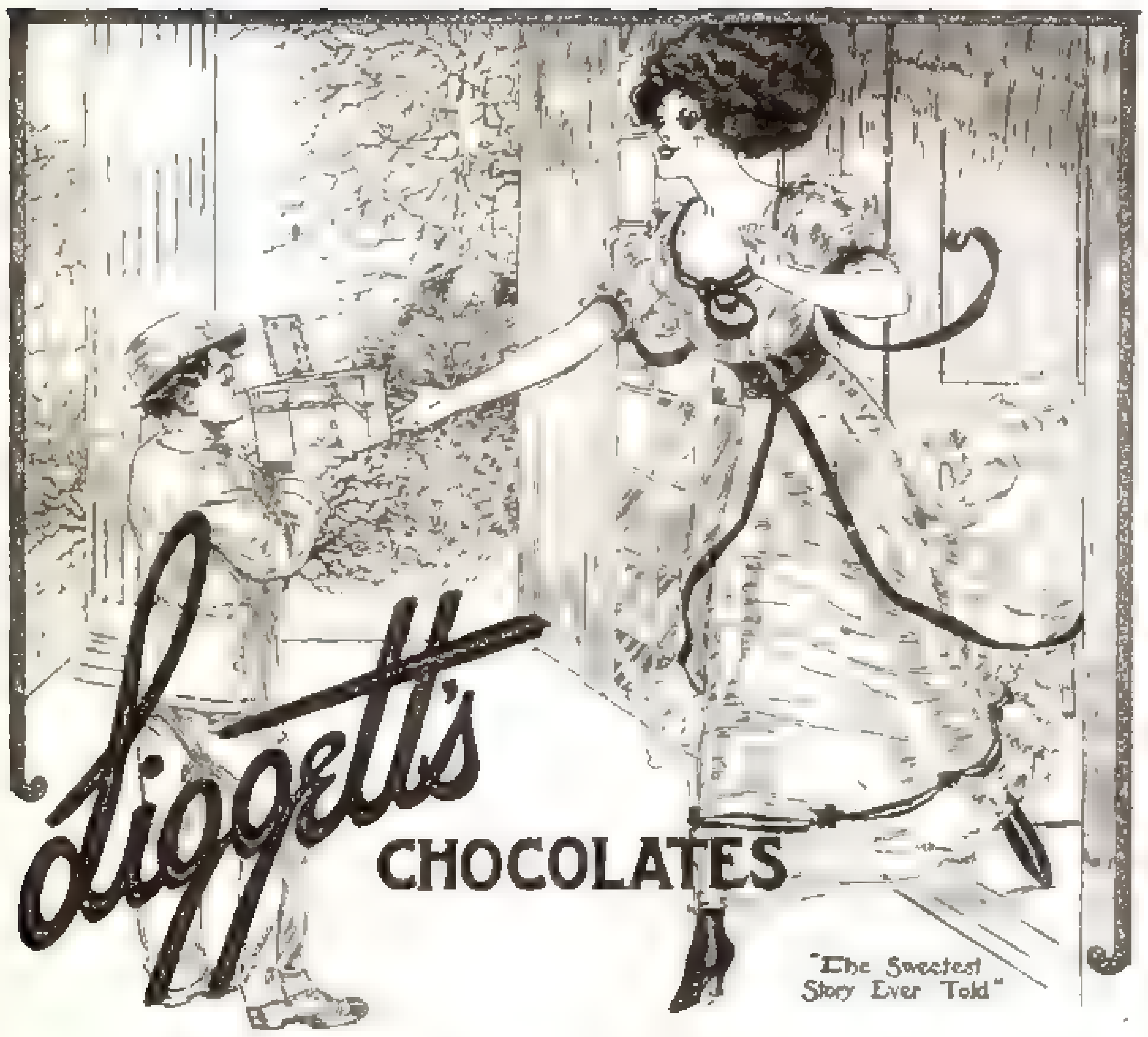
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The importance of this industry to Germany was pointed out and a short history of the woolen industry was given by the teacher.

I took pains to consult union men, business men and teachers, and found that the pupils and working men and most of the employers approve of their work. The conservative class are against them and have fought Doctor Kerchensteiner's measures for years. They object to the expense. They regard his shopwork as inadequate and say that the few hours spent a week in a schoolshop cannot be made the center of the entire course of instruction. In some quarters, too, one can hear criticisms of his civics work as apt to lead to Social Democracy. He pays no attention in his lessons to the question of "the dynasty," or to the union of church and state. He claims that his teaching will make good citizens of any rational state. At the present moment a commission is in existence to examine the schools of Munich on account of charges made by the conservatives against them. It is very unlikely that anything serious can result from this investigation. The doctor and his friends welcome investigation.

The system of Kerchensteiner, as it is called in Germany and Switzerland, comes in for considerable criticism from the schoolmen there. They, too, claim it is too expensive; that his teachers are not always well trained; that in his anxiety for results he has advanced too rapidly and has got into his schools many teachers who will be a burden later. It is urged, too, that the attempt to base the whole teaching of the continuation school on the shopwork done in them is unwise and will result in poor preparation for the industries. They urge that the whole theory of the trade must be taught and the schoolshops used to supplement the work of the master, and to illustrate the other work of the school. I think some of the criticisms result from lack of thorough acquaintance with his plans.

Massachusetts Sums Up the Subject

The Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education, in its report for 1907, sums up its conclusions as to these schools as follows: "First—They solve the problem of how to keep under appropriate educational influence during their period of adolescence that great body of youth who are obliged to leave school when only thirteen or fourteen years old. Second—There is in them complete utilization of educational opportunity by the pupils. There is no economic or educational waste. Attendance being compulsory, punctuality and regularity are assured. Third—The program of studies for each kind of apprentice school is strictly limited in scope to an essential minimum of subject-matter, general and technical; and the nature of this subject-matter is well adapted to the end in view—namely, the extension of the youth's education as an individual and as a citizen and the foundation of progressive interest and technical skill in his chosen calling. Fourth—All the teachers, except the shopwork or technical teachers, being trained teachers—elementary-school teachers—the methods are generally excellent and the results correspondingly good. This is, of course, another reason why there is so little economic and educational waste. Every hour of instruction counts. Fifth—Only youths already in service are members of these schools. Sixth—Since representatives of the several trades and businesses are on the governing boards of the several schools, the technical work should be and probably is determined by the actual contemporary needs of the several vocations represented by the schools. Seventh—The schools embody a well-defined policy that underlies all forms of activity in Germany—namely, that every efficient worker, whether in trade, business or profession, requires general education and also technical preparation for the particular work he is to do."

In my opinion it is too early to pass judgment on the experiment. But it is certain that Doctor Kerchensteiner has contributed much to the cause of industrial education and that all future reformers in this field will have to reckon with his theories and his practice.

Editor's Note—Dr. Edwin G. Cooley, formerly Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, was engaged by the Commercial Club of Chicago to investigate industrial educational systems of Europe, with a view to learning what place courses in vocational training should have in the public schools of this country. In connection with this undertaking the present article was prepared.

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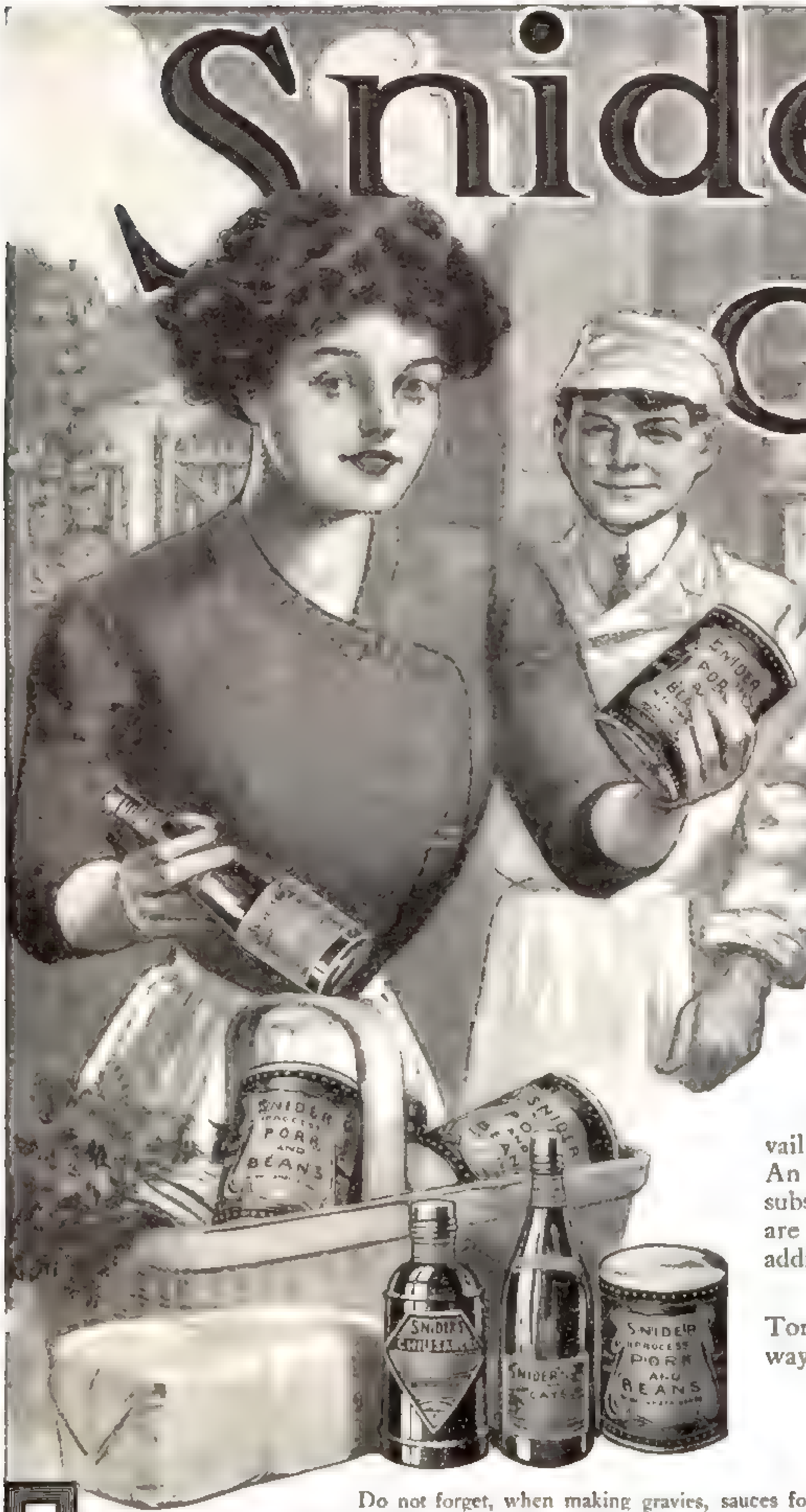

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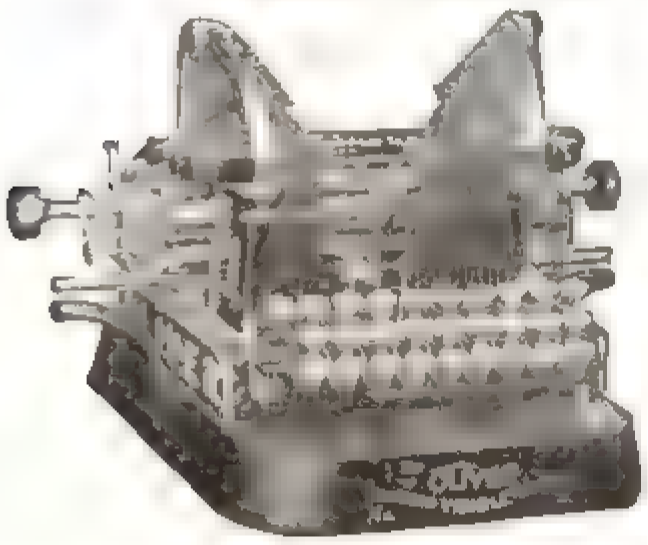

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What Kind of Bonds to Buy

By ROGER W. BABSON

I BEGAN this series of articles by discussing the difference between listed and unlisted securities and how to obtain the facts relating thereto. I have, however, strongly recommended that the first investment which every person should make be in two bank accounts and that each of these deposits should always equal one thousand dollars or over, only the excess above this amount being invested in securities. The series has, however, reached a point where it may now be assumed that the reader has sufficiently over one thousand dollars on deposit in at least two banks and is ready to make an investment. Therefore it is well to explain the difference between the various classes of bonds which are being offered, for it is very great. Before describing these various classes, however, I wish to make sure that all readers understand the exact difference between stockholders and bondholders.

Suppose a merchant owning property borrows one thousand dollars. He gives his note promising to pay on a certain date, with interest at a certain rate; and gives a mortgage on his property as security for the loan and interest. Now the merchant who owns the property and who borrows the money corresponds to the stockholders of a corporation. The note, secured by the mortgage, corresponds to the bonds which said corporation issues. The party who loans the money corresponds to the bondholders, or the investors who buy the bonds.

Suppose a corporation owning a large property wants to borrow five hundred thousand dollars. The corporation makes a mortgage on all its property to a trust company, to be held in trust as security for all the persons who are to loan the money. The corporation then issues five hundred bonds of one thousand dollars each, a total of five hundred thousand dollars, each bond promising to pay to the owner of the bond one thousand dollars on a certain date, with interest at a certain rate, and stating that a mortgage has been made to a certain trust company as security for all the bonds and interest. The bonds are then sold to investors. The stockholders, who own the property and who authorized the five hundred thousand dollars to be borrowed, correspond to the merchant. The bonds, secured by the mortgage, correspond to the note. The bondholders—that is, the investors who purchase the bonds and who in doing so loan the money to the corporation—correspond to the party who loaned the money to the merchant.

How Stocks Differ From Bonds

A bond is a certificate of a corporation promising to pay the amount of the bond, with interest, and, in the case of a mortgage bond, stating that the payment is secured by a mortgage. A share of stock is a certificate of the actual ownership of a certain portion of the property of a corporation. As, however, most large corporations borrow money by issuing bonds and by mortgaging their property to secure the bondholders, a share of stock is only an interest in the property, subject to the mortgage of the bondholders, and an interest in the profits of the company after the interest on the bonds has been paid to the bondholders. A bond is a certificate held by a person who has loaned money to a corporation. A stock is a certificate held by a person who actually owns a portion of the business of the corporation. The bondholders loan the money. The stockholders, not as individuals but on behalf of the corporation, promise to pay the money back and mortgage the property of the corporation to secure the payment. When one buys a bond the bond promises to pay back the face amount of the bond and promises to pay interest meantime. A certificate of stock does not promise to pay any money at any time. A bond is a certificate of indebtedness. A stock is a certificate of actual ownership or of interest.

We speak of "buying" a bond; but, really, when one buys a bond he does not "buy" anything, any more than one does when he deposits money in a bank. When depositing money in a bank the bank makes an entry in a bankbook showing the money has been received on deposit. When one invests in a bond he loans the money to the company issuing the bond, and the bond which he obtains from the company promises to pay the money back with interest; and the promise, both as to the amount of the bond and the interest, is secured by a mortgage on the property of the corporation. When one buys a share of stock he actually does buy something. He buys an interest in the business of the corporation. When one buys a bond he makes an investment in the strict sense of the word. When he buys a stock he actually goes into business.

Not All Stocks Profitable

Many people think that stock is a certificate connected with a business in some way which entitles them to certain profits; and they seem to have an idea that all they must do is to buy the stock and they are sure to get the profits and also to get a good value for the stock itself. Such is not the case by any means. When one buys a share of stock he buys an actual interest in the business and he takes all the chances of success or failure in the business. A bond rests upon the actual value of the property mortgaged to secure the bond. A stock depends for its value upon the success of the business. If a business is successful dividends are paid on the stock. If the business is not successful there are no dividends and the stock becomes worth little or nothing. As to the bonds, if the business fails the trustee will foreclose the mortgage and sell the property of the stockholders to pay the bondholders both the amount of their bonds and any interest that may be due. It, therefore, will be seen that, given the same corporation, the bonds are safer than the stock. On the other hand, the stock of some corporations may be far safer for investment than the bonds of other corporations. Moreover, not only is there a great difference in corporations but also in bond issues; and, before discussing the different classes of corporations—which will be left for another article—I wish to describe the different classes of bonds.

We will assume that a number of persons form a company known as the Great Eastern Railroad Company and issue stock, from the proceeds of which they receive money enough to buy the right-of-way for a railroad and to grade the same. We will further assume that they wish to purchase rails and finish construction. Either they have sold all the stock they can sell or else they wish to avoid issuing more stock with the possibility of losing control. But—whichever the reason—they decide to issue bonds instead; and, therefore, the company mortgages these rights-of-way and the property so far as completed to a trust company, as trustee, and issues bonds secured by said mortgage. As this mortgage is the first the company issues, these bonds are known as first mortgage bonds and are secured by a first lien upon everything completed at the time of their issue.

We might now assume that this first mortgage had not been made large enough, and it is found that more money is needed to complete the property than was at first anticipated. Therefore it becomes necessary to place a second mortgage upon the property and issue other bonds. In such a case, these additional bonds are known as "second mortgage bonds." However, instead of this latter assumption let us suppose that the company received enough from the sale of the first mortgage bonds to complete the property and that the road is in successful operation, with only first mortgage bonds outstanding.

Again, we will assume that at the end of five years the directors find an extension should be built to a city two hundred miles from the present terminus of the line. To pay for this extension the company issues "first consolidated mortgage bonds," said bonds being secured by a first mortgage upon the extension of two hundred miles and a second mortgage upon the original property, upon which the first above-mentioned bonds are a first mortgage.

We will again assume that this extension creates so much additional traffic that it becomes necessary to double-track the entire road, and to do this the company

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must issue more bonds. These are secured by a mortgage upon the entire property, including extensions, subject to existing mortgages. This new issue is thus secured by a second mortgage upon the extension and, if the previous issue was a "consolidated" issue, by a third mortgage on the original property. Bonds secured by such a mortgage are known as "general mortgage bonds." Of course, given the same company with the various bonds above described, the first mortgage bonds are the best, the consolidated mortgage bonds next and the general mortgage bonds are usually the poorest. This rule, however, cannot be applied when considering different companies, as general mortgage bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company or of the Reading Railroad Company should be absolutely good; while the first mortgage bonds of some other corporations are practically valueless.

A most forcible illustration of this fact lies on my desk at this moment. I have receipts for five thousand dollars first mortgage gold five per cent bonds. A civil engineer bought these bonds at about par from a reliable bondhouse which had previously purchased them in good faith. As nearly as I can learn, these bonds are now quoted at about five, which means that for about five thousand dollars of this man's savings he now has only about two hundred and fifty dollars; and, moreover, this loss was caused by the purchase of a first mortgage bond. Of course, this illustration is an exception to the rule, as probably not more than seven per cent of the first mortgage bonds issued ever default; but, since some of them default, the small investor should always remember that it is not sufficient to insist simply on a first mortgage, as other requirements are also necessary.

Prior Lien Bonds

At this point we will assume that the Great Eastern Railroad Company has a serious setback and becomes temporarily embarrassed, so that it must raise more money or go into bankruptcy. It may be found that the full authorized amount of consolidated mortgage bonds has already been issued and it may be impossible to find a market under existing conditions for more general mortgage bonds. As the property is intrinsically good, the bondholders unite and agree to permit the issue of bonds which shall take precedence as to security over all of the outstanding issues, including the first mortgage bonds. Such bonds are known as prior lien bonds. It should be distinctly understood, however, that these prior lien bonds cannot be issued without the consent of all persons holding any of the other bond issues. Moreover, they are created to run for only a few years, or until the company again becomes prosperous, when they will be paid off and the prior lien mortgage discharged. The company in this case resumes its former position, with only first mortgage bonds, consolidated mortgage bonds and general mortgage bonds outstanding.

These are the chief issues which smaller companies have outstanding. Of these issues, the first mortgage bonds and the prior lien bonds are the safest and most attractive. The consolidated mortgage bonds may be attractive in this special instance, as they are followed by a large general mortgage issue; but usually they are not considered conservative investments, especially when secured by new or unsettled properties. Moreover, general mortgage bonds are usually not considered conservative investments unless the surplus earnings, after paying all taxes, rentals and interest on all issues, are at least equal to said charges.

The following, therefore, is a very good rule to follow:

Bonds which are followed by large equities, consisting of valuable junior bond issues or preferred stock issues, representing large amounts of actual cash paid by other investors, are usually very good investments. In other words, it is wise always to keep in a "protected position," where other investors will have so much money at stake they will be obliged to save the property for their own protection and will, in so doing, protect the interests of the holders of all underlying bonds. In such a case, before the holders of the underlying issues can lose a dollar a large number of other investors must lose their all. Such bonds are known as "underlying liens" and are universally the safest. If a first

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mortgage issue is not followed by large equities—either in the form of junior issues or full-paid stock—it is not, even if correctly named, necessarily safe because it is a first mortgage issue. If a second mortgage or consolidated mortgage issue should be followed by a large general or refunding mortgage it is usually an attractive investment. *Therefore the small investor who desires simply safety should seek for underlying liens on old and successful properties. This is a very important rule to remember*, especially as such issues may very readily be obtained from any of the high-grade bond-houses. It is necessary simply to ask for an underlying lien of a standard railroad system; and, whether the issue recommended is a first mortgage, a second mortgage or a consolidated mortgage, I believe it will be found absolutely safe.

There are, however, other classes of bonds; and, to continue the illustration, we will now assume that it is a time of panic, that money rates are very high and that simultaneously with these high money rates, additional funds are urgently needed. For good, logical reasons from a banker's point of view, they—the bankers—will not purchase short-term notes. In order to raise this additional money, therefore, the company is obliged to issue convertible bonds. Such bonds give the purchasers the privilege of exchanging, within a certain number of years, their bonds for a certain number of shares of stock in the company if the holders so desire. The new bonds are issued to pay five per cent, and at the same time the stock is likewise paying five per cent. There is, however, a prospect of the stock paying six per cent or possibly eight per cent and this makes the convertible feature quite attractive. This convertible bond issue is not, however, secured by mortgage.

Other Kinds of Railroad Bonds

A short time later another issue becomes due; and, as money rates are still high and as the company does not wish to sell another convertible issue, it is necessary to pay this later maturing issue in some other way. Therefore the company extends the old bonds for a period of years by paying a higher rate of interest. These latter bonds are known as extended bonds.

We will now assume that it becomes necessary for the Great Eastern Railroad Company to buy more equipment, and a new bond issue is created secured by this new equipment. These bonds are known as equipment bonds. Again, the company desires to build a passenger station in Chicago and purchases a tract of land and builds a station thereon. The money is obtained by creating an issue of bonds secured solely upon the passenger station and the land upon which it stands. These latter bonds are known as terminal bonds. Later, the company comes into possession of large tracts of land and, in order to build branches for developing the property, issues some land-grant bonds. These bonds are secured on both the branch railroad and the lands adjoining; and the bonds are reduced as the land is sold. All three of these classes of bonds have usually been safe and attractive.

The company has now so many bond issues outstanding that it becomes desirable to consolidate all of the issues into one issue. The directors, therefore, execute one large mortgage, called a refunding mortgage, upon the entire property, which is sufficient to provide bonds that may be sold whenever any of the other underlying bonds become due. As more underlying bonds become due, the security for these refunding bonds increases, for they are becoming secured by a first mortgage on more property. Eventually all of the underlying mortgages will mature and the refunding mortgage will be a first mortgage upon all of the property. This period, however, will not be reached until all of the issues above mentioned are either paid or exchanged for the refunding bonds. There are other classes of bonds, such as income bonds and participating bonds.

Some companies are misleading in naming their issues and sometimes call an issue by a more attractive name in order to make it more salable. This means that one cannot depend entirely upon the title. That being the case, the small investor cannot safely buy bonds simply because they are called first mortgage bonds.

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so that eventually the large systems will have none outstanding. The reverse, however, is true of equipment bonds. A road may double-track its property and reach a limit on such improvements—as the elimination of grades and curves; but it can never reach a limit on the amount of equipment needed. So long as the country grows, the railroads will continually need more and more equipment, and more equipment bonds will be issued. Many roads also are so heavily mortgaged that a new mortgage does not now appeal to the investor, even though the new mortgage be given for the purpose of acquiring equipment. Therefore, instead of placing another general mortgage on their properties, many companies issue equipment bonds, secured by first mortgage on the equipment purchased. It is probable that the greatest need of the railroads during the coming years will be for equipment; and the purchase of this equipment will be financed by issuing equipment bonds.

Although equipment bonds are, as a class, very satisfactory when considering yield and security, and are unusually stable in price, yet they are not so absolutely immune from defalcation as is sometimes represented. It is true that receivers of railroads often pay the interest on the equipment bonds when some of the mortgage bonds are allowed to default; but I am a director in a national bank that—some years before I became interested in the institution—invested twenty thousand dollars in equipment five per cent bonds, which, it is said, was a total loss; so that today the bank has absolutely nothing to show for the twenty thousand dollars so invested. Of course this was an exception to the rule and a case where the first mortgage bondholders were represented by a more aggressive committee, which refused to permit the receivers to protect these equipment bonds; in fact, the first mortgage holders themselves foreclosed the property and bought new equipment, preferring not to buy the equipment upon which these bonds were secured.

The Debenture Bond Explained

We shall now continue the above illustration by assuming that this same Great Eastern Railroad Company, with said bonds outstanding, becomes very prosperous and commands a very high credit, and that the directors desire to borrow money for a through system of block signals, or something of a similar nature. They, however, think it entirely unnecessary to place another mortgage upon the property and, therefore, issue the notes of the company—that is, plain promises to pay, without security of any kind. These notes are known as debenture bonds. Of this character are the bonds the Boston & Maine Railroad Company and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company issue, and these, in the case of such roads, are perfectly good; but in many other cases—where preceded by mortgage bonds—they are undesirable.

We shall now assume that the company desires to purchase the stock of another railroad operating in adjoining territory. To do this the company buys said stock and immediately deposits the same with a trust company; then it issues notes payable to bearer in coupon form, secured by said stock. Except for the stock deposited, these notes have the same security as the debenture bonds mentioned in the preceding paragraph; but, owing to the collateral, these latter bonds, which are issued to buy the stock of the company operating in adjoining territory, are known as collateral trust bonds. This is what the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company did when it purchased the Louisville & Nashville and issued its collateral trust fours—Louisville & Nashville collateral—due October 1, 1952.

After buying stock as above, let us assume that the directors become desirous of purchasing the stock in another but larger company, operating in adjoining territory. Upon commencing to buy the stock in this second company, they find that the directors of another road are likewise endeavoring to buy the same stock; and, in order to prevent forcing up the price to a prohibitive figure, the two companies unite and each buys one-half of the stock—or rather they buy the stock in common—deposit said stock jointly with a trust company and issue joint notes, secured by said stock. In reality these notes are simply collateral trust bonds; but they are signed by both

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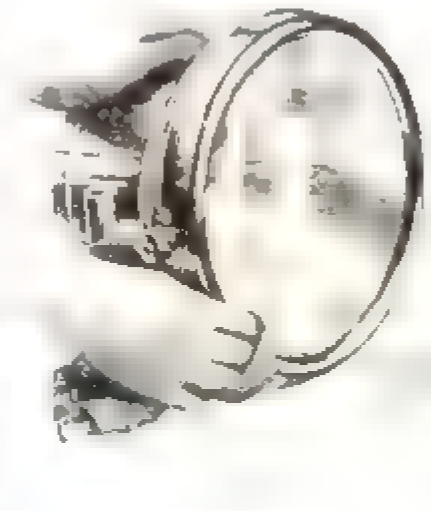

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companies instead of one company. Owing to this latter fact they are known as joint bonds. Such a case is best illustrated by the Great Northern Pacific joint fours, due July, 1921, secured by the stock of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company, which the Great Northern Railway Company and the Northern Pacific Railway Company own in common.

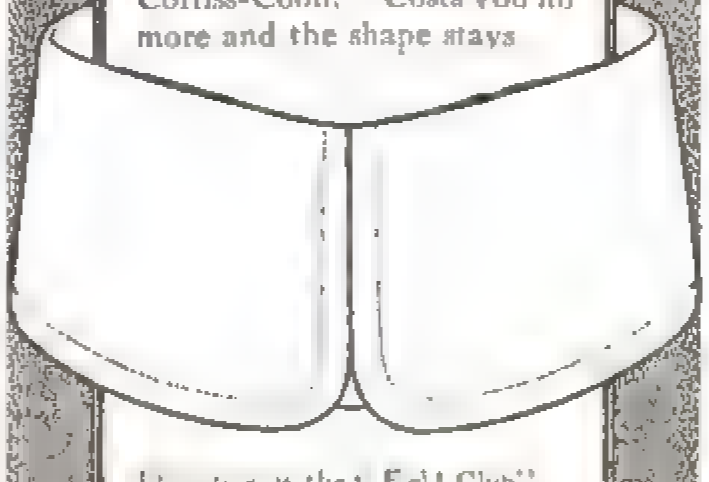
Of course both of these subcompanies, the stock of which was bought by the original company, have dependent bond issues outstanding. We will assume that one of them wishes to sell another issue for double-tracking. In order to help the sale of this new issue, the parent company guarantees it. Such bonds are known as guaranteed bonds. Moreover, when the stock of a company is purchased, it often is agreed that, if the subcompany should sell additional bonds the bonds already outstanding will be assumed by the parent company. This is insisted upon by the stockholders of the smaller company before they agree to the sale of the property, as it often happens that the stockholders also hold the majority of the bonds of the smaller road. In such a case these old bonds are henceforth known as assumed bonds.

Of these various issues it will be seen that the last two are in reality but new names for bonds previously mentioned and are of the same general character, except that they are guaranteed by another company to aid in their sale. Bonds which should be safe without any guaranty should, when guaranteed, be especially attractive, particularly if the guaranteeing company is prosperous and of long standing; but, if not safe without a guaranty, I do not recommend them as investments. For these reasons I think that inexperienced investors should be loath to purchase any of these three classes except when issued by large and prosperous corporations, the stocks of which are listed and actively sell at a premium. All debenture and collateral trust bonds should be most carefully studied before one invests therein. Regarding the other three issues—namely, debenture bonds, collateral trust bonds and joint bonds—*given the same company with all three issues outstanding and with collateral of equal value*, the joint bonds should be the safest and the collateral trust bonds should rank next, as each of these issues has all the strength of the debentures with the collateral in addition. On the other hand, a plain debenture bond of one company may be a very much safer investment than the collateral trust bond of another company.

Convertibles Sometimes Risky

Moreover, some of the largest losses incurred by bondbuyers have come from purchasing collateral trust bonds secured by the stock of companies where the first mortgage bondholders have foreclosed and taken the property, this resulting in a total loss to the holders of the collateral trust bonds. Where the collateral consists of stock, collateral trust bonds are wholly junior to even the debenture bonds and to the floating debt of the controlled companies. Therefore, although many collateral trust bonds, such for instance as the Atlantic Coast Line—Louisville & Nashville—collateral trust fours, due October, 1952; the New York Central Railroad Company—Michigan Southern—collateral trust three and a halfs due February, 1998, and many others, are, I believe, absolutely good; yet, as a class, collateral trust bonds should be most carefully scrutinized.

To those who are considering purchasing any of the classes of bonds herein mentioned I will make this statement: Convertible bonds of established companies are generally very attractive when they are selling at a reasonable price, and usually offer the greatest opportunity for profit—but also for loss. This is best illustrated in the case of convertible bonds of certain mining companies; and I have in mind two well-known issues for which many stockholders paid around par and interest. These bonds are now selling at only a small fraction of the original cost; and, although the bonds were once offered at about par, they are now quoted at only thirty bid. Nevertheless, convertible bonds of well-established railroad companies are often very attractive, and I believe that many such issues are both absolutely secure and offer a good opportunity for profit. Nearly all convertible bonds of



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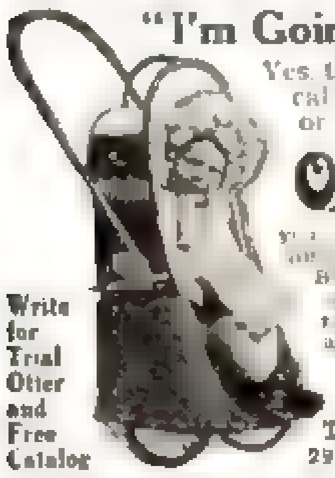

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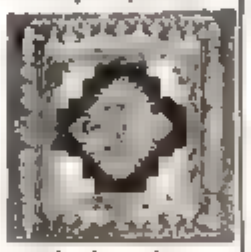

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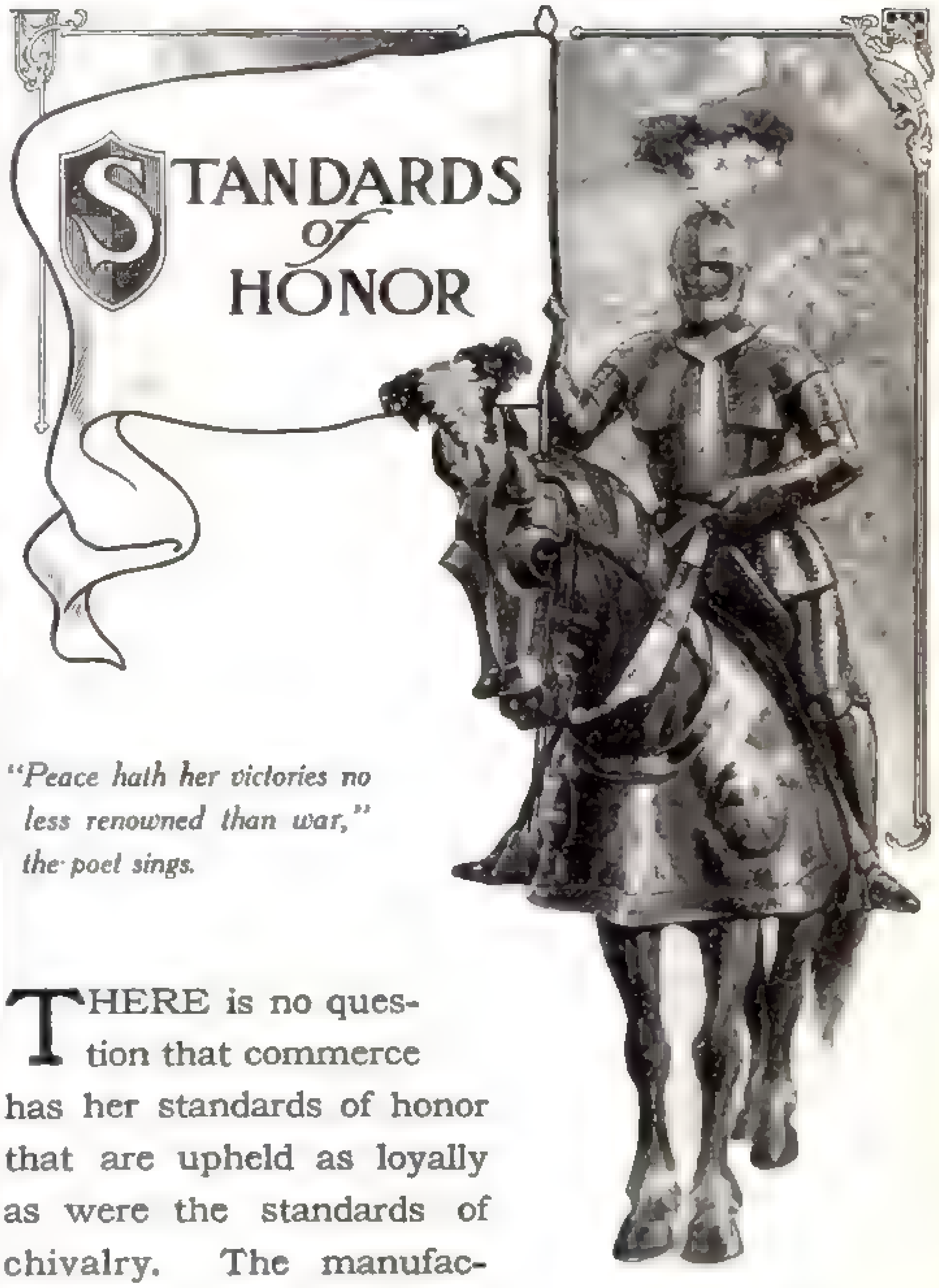
established companies show larger increases in price than almost any other class of bonds mentioned above. This increase is especially large after or during a period of depression, when stocks have been selling very low.

On the other hand, at the time of a drop in stocks, during or following a period of prosperity, a decline in convertible bonds is usually greater than that of almost any other class of bonds. Moreover, convertible bonds are usually only junior liens and, in many instances, mere debenture bonds of the issuing companies. Therefore it is a general opinion among conservative bankers that, except the very best issues, such bonds should be purchased only by the investor who systematically studies fundamental business conditions. Persons who prefer to purchase stocks are recommended seriously to consider convertible bonds; but they are not to be recommended to persons who now confine their purchases to the high-grade bonds, unless, as above stated, they are willing to study fundamental conditions.

Equipment bonds are attractive on account of the high yield. They are also usually well secured; but the best equipment bonds run for only a short period and this is one distinct objection. In a period when bonds are high, a wise investor purchases only short-term notes of about two years' duration; and in a period when bonds are cheap he purchases long-term bonds. Therefore most investors have little use for bonds running about ten or fifteen years—the usual duration of equipment bonds as they do not answer the purpose of either short or long term bonds and usually mature at the very worst possible time from an investor's point of view. Moreover, the purchaser of equipment obligations should carefully consider the value of the equipment securing the issue and always insist upon receiving a copy of the legal opinion which the firm offering the securities should have on file. The contract providing for the use of the equipment is public property and is usually printed as a part of the indenture. With equipment bonds properly secured, each car or locomotive is plainly marked so as to identify the mortgaged property; and the par value of the issue should not exceed sixty per cent of the total cost of the equipment.

Safeguards for the Conservative

Conservative investment bankers usually urge small investors to confine their purchases to first mortgage bonds or underlying liens of well-established companies—that is, bonds which are followed by large equities, either in the form of other bond issues or large stock issues representing actual paid-in cash. They advise investors to assume "a protected position," where other investors owning junior securities will, in case of any trouble, be obliged to assume charge of the reorganization, pay all assessments and expenses, and provide funds for improvements in order to save their own interests. Of course a bond issue of a given company is safer than the stock of the same company; but there are many bond issues which are not as safe as the stocks of other companies. *The safest bond issues are those followed by enough junior securities, so that, in case of a reorganization, the holders of the junior securities will be obliged to bear the burden of the receivership and to raise money to pay the interest and, if need be, the principal of the first mortgage and other underlying bonds. Therefore underlying liens of large systems are to be especially recommended,* although each of the various classes must have certain features in order that any bonds of said class can be sold. Moreover, I go further and say that, unless the bonds of any class, including first mortgage bonds, are somewhat of an underlying lien they cannot be considered among the most conservative investments. This may seem a simple statement; but, if thoroughly understood and digested by every one reading this article, the reader will have grasped the great fundamental principle of conservative investing—namely: There are both good bonds and poor bonds belonging to every one of the above-mentioned classes, and no one class has either a monopoly of all the good bonds or is immune from default; *but, if every reader will insist that his banker selects an issue which is followed by one or more other issues, he is reasonably certain to avoid any loss either of principal or interest.*



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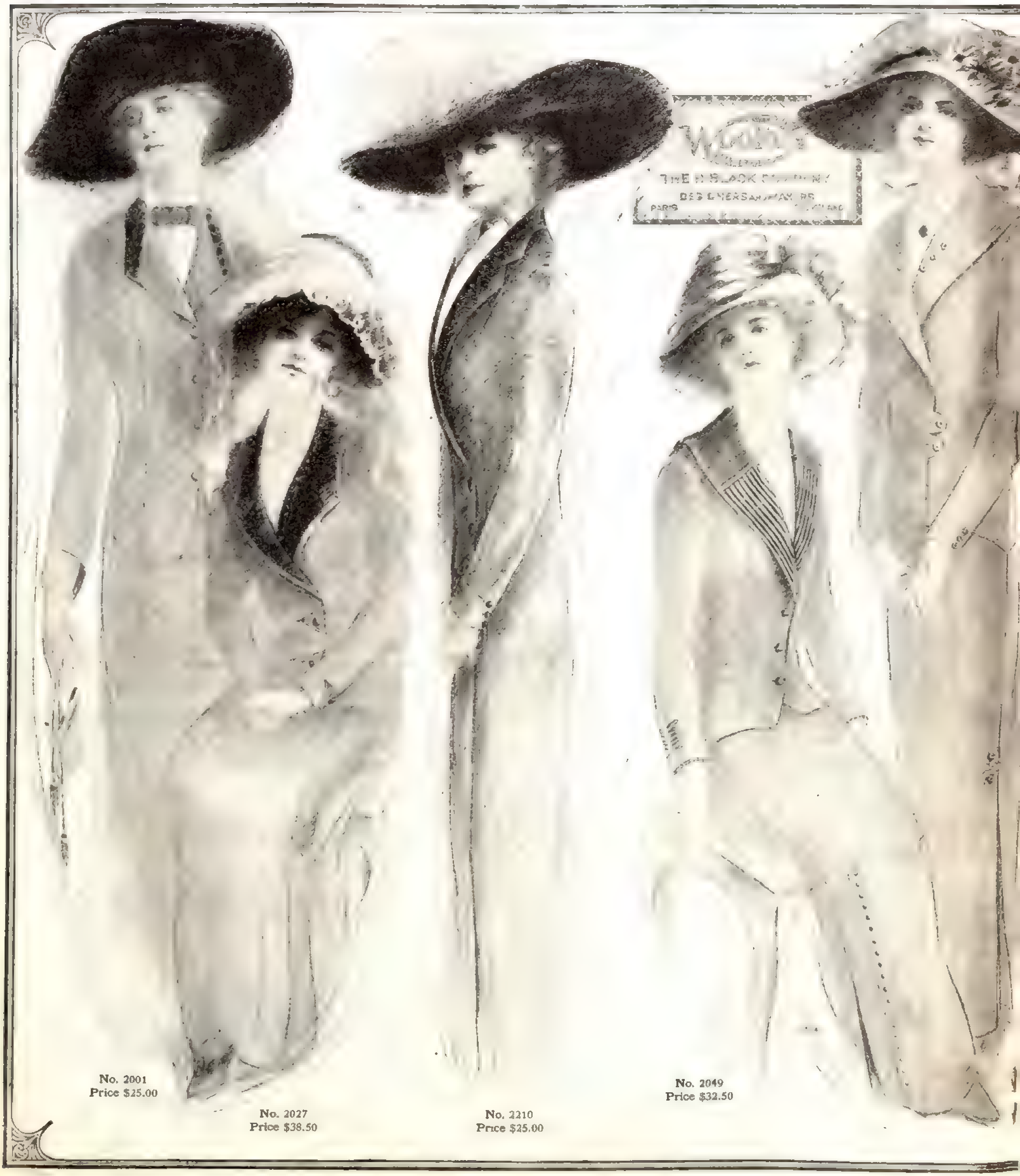
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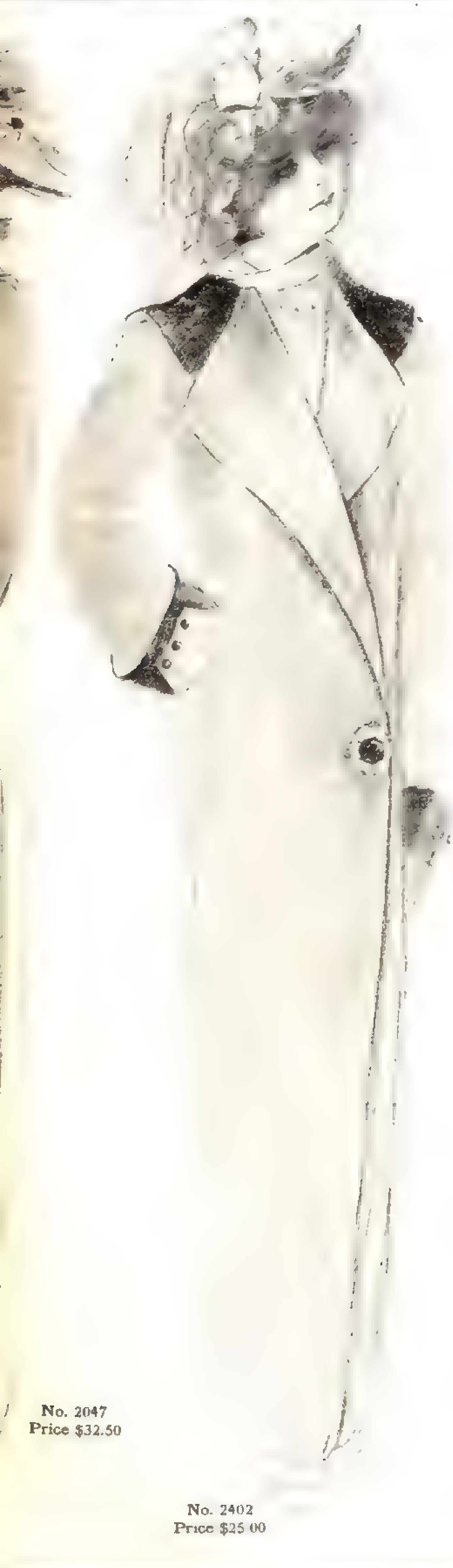

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Instead of a perishable animal or vegetable material only *temporarily* protected with a *thin layer of mineral*, such as paint, J-M Asbestos Roofing is *one solid mass* of *minerals*. Not a particle of perishable material in it.

J-M Asbestos Roofing consists of layer-on-layer of pure Asbestos Felt securely cemented together with genuine Trinidad Lake Asphalt. Asbestos is a rock, or stone, and of course stone needs no paint to make it last. And the Asphalt Cement between these stone layers is the same mineral that has withstood the severe duties of street paving for forty years.

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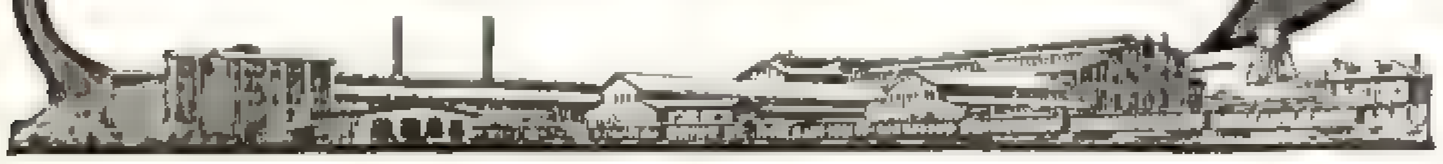

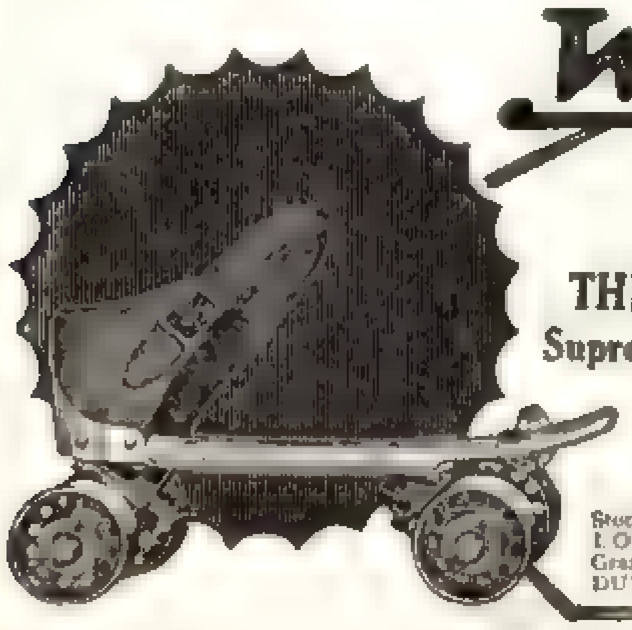

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Cowpuncher of the Present Day

THE line between the indoors and the out-of-doors is a thin and wavering one—and at times almost indistinguishable. There is no indoors man who has not a subconscious self that wants out-of-doors more or less of the time. Of the two, Jacob the house-dweller usually is the master of Esau, the tent-dweller; but the two are curiously interdependent. Certainly our civilization would be in a bad way if it were not for a great many men who work in the open air all the time for our behoof. One of these is that vague but interesting figure known as the cowpuncher, cowboy—or cattle drover, as he would have called himself in earlier days.

In the opinion of many, the cowpuncher is the perennial 'rah-'rah boy of the plains, who has little to do but look picturesque and invent impossible phrases in human speech. As a matter of fact, a real cowpuncher is very much a business man, one with large responsibilities and one requiring a special education, as well as a number of rather notable personal qualifications.

The cowpuncher must still be able to ride and rope, but he is no longer necessarily a fighting man, since Indians and robbers have pretty much disappeared from the range. In some respects his work is rather easier than it used to be, though in others it is more exacting. The long trail and the great cattle drives are gone forever. We raise cattle chiefly under fence, now, and under feed, so that the time of excitement and danger is replaced by one of humdrum industry. Once the West was a country of large extravagances and the cow business partook of its prodigality; but today we breed cattle scientifically and care for them under an exact business system. The exuberance of youth has now largely given way to the sober industry of middle age. In these changed conditions the most picturesque character of our wild West also and necessarily has changed.

Perhaps we have always admired the cowpuncher because he represented typically our own American youth and self-confidence—our disregard of law and of restraint. We have recorded in bronze, in marble and on the painted canvas our impression of the cowpuncher as, in our belief, he used to be and as we would like him still to be. He exists as a sort of Leatherstocking figure, which will perhaps go down to the future as a definite and permanent conception.

The Real Article on the Range

Indeed, the main features of the cowpuncher's calling remain today similar to those of his career in the generation gone by. His horse and its equipment must perform the same work, although both have changed in detail. So far, also, as there is any open range left today, the methods of handling cattle there exist as they always did and the requirements of the men handling cattle remain practically the same. There are just as good riders today as there ever were, although many of these were never born on the range; in fact, in the Wild West shows of the land there are many rough riders called cowpunchers who were born in the Eastern states or in old England. Also, there are more fancy ropers doing exhibition stunts today than were ever known in the past. These, whom we may call imitation articles, form themselves upon the ideal of the cowpuncher as it exists today in popular belief. Yet the genuine old-time puncher of the range, the man really bred wild and reared wild, the man of the lower trails, who had no schooling but that of the open air and his own half-savage calling, faded away not long after the advent of the Western railroads on the plains. As we are not quite like our fathers, so is the cowpuncher of today different from his own father—let us hope better in some regards.

The cow trade began after the Civil War, in the long drives of great herds of long-horned cattle from the marketless plains of Texas to the railroads of the North. The men who brought these cattle up the trail were genuine range men from the Southwest—rugged, sinewy chaps; skillful at arms, perfect riders, careless of any danger and understanding the inmost mental processes of the longhorn cow. When they got on the upper range and met the allurements of the railway towns they did some rather wild things at times; though, after all, they were not much different from the average of the drifting population of our frontier, which at that time really was a wild region. A man had to be able to take care of himself in those days. The law did little for him.

As you see the cowpuncher today he is apt to be a pretty decent chap. He is honest and his kind always has been honest. He handled property worth many thousands of dollars when the owner was not within a thousand miles and was faithful to his trust, although that meant continual discomfort and sometimes even the risking of his life. Fidelity to his brand has always been and is today the creed of the real puncher. There is no occupation of the indoors or the out-of-doors that ever showed a higher percentage or a higher grade of personal honor. Unless a cowpuncher was considerable of a man he did not stay long in the business.

What the Cowboy Does Each Day

Handling cattle demands a certain amount of education. In order to be a good cowhand it is not sufficient to be able to break a steer's neck on the rope, to ride anything that wears hair and to roll a sixshooter in each hand. At no time in his career did the profession of the cowpuncher consist merely in wearing picturesque clothes and packing a gun. His life never was a continuous round of pleasure. Even in the early days of the cow business, when the first great stretches of wire began to mark out ranges leased from the Indians or taken from the Government, there was considerable system about the cowboy's daily labor. The country was still touch-and-go. Indians still would steal stock and white men still would cut wire. Fence riding was a steady grind, for always the cattle had to be watched so that no strays could get off their range. Moreover, if wolves were bad the matter needed to be looked into; and if too many cattle were bogging down in the dried waterhole it might be necessary to throw the entire contents of that part of the range over to better water. One has seen forty head of horses and cattle dying in one waterhole bog in Texas; and the owner offered them free to any one who would pull them out.

The puncher who finds a bogged cow gets nothing for hauling her out on his rope—and very likely the cow herself repays him by charging him as soon as she sets foot on solid ground again. In the old days if it was not one thing it was another, whether the puncher lived at the home camp or at one of the line camps many miles away, and it is the same today. The day's ride may be ten miles, or twenty, or thirty—or more. Even so, the cowpuncher does not travel always at a spectacular gallop, but most frequently at a steady trot, a killing pace for the tenderfoot who follows it all day in the saddle. Life is not a continuous Wild West show for him.

In general, the day of the cowpuncher lasted from dawn till dark. His bed was his blanket-roll while in the open or his rough bunk while in camp. On some ranges, in the wintertime, quite a string of horses was kept at the home camp; and these all had to be fed, though not curried. Hardly less than military were the regulations of his calling. Indeed, the physical qualifications for range life in the earlier days were more exacting than they are for the army today, with this addition, that no one cared for the cowpuncher with medicine, surgery or well-considered rations. He rustled the best he could—like his horse; and so he must today, in somewhat similar fashion.

As desperately lazy now as then, when the chance comes, and as desperately active when there is need to be, the cowpuncher has long hours today on the average. He still must keep general supervision over the cattle; see that they are not drifting ahead of a storm—although there is so much wire today no herd can drift very far; see that they are getting water; see that they are held on their proper range.

Beauty Lines

Are in **every** woma[illegible] face. Those who have **fewest** should **cultivate** them, those who have **most** should **retain** them. **Millions** of women have found that

Ideal for the Bath.
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never failed to give the desired results in all cases.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush, mailed, 50 cents.
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M[illegible] prevent [illegible] [illegible] Turn inside-out for *typist*, counting *bills*, handling *papers*, etc

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Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush

Clean Hands for Every One by Using

BAILEY'S RUBBER TOILET BRUSH
LENGTH 6 INCHES
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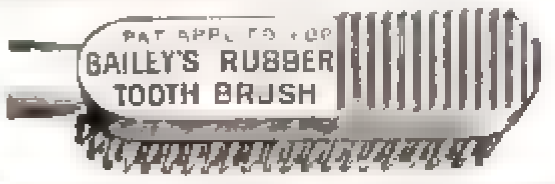
Always clean and **sanitary**, can be used by the **whole family**. Use with soap and water.



Cleans the teeth perfec[illegible] *25 cents. No. 2, 35 cents* [illegible]

Longevity is pr[illegible] declining energy and decay [illegible] low decreasing circulation.

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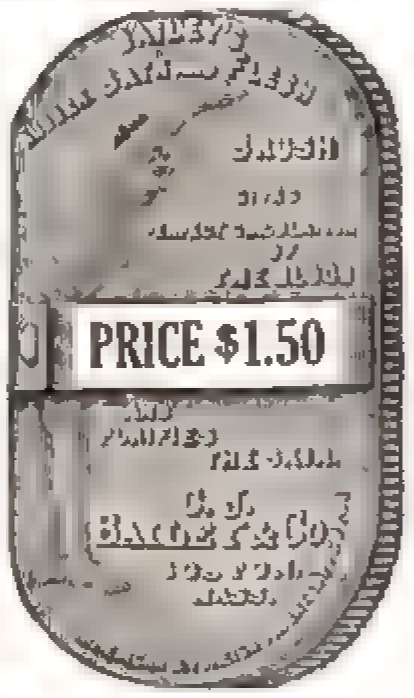
The brush used dry will give a delightful "Massage" treatment. Size 3 x 5 inches



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Bailey's Won't Slip Crutch Tip

This tip won't slip on **any surface.** Made [illegible] No. 17, [illegible] No. 18, [illegible] No. 19, [illegible] No. 21, [illegible]

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The tread surface is **positively non-slipping**, and [illegible] durable than if solid. They have proved the **most resilient, lightest** and **longest wearing** rubber [illegible] **Brains** [illegible] They will save yours by [illegible] *Applied, 50 cents per pair. Mailed, 35 cents. Send drawing of heel.*

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It is much to be suspected that cowpunchers today at times help make the hay or even lend a hand at making fence betimes. In country where there is a spring roundup their labors are much as they were in the rodeo of ancient times; and on the beef drive to the railway town their art today is much the same as it always was. Of course, since the advent of the railroads the tremendous drives from the lower to the upper ranges are no longer known.

Since the advent of wire, also, the dangers of drifts and stampedes, or "runs," as the puncher calls them, are not so frequent or so urgent as in the times when the West was one continuous out-of-doors. On actual cow duty, however, the puncher lives at the tailgate of a wagon, sleeps under his own tarpie, and stands his turn at the night watch, as his predecessor did in years past. Weather conditions have changed very little and he must take the hardships of bad weather as they come. Hating the farmer cordially, as cowpunchers have always hated farmers and nesters, he exults in these hardships, inasmuch as they set him apart from the nester breed that sleeps on goose-hair pillows and under a roof at night.

The drive and the roundup showed the cowpuncher at his best in his active calling as rider of the range. Although the drives are gone you may, perhaps even yet, see a roundup, or a sort of roundup, now and then. In a remote corner of Colorado, not so very long ago, almost all the phases of the old cow business could be seen; and in that country the mixed herds are still thrown in and off the range as spring and winter demand. East of the Rockies, on the high plains, the dry farmers are breaking up the wide range so that roundups are infrequent, except in the case of one or perhaps two or three owners; and most of the Indian reservations today are more or less under fence. The roundup, none the less, if practiced at all, is pretty much the roundup of the past. It is still the Nijni-Novgorod of the range, when owners and punchers meet and tell the news; when the winter is done and plans are making for the activities of another year. Each ranch contributes its own proportion of men and horses as of old; the chuck-wagons still roll out across the untracked country as of old; and, of all those who assemble, a captain is elected to assign each to his duties and to have control of the general operations. This is because the old law of the range still obtains, the cattle being known only by their brands and the brands, of course, being much mingled on the unfenced range. Today, as of old, the calf belongs to the man whose brand is on the cow with which that calf runs. Today, as of old, broncos are gay in the springtime. And today, as of old, the riding of the rough cow country is sometimes wild and furious. No industry of any time of our history has offered scenes of swifter or more picturesque action than this gathering of the hoofed property of the open plains and the outdoor men who handle it for the benefit of indoor dwellers.

The Old Law of the Brand

After the gathering of the clans, the roundup captain assigns duties for each man under his charge. The younger boys are apt to draw the jobs of night-wrangling the horse band or, at least, the early morning assembling. Each man must have several horses, for now there will be abundant work to do. Each will take his first mount in the morning out of the bunch as it is driven up to the camp into the rope corral, quickly made by stretching ropes from one wagon-wheel to another, or to some stake or pole. The cow pony that sees himself selected for the first ride of the day is apt to duck and dodge; but, once the noose settles on his neck, he willingly submits to be led out. If he is mean and pitches he has to be ridden, if there is none better; but steady cowpunchers do not ride bad horses for the fun of it.

In all the dust and confusion of the roundup there is an exact system. This cowpuncher and his fellow are to comb out such-and-such a part of the foothills; another goes deeper in toward the mountains. These watch the watering places; others go out over the flats. The duty of all is to bring into the roundup herd, at the appointed place not far from the camp, all the unbranded cattle held by that part of the range. By driblets and strings, in lines and bunches, hour by hour, these

THE
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Steam or Hot Water
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Probably Costs More Than Any Other Heater, But—

It Positively Reduces Coal Bills

because it successfully burns No. 1 Buckwheat Hard Coal, costing from ***$2 to $3 less per ton*** than the size used in ordinary heaters, and uses no more tons.

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in ordinary weather—never more than twice in severe. This is because of the "Spencer" Magazine, which holds from 12 to 24 hours' coal supply. The "Spencer" is the only successful magazine feed, owing to its water-jacketing and patented raised grates.

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The "Spencer," being a combination water tube and return tubular boiler, is the quickest and most efficient steaming device known.

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Tie a string around the smoke pipe of an ordinary heater—it will quickly burn thru, showing the great amount of heat going up the chimney. Tied about the smoke pipe of a "Spencer," the string will remain intact indefinitely, showing that the "Spencer" utilizes the heat liberated in the firepot. Thermometer tests show a saving of more than 100 degrees.

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During early Fall and late Spring, with a horizontal "Spencer," you need but one side of the heater, thus cutting coal consumption in half.

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the "Spencer" is a splendid dividend-paying proposition. Its saving in coal alone will easily pay for it in a few seasons. Many "Spencer" owners report $100 and more saved annually, while hundreds of "Spencers" installed 20 years ago are still saving this amount yearly.

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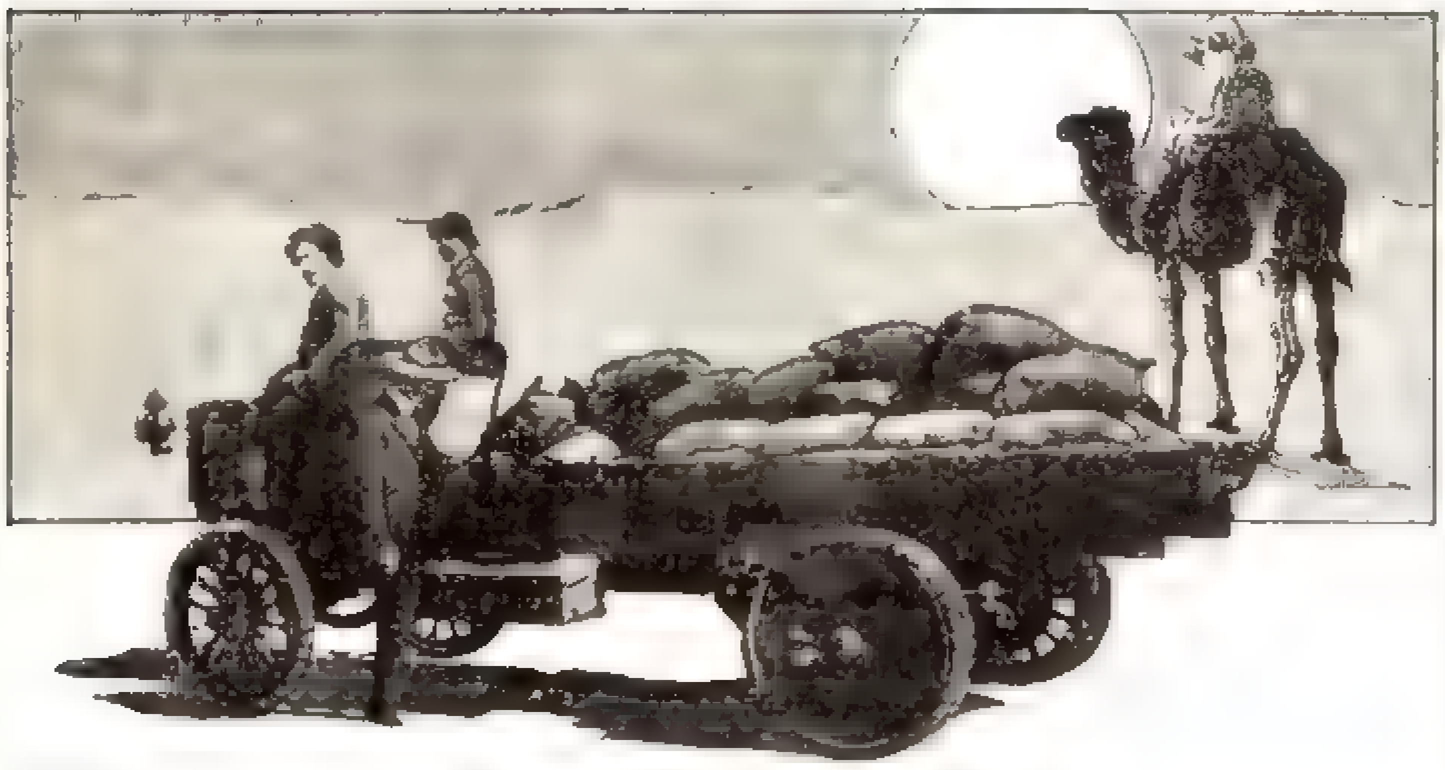

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This
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an air-cooled, **blower-cooled** car is beating the water-cooled trucks **at their own game** in the intense heat of the Arizona deserts.

Read what the operators of this truck say in regard to its work:

KELLY MOTOR TRUCK CO.,
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Gentlemen: — This picture shows your 3-ton truck with a 2-ton load of ore ready for a 40-mile drive to the smelter across the desert and mountains of Arizona. This truck has traveled 7,000 miles in nine (9) months, with a monthly cost of up-keep, including new tires, of $50.00.

This truck is practical and eminently suited for long distance and hard service.

CABABI MINING COMPANY
C. N. WILSON, *President*

THE truck that made this 7,000-mile record back and forth across the Arizona desert is the truck that will do your hauling better and more economically than it has ever been done before.

This is just one more instance of what this truck, that won the trophies at Philadelphia, Boston and New York, is doing in everyday service in all branches of industry. Write us for full information regarding the work of the Kelly Motor Truck in your *particular* industry — also ask us to arrange for your demonstration with your nearest Kelly Motor Truck representative.

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GO TO your dealer and ask him to show you the ***custom idea*** *in ready-to-wear* ***Shirts.*** *If you are unable to find them in your vicinity, tell us so. Better still, send for* ***your*** *copy of the* ***"Gotham" Book*** *of* ***Shirt Styles*** *for 1911.*

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half-wild cattle are driven in. It takes riding—and hard riding—to assemble them. And when the herd is made the riding is yet harder; and the cowpuncher changes his mount many times a day. The cow and calf ducking and plunging into the middle of the milling herd must be followed. The brand must be identified and the calf must be branded. One calf after another skates up to the branding fire, drawn by this or that leg more or less rudely. As the brand is called, the proper iron is brought from the nearest fire and the tally man credits this calf properly on his records.

There are apt to be more disputes over brands today than formerly was the case, for in the old days the law of generosity and largeness governed more than it does now. The system of the cow business, none the less—with all its cattle associations, its inspectors at the stockyards and the like—is based on the old law of the range that the calf belongs with the cow and that the man who would alter a brand is a dangerous criminal. The application of this law to horned kine still requires skill in the profession of riding and roping. A band of dry farmers and nesters would make sorry work in a big roundup. They could not hold the mixed herd, nor keep the cut from breaking back into the greater body. They would not "savvy cow."

After the spring roundup the work of the cowpuncher today depends largely upon the size of the range that his herd covers. Wolfing is not as arduous as once it was, but once in a while a coyote gives a run for the ranch pack. The range and its occupants require general watchguarding. Care is taken that the cattle shall find water; and sometimes the puncher must turn mechanic at a crippled windmill, a thing he once would have despised. Keen-eyed as a sailor, as he rides he keeps a lookout. If you rode with him you would find that you needed field glasses to tell the distant brand that he himself determines offhand and with careless certainty. All the little things, from loco-weed to lobo footprints, are for him to notice. Let us hope that he does not have to run a mowing machine; for, if so, his heart indeed is broken.

When the Puncher Comes to Town

Even today the second harvest of the range—that of the fall beef cut—must be made by horse and saddle; and these fatted steers must be driven on foot to the nearest railway point now as in the past. Again you will see the chuck-wagon and the bedrolls of the punchers, and the horse band also, though not so large as in the spring. Perhaps half a dozen boys may come in with a heavy fall shipment of a big ranch. No hard riding now, but easy and gentle nursing of these fat kine, which may lose a thousand dollars' worth of beef if they start on a run. Slowly and steadily the herd of beeves is worked on to the pens at the shipping point. Perhaps this is their first acquaintance with tall wooden fences and steam cars, and that sort of thing; so they are wild and nervous. Now the boys use cow talk to their charges, doing all they can to keep them in possession of their faculties. The foreman heads the line into the wide-thrown wing that leads to the narrowing lane and ultimately to the pens and chutes. A handy bunch of beeves is coaxed and led and gentled into the lane, and everybody takes a sigh of relief when the big gates close behind them. Then the punchers go back and do it over again, until the pens are full and the cattle are driven up the steep chutes and packed into the stock cars for their journey to the Eastern markets. Here, also, the tenderfoot, or the nester fresh from his hayfield, would learn that cowpunching is something of a profession.

After the beef cut is in times are a little easier for our friend of the range; but there is always something for him to do in these canny days of evolutionized cattle raising. The typical herdowner of today is a business man and does not overlook so many bets as did his wide-hatted progenitor in days gone by. Hardhearted, however, must be the boss who will call all his boys together for the back trail and not give them at least a night or so in town. Perhaps even one or two may go on with the beeves to the distant city. Those who do are not apt to appear on the streets in chaps and spurs today. Times have changed. These

(Concluded on Page 45)

Pumps Tires
Without Work
In 2 Minutes!

$18
Complete

The Goodyear Air Bottle
Abolishes the Back-Breaking Drudgery of Pumping Tires by Hand

Attach the hose to the valve, turn a screw [illegible] till the tire is inflated to *exactly correct pressure.* Then the air automatically shuts off.

Contrast that automatic pumping system with muscle-racking hand pumping that kills half the joys of the trip. Never again after a tire's pumped, will you jump back into the car puffing and sore-muscled from *human pumping*, once you carry a

GOODYEAR
Air Bottle

For that ends *pumping's* connection with *work!* The hand-blistering pumping job is gone forever. It is a proved fact that 90% of tire troubles result from *under-inflation.* Under-inflated tires give out quickly. By allowing the *air bottle* to do your pumping, under-inflation is impossible, for the device inflates your tires to *exactly the correct pressure ALWAYS.* This feature alone makes tires last 50% longer, and by itself is worth double the bottle's cost.

This seamless steel bottle is filled with compressed pure air—no gas. The bottle holds enough to partially inflate 75 to 100 tires—to fully inflate up to 35 tires, according to size. We refill the bottle for $1.00 at all points east of the Mississippi, and $1.25 west. Simply turn it in at any Goodyear branch or agency and receive a new already-charged bottle without waiting an instant. Fits neatly to the running board of any machine. *Cannot freeze up.*

Don't pump tires by hand any more—the Goodyear Air Bottle will do your pumping many years for $18—its cost complete. And in addition you *get double the tire mileage.* It's worth it to be free from pumping drudgery.

Send no money. Simply mail us the order below—it involves no obligation. It will bring a Goodyear Air Bottle to your office or home—then you may approve the choice or reject it. Please tear out and mail the order at once—*NOW.* Address

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Aircourt Ave., Akron, Ohio

Send me a Goodyear Air Bottle.

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Address
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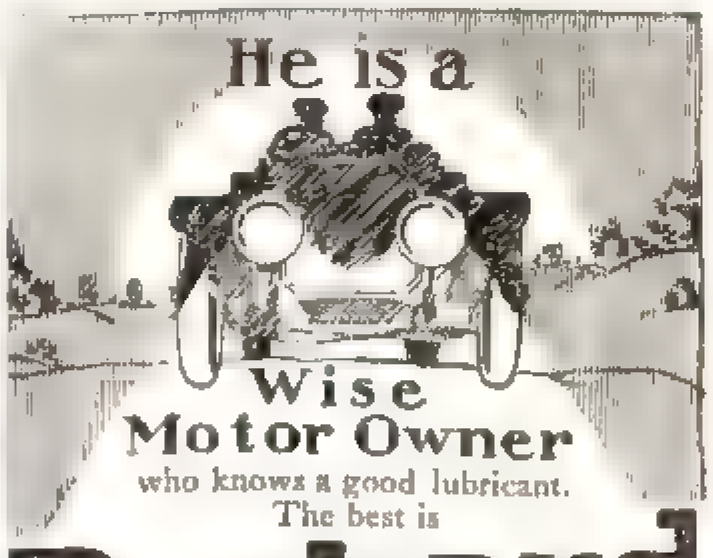

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RICE'S MILL WHITE

TWENTY-FIVE per cent better light in your plant. Better sanitation, more and better output, utilization of space. You can get these results with Rice's Mill White, "The Paint that Brims over with Sunlight."

Repeated tests of this new paint have proved its superior efficiency. They have demonstrated its higher refractive power—its sanitary value—have shown that its firm, glossy surface will not crack and fall in flakes or dust upon machinery and product.

But of more practical interest to you than any such tests, is the actual experience of manufacturers. Hundreds of the leading mills and factories in the country in scores of different lines, have solved the light problem with Rice's Mill White.

A glance at the partial list of users on this page will show you some of the many manufacturing plants in which it is "making good."

You also, will find that viewed as equipment, it is the best investment that you can make. You will find that it will mean the dispelling of shadows and microbes under the influence of sunlight. That it will mean better light on your machinery. That it will lengthen daylight hours and save artificial light, giving fullest value to every ray. That it stays white longest. That it means clean buildings that *stay clean.*

You will find that dust will not adhere to its impenetrable gloss, that oil and soot are easily removed, that it gives no lodgment to germs. Repeated washings do not impair its surface.

Every advantage of an enamel—with none of its disadvantages. It does not drag the brush but flows freely and lays evenly and smoothly. Can be laid with a four inch brush, saving labor cost. Two coats will cover your walls as well as three of lead and oil on new wood.

Especially tough and elastic, it withstands the jar of machinery. No matter how heavy your machines may be, the vibration they cause will not crack its surface.

Prove it on your walls and you will find how much cheaper it is, because of higher efficiency and greater sanitary value. Make your own test of its merits.

A Gallon Can of Rice's Mill White—Free

If you have 20,000 or more square feet of wall and ceiling space to cover, write to us and we will send you, free of cost, except expressage, a gallon can of Rice's Mill White. Fill out and attach the coupon to your letter head.

We extend this offer only to those having 20,000 or more square feet to cover, one coat, or 10,000 square feet, two coats.

Rice's Mill White comes to you in our "Automix" Barrel. It is sold direct to the user and in barrel lots only—a barrel covering 20,000 square feet, one coat.

Let our paint experts aid you with our free consultation service. Write us your special conditions, and we will advise you how to obtain ***maximum paint efficiency.***

United States Gutta Percha Paint Company

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A few of the hundreds of big manufacturing plants that use Rice's Mill White.

Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, N. Y.
Gillette Safety Razor Co.
Boston, Mass.
Lancaster Mills, Clinton, Mass.
Whitin Machine Co.
Whitinsville, Mass.
Waltham Watch Co.
Waltham, Mass.
New Nashawena Mill
New Bedford, Mass.
Graniteville Mfg. Co.
Graniteville, S. C.
West Point Mfg. Co.
West Point, Ga.
Cluett, Peabody & Co.
Troy, N. Y.
Quissett Mill, New Bedford, Mass.
Berkshire Cotton Mfg. Co.
Adams, Mass.
Royal Typewriter Co.
Hartford, Conn.
Foster Machine Co.
Westfield, Mass.
Bullard Machine Tool Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Massachusetts Mills in Georgia
Lindale, Ga.
The Pell City Mfg. Co.
Pell City, Ala.
Indian Head Mills of Alabama
Cordova, Ala.
Pelzer Mfg. Co., Greenville, S. C.
Waterbury Farrel Foundry and Machine Co., Waterbury, Conn.
Tremont & Suffolk Mills
Lowell, Mass.
Whitman Mills
New Bedford, Mass.
General Fire Extinguisher Co.
Providence, R. I.
Diamond Chain & Mfg. Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Chadwick-Hoskins Co.
Charlotte, N. C.
Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Brighton Mills, Passaic, N. J.
Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass.
William A. Slater Mills
Jewett City, Conn.
Boott Mills, Lowell, Mass.
Seaconnett Mills, Fall River, Mass.
Fall River Bleachery
Fall River, Mass.
Massachusetts Cotton Mills
Lowell, Mass.
Baird-North Co., Providence, R. I.

Cheney Brothers Silk Mills, South Manchester, Conn., treated with Rice's Mill White

COUPON

(This to be attached to your letter-head.)

**United States Gutta Percha Paint Co.,
Providence, R. I.**

Please send to us free of charge, except expressage, a gallon can of Rice's Mill White.

We have ______________ square feet of walls and ceiling space to cover

Firm Name

Address

The Multigraph in its simplest form, for multiple typewriting. Can be adapted for printing without interfering with its primary use.

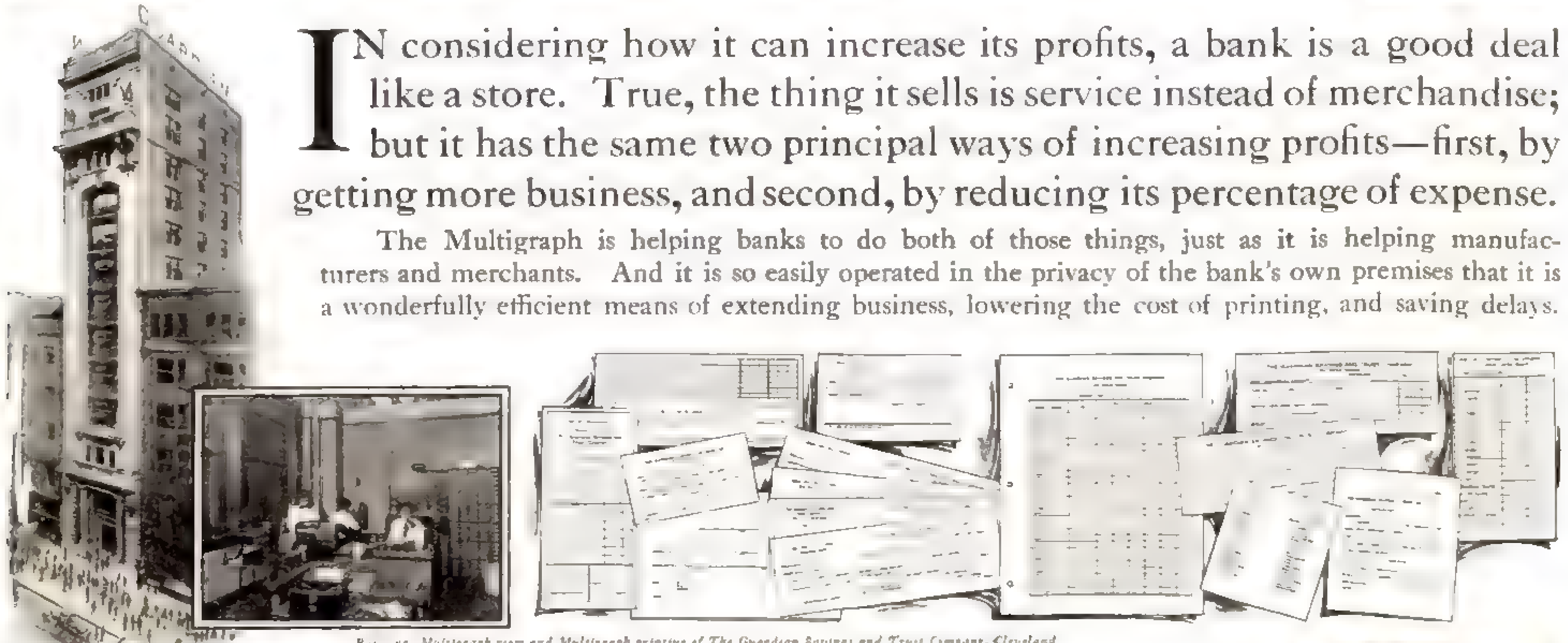
THE MULTIGRAPH

How it Adds to the Profits of Banking Houses, Large or Small, by Getting More Business and Reducing Expense

The fourth of a series of advertisements dealing with Multigraph applications to various lines of endeavor. Prior subjects: Retailing, manufacturing and wholesaling. Others will follow—but don't wait. Write us now for the application to your own business.

IN considering how it can increase its profits, a bank is a good deal like a store. True, the thing it sells is service instead of merchandise; but it has the same two principal ways of increasing profits—first, by getting more business, and second, by reducing its percentage of expense.

The Multigraph is helping banks to do both of those things, just as it is helping manufacturers and merchants. And it is so easily operated in the privacy of the bank's own premises that it is a wonderfully efficient means of extending business, lowering the cost of printing, and saving delays.



Building, Multigraph room and Multigraph printing of The Guardian Savings and Trust Company, Cleveland

Two Instances that Show the Adaptability of the Multigraph to Banking Needs

THE Guardian Savings and Trust Company, of Cleveland, with its capital and surplus of $2,000,000, presents a typical instance of the ways in which a large bank can profit by using the Multigraph.

It uses Multigraph letters for the furtherance of its business in every department, and especially in securing and developing small savings accounts. For example, one Multigraph letter sent to two thousand members of a labor organization brought new accounts with initial deposits amounting to $3833.00. It also uses the Multigraph for printing many of its forms—including those reproduced above. Here is what the bank's advertising manager says of the Multigraph

"There was some very strong opposition to the machine in the beginning, but after we had succeeded in showing satisfactory work, at a saving of about 50%, the objection gradually turned to commendation, so that now (I am sorry to say) we are constantly asked to do so much more printing that it interferes with my own department work; but of course, all orders are 'cheerfully received' and executed. The Multigraph has become a permanent feature of our bank, and it would be impossible to dispense with its services."

THAT a small bank will grow larger if it makes right use of the Multigraph is shown by the experience of J. F. Wild & Co., State Bank, located at Indianapolis.

The development of this bank has come largely through Multigraph letters Its business-getting methods also include folders and letter-enclosures printed on the Multigraph. It reduces expense by using the Multigraph to print deposit-slips, receipts, counter checks and other stationery; and this saving permits it almost to double the amount previously spent on publicity. The cashier writes thus:

"Our mailing-list was originally 5,000. After we installed our first Multigraph we increased it to 10,000. From the time the new combination letter and circular printing outfit was installed, we have been steadily increasing our list until it now numbers about 20,000 live prospects. We produce our literature in clean-cut, attractive shape at a saving in printing-cost that *more than pays for the big increase in mailing-cost.*

"In addition we are producing, right here in the bank, blank forms at a saving of 85% on our former printing-bills."

The Multigraph—What it Is, and What it Does

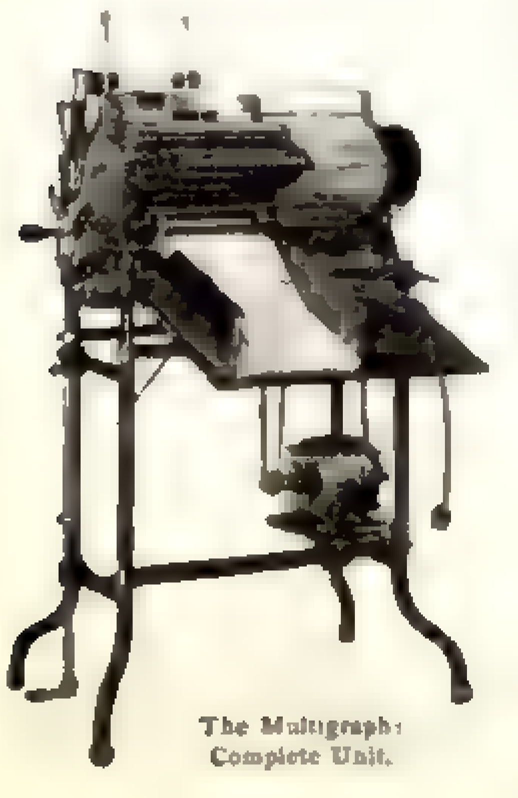
PRIMARILY a rapid means of producing typewritten forms, later improvements have made the Multigraph a complete rotary printing-press for office use, without in any way interfering with its use as a multiple typewriter.

It occupies no more space than the average typewriter desk. Your own employees can quickly learn to operate it. Driven by hand or electricity, it turns out from 1200 to 5000 typewritten or printed sheets an hour. It can be fed by hand or automatically; and its operation is as simple as it is rapid.

Used as a multiple typewriter, it turns out as many sheets in an hour as an ordinary typewriter could turn out in a month. The principle is the same—the impact of metal type, through an inked ribbon, upon a small rubber cylinder; but through the rotary movement you get a full form, instead of a single character, at each movement of the machine. The type-setting is semi-automatic—move the indicator to the character desired, depress a key, and the character is transferred to the printing-drum, without touching a finger to type Just one proof-reading, and every impression is right—a perfect specimen of actual typewriting, matched to the ribbon of your correspondence typewriter, and even to the touch of its operator.

Used as a rapid rotary printing-press, it will turn out real printing, with real printing-ink—or aniline if you prefer it. You can print from the initial equipment of typewriter or Gothic type, set semi-automatically You can choose from ninety-seven different sizes and styles of display type, to be hand-set. And by means of electrotype plates you can reproduce any style or size of type you wish, besides line-engravings, borders and ornaments, in a manner that would do credit to a good printer.

And you can save 25% to 75% of your average annual printing-cost.



The Multigraph: Complete Unit.

Write today for "More Profit with the Multigraph"

It is a booklet of concise information about the Multigraph. Write today on your business stationery, and with it we'll send some definite suggestions concerning your business.

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

Before we sell you a Multigraph, our representative's report must prove to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to yours, that you have a profitable use for it.

The Universal Folding-Machine for Office Use

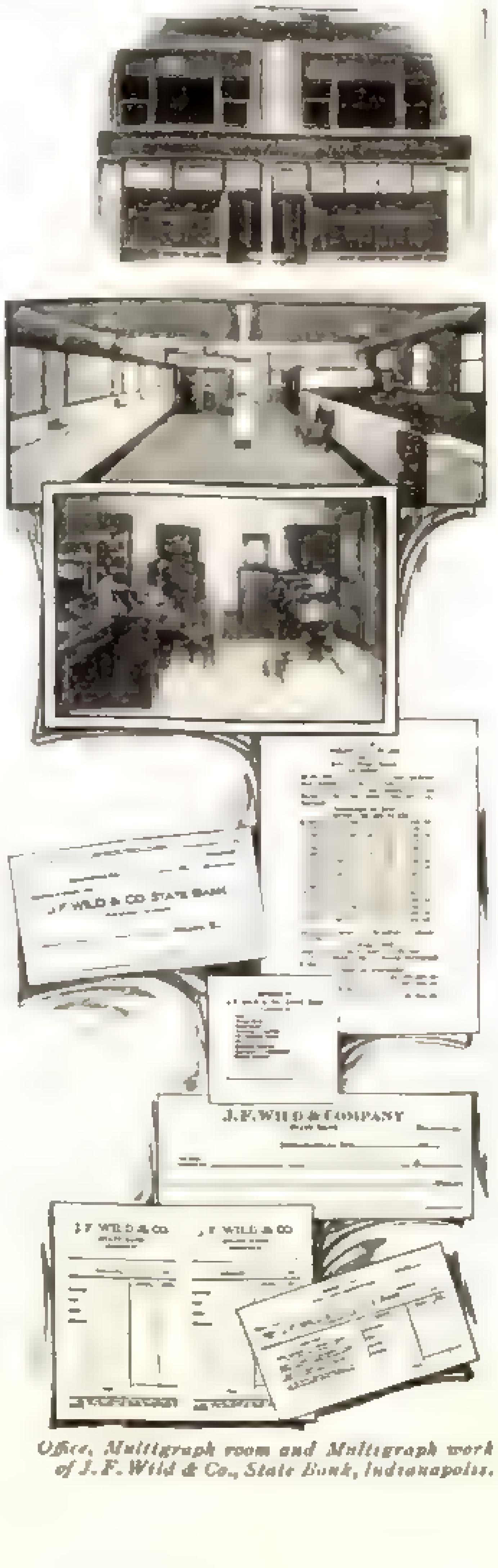
Makes all customary folds in letters, circulars, folders, booklets, and the like, at a cost of 2c to 3c a thousand folds, as against hand-folding cost of 10c to 45c a thousand.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

BRANCH OFFICES—Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; Birmingham, Ala.; Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Ft. Worth, Tex.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Houston, Tex.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Little Rock, Ark.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Montreal, Que.; Muncie, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N. J.; New Orleans, La.; New York City; Norfolk, Va.; Oakland, Cal.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R. I.; Richmond, Va.; Rochester, N. Y.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Francisco, Cal.; Scranton, Pa.; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B. C.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wichita, Kans.; Winnipeg, Man.

European Representatives: **The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E. C., England**



Office, Multigraph room and Multigraph work of J. F. Wild & Co., State Bank, Indianapolis.

NOTASEME

(*Perfect Process*)

Silk-Lisle Hosiery

Costs you 25¢ – Quite useless for anyone to pay more

Whether traveling or at home, wherever you see Notaseme Hosiery you see evidence of good taste, good judgment, the right kind of economy.

Notaseme Silk-Lisle Hosiery

Wears Like **"Sixty,"** *Looks Like* **"Fifty,"**
Costs But **Twenty-five**

Colors are lustrous and absolutely permanent. Sizes accurate and uniform.

The "fuzz" that makes some stockings look so ordinary after washing, is taken off the *yarn* used in Notaseme hose, by the Notaseme Perfect Process.

Notaseme 4 ply *cable-twist* heels and toes, though soft and flexible, are of amazing long wear.

We don't **charge you** for "insuring" Notaseme hosiery—but, if a pair fails to satisfy, your dealer will hand you a new pair free.

We also make Notaseme Pure Silk Hose, 50¢

If your dealer has none in stock we will send post paid a pair of silk-lisle on receipt of 25c, coin or stamps, or pure silk on receipt of 50c

NOTASEME HOSIERY CO., Philadelphia

Let Us Send You This

EUREKA

ELECTRIC CLEANER

On FREE Trial

Then if you like it the price is only $35 delivered.

If not, the trial costs you nothing.

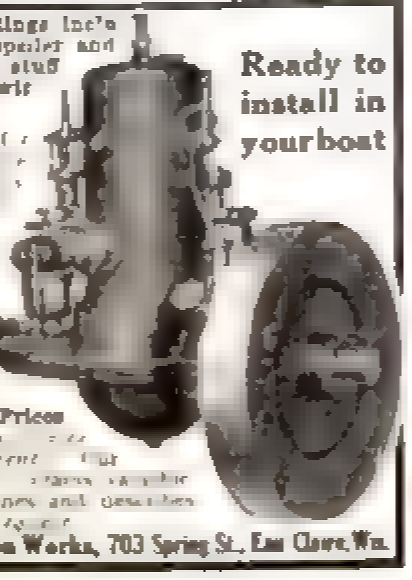
Any broom, brush, cloth, or other dry cleaner that does not suck in every particle of dust it raises is not only unclean, but unhealthful. No other indoor dry method of cleaning [illegible] really clean. [illegible] **Quickly Pays for itself** [illegible] of our **Free Trial Offer**

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1231 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.
REAL AGENTS WANTED.

$40 2 H. P. Complete

With fittings including propeller and shafting stuffing box, wiring, etc

Ready to install in your boat



This is a powerful engine [illegible]

3, 4, 5, 6 and 10 H. P. Prices are in Proportion. [illegible] Engine Book No. [illegible] facts about Marine Engines and describes complete line. *Free on request*

Northwestern Steel & Iron Works, 703 Spring St., Eau Claire, Wis.

(Concluded from Page 42)

cattle that come in have not long horns and the boys who bring them do not wear long hair.

Today, as in the past, the cowpuncher does not come from any definite part of the country. He simply happens. Of fat cowpunchers there are still but few and of good horsemen there are many. The puncher today is apt to be as steady-eyed, as self-reliant, as courteous and hospitable as of old. In general, he will look much as he did twenty years ago. Perhaps today chaps are not so common and extremes in costume are less often met with. There has not been for a long time, if ever there was, any real uniform of the cowpuncher, as many Eastern writers and artists would have us believe. Let us say that our friend wears the hat that suits him—the clothes that he can get at the railway town. Perhaps his boots will not have high heels; although he no more likes his foot to go through the round and narrow stirrup of today than he liked it to go into the flat-bottomed affair that marked the range a quarter century ago. The horn of his saddle is apt to be smaller than it was at that time, and you see roll-front saddles where once they were unknown. In general, however, the saddle, whether center-fire or double-cinch, is on the lines of the old Spanish cowsaddle, which has come down without distinct change.

The Land of the Canned Tomato

We do not see so much fancy work on saddles and bridles as we did twenty or thirty years ago; and spurs are simpler, hats less decorated. The whole profession is toning down and growing more colorless and sober. The cowpuncher of today, however, is apt to be as much burned by sun and weather as ever he was. The kerchief has not gone from his neck, nor does the waistcoat frequently protect his middle. He rides a larger horse than formerly and one of better blood; but he rides him just as well. He himself is about as good a man—perhaps higher in moral type than ever he was. He can rope well enough for all the requirements of modern cattle raising and there is no longer need for him either to pack a gun or to know how to shoot it.

You no longer see the whole yard in front of the home ranch kneedeep in cartridge shells. Perhaps the home-ranch cookery is just a trifle better than it used to be; and perhaps there are punchers today who will eat eggs, milk and butter, which once they knew not or scorned. Today, as of yore, the canned tomato, grateful and comforting in a thirsty land, is the mainstay of the puncher's soul. The quaint conceit of his mind and the eccentricity of his wit have not wholly departed. Yet today you will find occasional college men riding the range—for a time, at least. They do not change the range. The range changes them.

The touch of civilization has come and altered our friend somewhat, in spite of all. Yet the young manhood of America still is enlisted in these ranks to a considerable extent and the creed of the range is as it always was. A puncher is a part of a vast and well-organized system of business. In that work a man must be game; he must take his turn in the day's work, shirk nothing, be square in all things and be loyal to the brand. In short, he must stand the acid, as the Western mining-camp phrase goes. There is abundance of young manhood to stand all these tests. If, tomorrow, all the wire were wiped from the range, and if all the nesters were on their way back to their wives' folks in the states, and if the old cow trade were back to all its old loose, large-handed ways—we should not have to wait twenty-four hours before the regiments of cowpunchers were in the saddle, themselves also reverting easily and readily to the ways and times out of which originally they came. Today, as then, the cowpuncher would be a good deal of a man. Today, as then, he would despise all fakes and imitations. And—ah, if today were only yesterday on the range!

Chalmers Talk Number Six

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car.

YOU may have tried to reduce this automobile question to a matter of figures. To cylinder bores, valve sizes, diameter of crank shaft, length of springs, horse power ratings, and all that sort of thing.

We confess we used to do the same. But we left off some time ago. So will you. We have found that *building* the right kind of cars is something more than arithmetic, and you will find that *selecting* the right kind is, too. You have probably noticed the striking similarity in the general dimensions of most cars.

Then you will ask: "How is one to know what car to buy? Why buy one car rather than another"? In our opinion the answer to these questions is the answer to that much abused question—"What's in a name"?

And the answer is: "There's everything in a name".

The name on a motor car stands for the total that has been accomplished with the materials and specifications. Many cars with specifications that seemed absolutely right turned out to be unsuccessful cars. Really good cars are the result of a thousand great and small things which do not appear in the specifications—which figures will not account for.

Certain names come to stand for those thousand great and small things. You buy a certain car because it has the name—the reputation—and that is the best reason in the world because reputation is the result of merit in the goods. We hope the name Chalmers on a motor car means something to you.

Chalmers "30" $1500

Chalmers "Forty" $2800

In the Finish Assembling Room which occupies a whole floor of one of the main buildings of the Chalmers plant, the [illegible]

Chalmers Motor Company
Detroit Mich

The *Elastic-Knit* *Feather-Weight* Lewis Union Suit

For Summer. Note the "Three-Quarter" Length

Three-Quarter Length

Here's a "tailored" union suit with tailor-made fit—the product of the *originators* of union suits for men. It sells for $2 to $3 a suit. It is made from imported Sea Island Cotton, mercerized—it feels like silk, has the Lewis "overlocked" flat seams, double-strength button holes of silk and tough pearl buttons.

Every inch of the elastic-knit fabric sets close to the body, but not a thread "binds." Its great elasticity allows absolutely free movement, yet retains the shape.

The "Three-Quarter" length gives a "hold" for the garter, yet avoids a double thickness around the ankle.

No other underwear has all these features. Lewis Union Suits are unique both in features and quality. For fit, finish and price there is nothing else equal to this "Three-Quarter" suit. It's the one union suit at $2 to $3 that really fits to perfection.

LEWIS Underwear

Ask your dealer to show it to you today. Also the "Brief Lewis-Suit" a *loose*-fitting, *porous cloth* union suit at $1.50 to $2.50 a suit and our higher priced goods.

If your dealer hasn't these suits send us his name and we'll name one who has. Look for the Lewis trade-mark when you buy.

LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY
Originators of Union Suits for Men
JANESVILLE, WIS. (2)

200 BUILDING PLANS

"**MacLagan's Suburban Homes**" is a big book of over [illegible] Building Plans of Bungalows, Suburban and Country Homes, actually erected, costing from $400 to $10,000. **Price 50cts.** The best book published for the home builder. Plans and specifications [illegible]

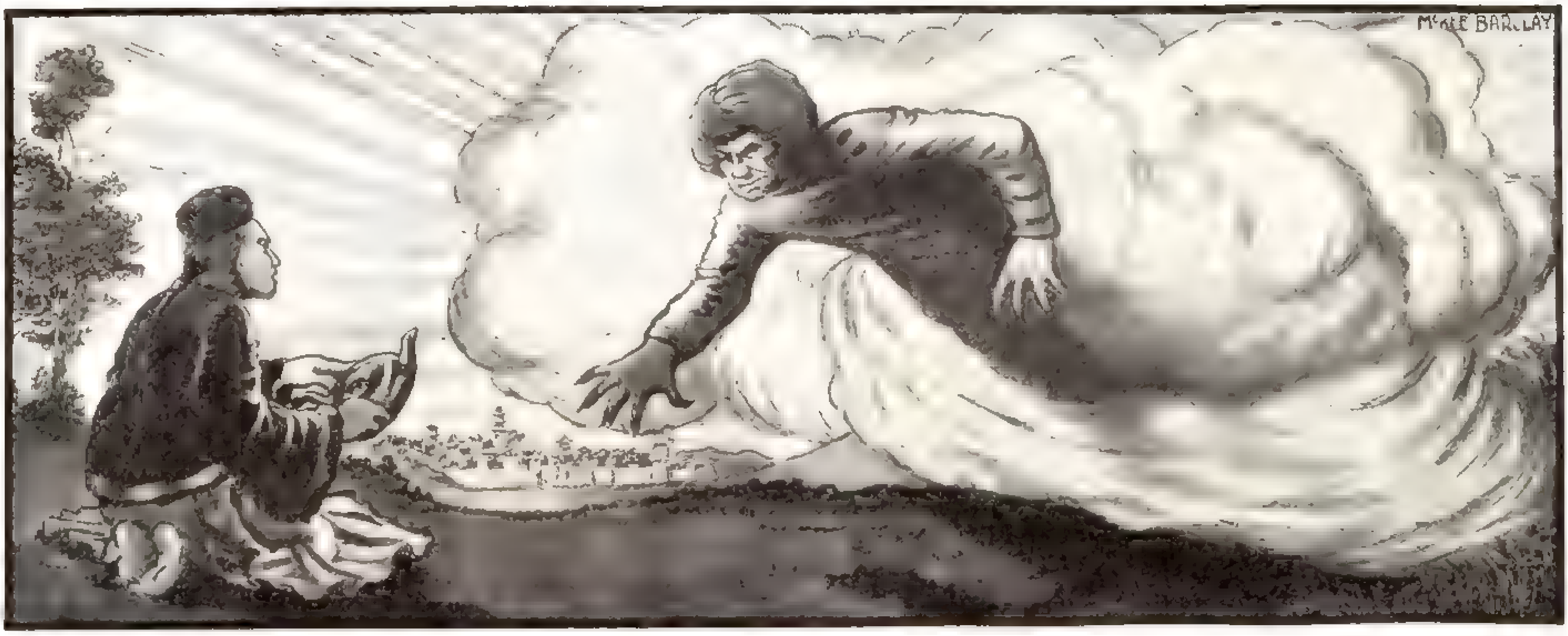
P. O. MacLAGAN, Archt.
45 Clinton St., Newark, N.J.

FOX MOTORS

Hold the World's Endurance Record

If you are interested in Motor Boats or Aeroplanes don't fail to send for our catalogue and special sales proposition. We make [illegible] motors—the most complete line in America—adapted to all requirements and sold under our money back guarantee. Dealers and Agents wanted in new territory.

The Dean Mfg. Company, 303 Front St., Newport, Ky



That modern Aladdin's Lamp —called "Advertising"

A Literature which compels Action

By Lord & Thomas

"Great is he who can change my state of mind!"

NO WORD in the whole lexicon of our American-English is so little understood, in its larger meaning, as the word "Advertising."

No vocation with such far-reaching control over the minds of millions is yet so poorly *appreciated*, in proportion to its limitless capacity for good or evil.

To compel a definite *Action* on the part of millions whom he has never seen—

—To cause the minds of these millions to work, in accord, upon an *impulse* which he transmits, via type, and sway them inexorably toward the goal he elects—

—To determine in advance that, through his will and skill, they shall make a concerted movement toward a purpose or purchase they never previously contemplated, in direct response to his printed word—

—*That* is the mission, privilege and power of the modern Advertising Man who *can* live up to his Opportunities.

Great indeed is he who can Change the State of Mind of a Nation, in *any* direction.

And, the able practitioner of true Advertising possesses nothing *less* than this splendid capacity and opportunity to *change the minds of millions at will*, through a *kind* of Literature which *compels Action.*

Measure the foregoing against the usual achievement of Literature in its other and better understood forms.

Compare, for instance, its *difficulties* and its actual tangible *accomplishments* with those of Fiction, or Editorial work.

The Test of the Golden Shower

THE professed Literary Man writes to either amuse, entertain, or instruct his Readers.

He may *choose* his theme for its *adaptation* to any of these purposes. And he will, of course, choose a *popular* one, which already has a foothold in public favor.

If he be an Editorial Writer, or News Reporter, he will deal with some subject which is already well in the eye of the Public—*timely*, full of native interest,—reasonably *sure* of a reading and appreciation through public interest in that SUBJECT itself.

If he be a Magazine Writer he will elect for his theme some situation rich in human interest—around which he can build a story to enthrall his Readers.

The Public *buys* Magazines, Newspapers, and books of Fiction because it *wants to read* certain *kinds* of Articles found therein.

And,—when the Writers of these Articles have succeeded in amusing, entertaining, or informing the Reader, their mission has generally been fully accomplished, their task honorably discharged.

Compare this with the task of the Advertising Man.

His subject is arbitrarily chosen *for him* by the hard necessities of a commercial case. He has little voice in its selection.

Usually that subject is, in itself, dry as a bone—*staled* by much use,—*discounted* in advance by Readers because of its known *commercial* purpose—

Moreover,—*his* work is likely to be seen only *after* the Reader's first appetite for reading has been satiated by perusal of the current news or the literary features for which he or she had frankly purchased the publication.

Against all these enormous *handicaps* the Advertising Man must *compete*—*in interest*—with the *literary* features of fiction or fact, if he is to command a reading at all. This, because there is usually *more* reading matter in each publication than the average person can spare *time* to cover,—exclusive of the Advertisements.

Out of that dry commercial *subject* he must first develop a human interest which *will* appeal to the *class* he aims at, in order to *compel* a reading by those who had little or no desire to consider his subject.

Next, he must lead the mind of his Reader up to *appreciation* of, and *desire* for, the Product he has to sell.

After this comes his *hardest* task of all—viz., to offset, with earnestness and *conviction*, the native suspicion Readers have of Advertising statements, resulting from long abuse of their confidence by many Advertisers who once had the fatally mistaken notion that Advertising, and "a license to Prevaricate," meant the same thing—"Caveat Emptor."

To dispel that Suspicion—and to *inspire Confidence enough* on the Reader's part so that he will put his hand into his pocket and *spend hard money* for something that he did not before *want* (as a direct result of what he had just read) is an achievement so *handicapped* and so *impressive* that the difficulties of writing to merely *entertain* pale into insignificance beside it.

Dynamic Action in Advertising

TO MAKE a man *vote* as you want him to vote—costs him *nothing* in Coin of the Realm.

But, to make him buy your $5.00 Article a thousand miles away, *through Mail Order Advertising*, for instance, costs him *five* cold dollars in real tangible coin.

(Continued on next page)

That modern Aladdin's Lamp—called "Advertising"

(Continued from preceding page)

The average man or woman being prone to stop short when to go further costs *real* money, it will be evident that the conquest of Advertising over his or her mind *must* be very complete *before* the written message results in any such *financial* Climax.

And *that* Climax is the only thing the able Advertising Man is satisfied to achieve—the only thing which the Advertiser who *knows his rights* is *willing* to pay a fraction of his returns for.

Be the Advertising ever so *interesting*, ever so *informing*, ever so *cleverly* written—even though it leads thousands of people 50% of the way *toward* the Climax aimed at, it must be reckoned a failure *unless* it actually and ultimately produces *the Cash*, in sufficient volume to pay a handsome profit over the cost of the Merchandise, plus advertising Space and Service.

To be able to do this *every* time, with practically *every* subject undertaken, is the supreme test to which the Higher Advertising *can* be put, and is being put.

And, to those few practitioners of the Higher Advertising who *can* do it the *profession* of Advertising offers reward probably beyond that paid by any other for similar effort

—Reward which must *increase* yearly with a fast growing *appreciation* of the ability, experience, analytical power, perception and concentration such work requires, in order to be *able* to produce it

So, some of the *greatest* minds now developing in our Universities may well look toward this *new* "Profession" of Advertising as one which *can utilize* and *will pay for* the *best* brains, in America.

Now the object of this Article is not to directly *sell* Advertising.

It is to obtain *for* Advertising the *public appreciation* it *deserves*.

Also, to attract into its ranks *more* of the *brainy* men whose careers are now tied down by overcrowded conditions in Law, Medicine, Engineering, etc.

"The Higher Advertising" has *room* for such men.

It has *honor*, as well as high financial reward, for them.

It has *scope* for the *greatest* Ability as well as for the *tallest* Ambition.

Great is he who can change the State of Mind of millions *via* type by means of a few vitalized sentences fraught with that subtle force which *compels Action*.

When Aladdin's Lamp Commands

THE "Higher Advertising" here referred to makes no claim to being a recent discovery.

But, a few instances of it may nevertheless prove interesting.

Six years ago a well-known Advertising Man undertook to produce for us certain definite results from test cases on "that literature which *compels Action*."

One of these test cases was to be on a Mail Order proposition which we had handled for years, and which had already made the Advertiser wealthy.

The article advertised cost the Consumer five dollars, with no return privilege. Inquiries for it, through Mail Order, were *then* costing about one dollar each.

The Advertising Man referred to undertook to produce the *same* grade of Inquiries, with the *same* ratio of Sales from them, at *one-fourth less* cost. This — using the self-same mediums, for the self-same article, on the self-same price and conditions of sale.

As the Advertiser was spending approximately $6,000 per month, for space, an increase of 25% in Inquiries from that *same* space meant $1,500 per month *more* returns each month that the *new* Copy would have to earn than the best previous Copy available *if* the Advertising Man made good on his claims.

It took him three weeks to produce *one* short piece of Copy which he considered good enough to accomplish the pledged result.

At "Space-rates" (as Reporters write news), this would have been worth about Two Dollars.

But, that *one* piece of Copy during *the Six years it has Continuously run* has been worth to the Advertiser, in *additional profits*, over $150,000 *more* than could have been earned in same space without it.

It reduced the cost of equally good Inquiries to an average of about 32c. each.

—This as against previous cost of about $1.00 each.

The Client's $6,000 per month for Space *thus* earned as much, *each month*, with this *one* piece of Copy, as $18,000 *would have* earned through continued use of the next best Copy that preceded it

That single piece of Copy has now been running continuously for six years because no other of the fifty pieces tested against it has ever approached it in result-production.

Is it worth while to plan and write "a literature which compels Action" *for six years*, like this?

* * *

Another Advertising Man of note has accomplished through it a success so *great* as to be almost incredible.

He came to our notice through an *achievement* as remarkable as it was conclusive.

A national Advertiser, whose product was marketed through Retailers, had lost over Sixty Thousand Dollars in Advertising that product with the *usual* Advertising copy.

He had then to either retire from the Advertising field and pocket his loss, or discover some one who could show him the way back to recovery and profit.

He found this Advertising Man who was sure enough of his ability to make most of his fee a contingent one.

Under the proposed arrangement the latter would himself have lost money until he had recovered for his Client, *in profits*, the entire $60,000 previously lost.

After that he was to share in the profits.

Within two years, through Sales-Compelling Plan and Copy, he not only *recovered* the $60,000 lost but made for his Client, and for himself, over a *Million dollars more in additional net profits*—

—All that from what had been previously *a failure.*

The fact is well-authenticated.

He has since duplicated, in large degree, that marvelous success for *several* of our clients on goods as *staple* as Soap and *luxurious* as Automobiles through a deep understanding of human nature, and a skilful use of "that Advertising which *compels Action.*"

Is it worth while to sway *millions* of People to a buying Climax, as the Thought and Plan of this man sways them?

* * *

A third Advertising Man has had the audacity and ability to profitably sell *LUMBER—by Mail*—Sashes, Doors, etc.

Can you conceive of a line apparently less *susceptible* to Mail Order Advertising?

Well, here's the result—

With a modest enough appropriation, increased only through profits derived from sales, that Lumber business of our Client grew from a volume of $300,000 per year to *over $750,000*, in one year. Sales direct to Consumers,—*by Mail only*.

And the entire advertising appropriation which produced that increase of over 150% in volume came (after the first $5,000 investment) out of *profits* derived from the Cash Mail Orders as they grew.

We cite these particular instances only because they happened to come within the scope of our own personal knowledge

One object of this article is to discover and invite to our Staff *more* of just *such* ability as produced the foregoing results.

Also to show possessors of such ability that *here* is a liberal *appreciation* of its worth, its rarity and its supreme importance.

Philanthropic Uses of Advertising

THE day is not far off when *wider* fields of action than the strictly "Commercial" must claim the aid of Advertising, to advance great and good Causes.

Philanthropy should be among the *first* of these.

The "Higher Advertising"—could hardly find a more *efficient* use than here.

Not the mere platitudes, commonplaces, and generalities that pass current today as "Advertising."

But, that *other* kind of Dynamic Literature (either General or Mail Order) *which compels action*.

Consider that the self-same *kind* of Thought, Plan and Writing which could make people *spend* money for something they did not previously *want* could make them SAVE money, if it be the purpose of the Advertising Man to make them Save.

It could cause people to go to Church—make them more Charitable, more Kind, Sober, Honest or Industrious,—all through skilful use of that Higher Advertising which *compels* Action.

Consider how much Andrew Carnegie's magnificent donations to Libraries could be enhanced in value to the world *if* he would spend a half-million dollars per year in "the Higher Advertising" to *make ten times as many people want to USE these Libraries.*

Consider the enormous advantage to this most extravagant of all nations *if* John D. Rockefeller were to appropriate a half-million dollars yearly for such Advertising to influence "Thrift," in the same way as *expenditure* for certain advertised articles of luxury is influenced—or, through continuous training of the masses, via type, to *eliminate the Great White Plague.*

Either *can* be done—*positively*. Only Mr. Carnegie's or Mr. Rockefeller's say-so is necessary.

The Y. M. C. A. might thus multiply its already great work *ten-fold.*

The world could be made better, happier and more liveable, through skilful use of a broad, continuous, *humanitarian* campaign of "that Literature which *Compels Action.*"

Advertisers, Advertising Men, and Good People everywhere who are interested in the subject of this Article are invited to express that interest and drop us a line for further facts.

Address, LORD & THOMAS (Advertising Agents), Trude Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS COPYRIGHTED BY LORD & THOMAS

Ireland's Gloves Are Guaranteed To Wear And They Outwear Their Guarantee

SOME gloves are guaranteed by word of mouth. But Ireland's Guaranteed Gloves are backed up by a *written bond.* These manufacturers are the only glove manufacturers who are so positive of the perfection of their product, that they do this for every pair.

And this bond is unconditional—it assures service, fit and style—or you are not out a cent and always get more than the bond insures.

IRELAND'S GUARANTEED GLOVES

Every detail of their makeup is most carefully finished and tested before the gloves are sent out. The leather in every quality is the best of its kind—the stitching is neat and strong, and the buttons are rich in appearance.

Ireland's Guaranteed Gloves are made in Cape, Mocha, Glace and Chamois, for men, women and children. Price, $1.50 per pair and up. Let us send you an interesting and profusely illustrated booklet,

"The Style and Story of the Glove"

It relates to facts that every glove-wearer should like to know. Please mention your glove dealer. If you want to get acquainted with the right glove to always buy, insist that he get you Ireland's Guaranteed Gloves, with the written guarantee.

Dealers are requested to ask for our "Selling Plan for gloves."

IRELAND BROTHERS, 30 State Street, Johnstown, N. Y.
New York Salesrooms: 40-42 East 19th Street

The folding umbrella that fits in a suitcase

The newest umbrella; made by the oldest umbrella house in America.

This latest improvement is so desirable that we use it on every Beehler Umbrella; and so simple in construction that we can give you a **folding umbrella at the price of the ordinary kind.** It doesn't cost you any more, and there are times when it's mighty handy, especially when you travel. Then fold it, put it in your suitcase, and you won't be bothered with it—but you'll have it when you need it.

Beehler Umbrella Frames are made from superior crucible steel and are rubber enameled. They won't rust or get loose, and they can't turn inside out. The patent catch for raising and lowering prevents sticking and won't pinch your fingers or tear your gloves. Look for the name "William Beehler" stamped on it.

Beehler Umbrella Fabrics are of the highest quality and covers being absolutely waterproof are guaranteed not to crack, rip, fade or run. Roll close and smooth.

Beehler Umbrella Handles are all detachable. The locking rod is [illegible] umbrellas.

NAME ON If you want it without extra charge. Your name and address worked right into the fabric—invisible from the outside and minimizes the danger of losing the umbrella.

Beehler Umbrellas are priced from **$1 to $25**, and are sold by all dealers. If your dealer hasn't the style you want, write us and we'll see that you get it. Write anyway for our book which shows 165 different handles and contains actual samples of the cover fabrics. You'll have to get a new umbrella sometime. Better write us now and learn about the best at the most reasonable price.

WILLIAM BEEHLER Baltimore, Md. Founded 1828

The Conservation of Labor

As Demonstrated by the Workman

By George F. Stratton

THE lexicographer's definition of "conservation" is clear and explicit, but, as with many other terms that have a wide application, different points of view produce grave diversities of aspect and results. The bitterest inter-department quarrel of recent years, and one that has even threatened the rupture of one of the great political parties in several states, is largely attributable to conflicting points of view on the meaning of conservation.

Although the phrase "Conservation of Labor" is but little used and perhaps little thought of, it is, nevertheless, a condition, insistent and influential. To the employer it means getting all he can out of labor; to the employee it means getting all he can for it. The exploitation of these differing viewpoints leads to methods often reprehensible, but still more often shortsighted and neglectful. It leads to strikes, warrantable and unwarrantable, and with it all the true conservation of labor—the conscientious utilization of time and the elimination of useless movements; in other words, a full hour's output of head and hands in an hour's time—is usually overlooked by the employer and ignored by the employee.

It is easily possible, in any factory where machinery is used, to determine whether those machines are turning out a full output and consequently whether the operator is putting in steady, intelligent work upon them, but very few managers systematically and scientifically test that point. Some will make an occasional calculation, but many others simply trust to the foreman to watch the operator and let it go at that.

Holding the Output Down

In a Middle-West door-and-sash factory it appeared necessary to install another planer to meet the demand for dressed lumber. This necessity was a troublesome one, for it would require an additional wing to the shop and an extension of the line shaft. The operator was an old employee, steady in attendance and considered reliable. Just as the order for the new machine was about to be mailed the junior partner, under a sudden impulse, went out to the shop and timed the feeding mechanism of the planer. Regularly and unintermittingly fed, he found that it was capable of dressing ten thousand running feet a day; but a careful examination of the salesbooks since the last stocktaking showed the output to have been thirty-five per cent below the normal capacity. A little loss of time in starting up and shutting off, the slipping of poorly fastened belts, unsystematic delivery of raw material at the front end and sometimes delay in clearing the tail end, were the causes of the short output. The correction of all these eliminated the necessity for another machine.

The workman was not entirely to blame in this matter. His attention should have been directed, from the first, to the waste totalized by such little oversights or lack of systematic work.

This is rather a petty illustration, but it shows a detail that enters fully into the entire productive capacity of many great plants.

In a large toolmaking factory, where over two thousand hands were employed, a machine expert was engaged to report upon the possible and actual output of every machine in use. Knowing the speed of the engine the capacity of any machine is readily determined. The exhaustive report showed a drop of forty per cent from the normal capacity of the entire plant. Ten per cent should be ample for unavoidable stoppages for adjustment and repairs, so the net deficiency was thirty per cent.

This was absolutely due to conservation of labor by the workmen. Three-fourths of the men were on piecework and always obsessed by the conviction that their efforts to increase the amount of their weekly earnings would be met by a cut in price—a conviction warranted by experience. Accordingly they had held their output

Let us tell you how you can
REMOVE THAT SPOT

[illegible] appearance on your concrete, cement, or stucco residence. Don't let it [illegible] an otherwise beautiful exterior

Glidden's Liquid Cement
"WEARS LIKE STONE"

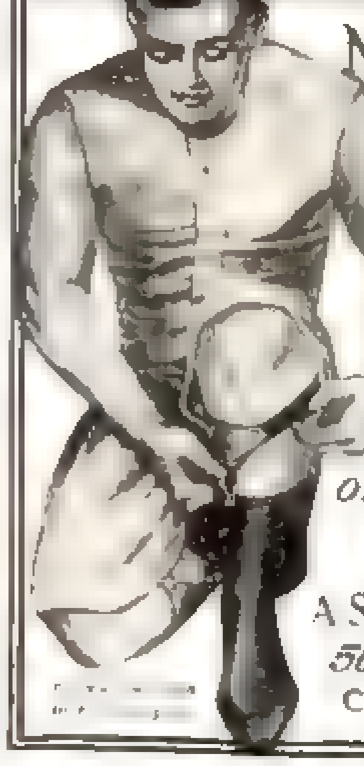
will make the surface uniform in color once and for all. It's waterproof—so that rain or dampness can not affect or penetrate the wall on which it is applied. It's not expensive—is easily spread on with a brush—any painter can do the work.

Glidden's Liquid Cement is made in imitation of Bedford Sandstone—and a variety of pleasing shades, including colonial and pompeian buffs as well as pure white.

It binds with the concrete forming a permanent protective, decorative waterproof coating. Write us today and we'll send you our booklet showing all the beautiful shades in which it comes and giving full information—address

The Glidden Varnish Company
Largest Manufacturers of Varnish and Concrete Finishes in the World.
Cleveland, Ohio Toronto, Ontario
Branches: New York and Chicago

PARIS GARTERS



NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

LOOK for Name PARIS on every Garter

25¢-50¢

A STEIN & Co *Makers*
506 Center Ave
CHICAGO, U.S.A

[illegible] *ful to the caterpillars but absolutely harmless to the* [illegible]

Strokum
Stops Caterpillars

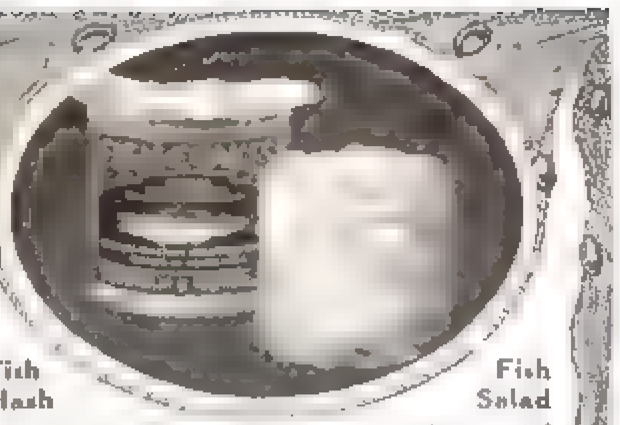
Don't make the mistake of waiting until the caterpillars begin to crawl before you protect your trees. Band them with Strokum now. They can't crawl under it—they won't crawl over. Easy to apply. Is not unsightly. Guaranteed not to injure your trees. One banding lasts entire season. Easy to remove. Leaves no disfiguring evidences. Use it this month. Next may be too late. Send for booklet.

SPECIAL OFFER

Mail us $[illegible] and we will send you, express prepaid, enough Strokum to band ten trees, averaging 1 foot in diameter. West of Mississippi, 50 cents extra.

Stratford Oakum Company
169 Cornelison Ave.
Jersey City N. J.

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid East of Rockies **Both for $10**
Hot water, double walls, copper tank—best construction. Guaranteed. Write a postal today for Free Catalog. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.



Fish Hash
Fish Salad
Codfish Balls
Fish Soufflé
Creamed Fish
Fish Chowder

You will find

BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES

a revelation for making these and many other dainty fish dishes. Really fresh Codfish—cooked—mildly salted—a few hours after taken from the ocean—immediately packed in our new sanitary parchment-lined—extra coated tins—no solder—no acid—no waste—no spoilage—ready for instant use.

Grocers everywhere sell Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes — or send 10c and [illegible] tin will be sent you. It costs us [illegible] this, but we want every [illegible] to know Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes at once. 10c and 15c. sizes, (except in Far West). Book of Special Recipes Free.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
Portland, Me., U.S.A.

The Best $5 Fishing Rod Ever Built

YELLOWSTONE SPECIAL

All Sizes, Fly or Bait

Six strip selected split bamboo, German silver mountings. Solid cork grasp. Solid metal reel seat. Three piece with extra tip, put up on covered wood frame with canvas sack.

Our guarantee: Money back if not satisfied, charges paid both ways.

Price $5, delivered free in the U. S.

Send for our new handsome 160 page catalogue S and Guide on Fishing. Sent Free, by mentioning this magazine.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
57 Reade Street New York City

Frisbie Collars
The Frisco

3 Heights *¼ Sizes*

FRISBIE Collars fit as though *measured to the neck.*

Four-ply and Hand-made. 25 Cents for Two *At most good shops.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

FRISBIE, COON & CO, MAKERS, TROY, N. Y.

SALESMEN We want high-grade salesmen, preferably with knowledge of boiler equipment, who can give part time to selling steam specialty that is a necessity and has almost unlimited talking points

"DIAMOND" POWER SPECIALTY COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

down to what were known to be safe figures; and a plant that had cost over a million dollars, operated under a very heavy indirect expense, was turning out thirty per cent less than its capacity. After all this had been clearly demonstrated, the management flatly refused to consider any plan of time contracts on the piecework prices and fell back on the time-honored plan of a severe cut—to force the men to full output in order to make regular wages.

That failed, as it usually does. Strikes and demoralization followed and reorganization of the force resulted in the acquirement of a generally lower grade of men—working for lower wages, but not increasing the output. The company was then compelled to spend half a million dollars in buildings and equipment for a larger force to meet their orders.

This condition—the conservation of labor to the allowed limit of the paycheck—has become pretty generally understood by the large employers; the smaller men have not realized it to any great extent. They are in closer touch with their men and restful in the supposition that their watchfulness prevents any serious "soldiering"; but, in the few cases where the only true test is made—the scientific comparison of the possible output of the shop with the actual output—it has been invariably demonstrated that there is a large percentage of loss. The foreman who has only twenty men to look after cannot keep his eyes on every man for every minute of the day. He has always other duties to attend to and the men have always their minds on the protection of their piecework rates.

An Ambidextrous Operator

An engineer who has been called, during the last ten years, to some of the largest plants in the country as a consulting factory expert and adjuster, makes the statement that, of all the shops he has exhaustively examined, not one has shown an efficiency of less than twenty-two per cent below its actual capacity. Some have run as low as forty to forty-five per cent below. He explains that, although some of this loss is due to improper arrangement of equipment or to unsystematic handling of material, the great percentage of loss is due to the conservation of labor by the workmen—the determination of the agile, active worker to preserve the standard of prices, not alone for his own sake but for the sake of fellow workmen who are not possessed of the quick eye, the responsive muscles and the impulsive activity with which he is favored.

Employers who are very much alive to these methods of the workmen frequently assert that the unions are entirely to blame; but a broad examination of the facts shows that this is not the case—that such conditions occur as frequently and as fully in open shops as in union shops.

An Eastern manufacturing corporation runs two plants—one in New York, the other in Massachusetts—each employing about five thousand hands. The New York plant is strongly unionized; that in Massachusetts is an open shop. A few years ago the directors ordered a comparative report on the output of each plant and the manufacturing cost of the products. Engineering experts and skilled accountants devoted three months to the work, and their exhaustive reports showed that, though the output of the union plant was ten per cent greater than that of the open shop, the factory cost was almost equal. The totals showed that, in the operation of such large and expensive plants, the advantage of greater output was decidedly favorable to the company.

In one of the large sheet-metal-ware factories in New Jersey a young fellow secured a job in the spinning department where thin metal covers for household implements were formed. Selden had, in his boyhood days, developed a remarkable ambidexterity. He used laughingly to say that he was born right-and-left-handed. The work on the new job consisted in working a blunt-edged tool over a thin disk of tin, copper or brass and pressing it down on a rapidly revolving form. No special skill was required, the desideratum being the elimination of all false strokes or movements, so as to shape the disk as rapidly as possible.

In two months the young man was a good operator, making on piecework the customary wage of about fifteen dollars. Then he began to work two hands—using two tools; doing this at first in a spirit of exhibition. Before long he was expert,

SOLD AT STORES THAT SHOW THE GREEN SIGN

Whitman's

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES & CONFECTIONS

Just Arrived

A new pound box of Whitman's.

In time to serve as an Easter gift that suits the day.

It's a poster package, large and flat, containing a single layer of most beautiful candies.

Every one in plain view when the package is opened.

Inside are nine removable trays, making it a useful trinket box after the candies are eaten.

In the trays are new assortments of Whitman's Super Extra Chocolates or Confections.

The Box is decorated in Pink, Old Rose and Gold within and without; we call it

Whitman's Pink of Perfection Package

Assorted Chocolates or Confections

Our special sales agents everywhere will supply the Pink of Perfection Package at one dollar.

The same agents have the exclusive sale of the famous **Fussy Package** containing only hard centre and nut centre chocolates at one dollar a pound, and Chocolate Covered Maraschino Cherries at 50c a box.

If our nearest agent is not convenient, any of these packages will be mailed to any address on receipt of the retail price.

Stephen F. Whitman
& Son, Inc.
Philadelphia
U. S. A.

Makers of
Whitman's
Instantaneous
Chocolate

A sample tin mailed for 10 cents.

KING
AIR RIFLES
KING

KING target-practice means many happy afternoons and Saturdays for you, my boy; and a fine, manly, outdoor sport in the fresh air and bright spring sunshine.

KING No. 5
1000 shot
$2.00

THE big, handsome "Thousand Shootin' Air Gun" is a real gun; but it shoots air-rifle (or BB) shot; it isn't a dangerous powder-gun made to kill things with.

And there are other KING models, so that a boy can start when he is five or six years old and graduate from one KING to another, till he is a cautious and careful expert who can be trusted to handle a real repeating rifle and take good care of it.

Choose the Right Gun

Be careful to get the right model, and always look for the name KING on the side-plates of the repeaters or the barrels of the other guns.

We made the first air-rifle sold and our 25 years' experience has developed great improvements in air-rifle construction.

For example, in the lever-action repeaters, the barrel and frame are made in one piece—with no riveted or soldered joint to work loose from the strain of lever-action.

Even the pop-guns are made so they look just like real guns; they work easily, and can't pinch your fingers.

The KING "Long Range" Rubber Ball Gun

This is the one gun of its kind made. It shoots a small, soft-rubber ball ($\frac{7}{16}$ of an inch in diameter) that will not injure anything, but shoots 25 feet with accuracy. It furnishes great sport for indoor target games, or for shooting at military toys. Price, 50c. Extra balls can be obtained from all dealers.

Write for handsomely illustrated catalog of all models from the KING 1000 shot at $2.00 (gun metal finish $2.50) down to the KING Pop-gun at 25c. Then go to the nearest hardware, toy or sporting-goods store and see the guns.

If you can't find the KING in your town, send us the money and we will ship the models you select, express prepaid.

The Markham Air Rifle Company
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.
Pacific Coast Office: 717 Market St., San Francisco
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., Managers

turning out fifty per cent more work than the other men—thirty in number. His paycheck exceeded twenty dollars and he was severely cautioned by his fellow workers; but the glory of that check and its substantial reward in cash was a temptation he could not resist. He plunged ahead and for four weeks he drew over twenty-five dollars a week. Then came a notice of an all-round reduction of twenty-five per cent in the piecework prices.

Selden, with a few of the men, protested to the foreman and the young man explained his peculiar capacity—born in him, he said. The foreman stated that he himself had explained that to the manager, but that gentleman insisted that no man could run out seventy per cent more work than the others unless the others had been holding back. "You'll have to take your medicine, so far as I can see!" he concluded.

There was a meeting that night of the shop gang and a strike decided on, Selden voting for it; but on his way home he was attacked by two of the workers and so severely thrashed that he lay where they left him until the middle of the night—then pulled himself together sufficiently to crawl home. He was idle for eight weeks and then went to another town, where he got work; but his peculiar capacity was thereafter scrupulously hidden. "I sometimes caught myself wondering if using my left hand at the table wouldn't get my meals cut down," he said. "It's mighty little use a man's putting in extra work when it gets his pay cut!"

The preceding statements apply chiefly to pieceworkers, but dayworkers are as acutely alive to their labor conditions—although the great impulse with that class is to protect the other workers by not using up the entire job themselves. A few of the unions provide for this by regulating the amount of work any one of their members shall perform or the number of men to be put on each job. This is notably the case in some sections in the bricklayers' trade. Union men are forbidden to lay more than a certain number of bricks a day and infractions of this rule are met first by fines and later by expulsion.

"We are organized for mutual benefit and protection," said a leader, "and we do not propose that twenty-five men shall do thirty men's work, using up five other men's jobs when those men are probably walking the streets looking for work."

There is also the feeling—too often well-founded—among dayworkers, especially in large shops, that no reward can be expected for extra effort. "There are eighty men in this room," said a member of a shop gang in a big woodworking factory, "and not one among them but knows that he's either a little better or a little poorer workman than the fellow alongside of him; but the manager doesn't know it or the foreman either, I guess. The work runs along about the same with all of us. A man isn't going to do his best simply to make a good impression that's never backed up by an increase of pay."

Allowances for Human Nature

The other side of that particular phase is the employer's view. He claims that the unions fix the wages; that, if he is compelled to pay three dollars a day to every man, good or poor, the really good men must average up the loss on the poor men. He will not give the exceptionally good man four dollars unless he can cut the shiftless or clumsy worker down to two dollars a day.

Highbrowed men and corrugated-browed men, men of high ideals and men of sturdy business principles, deprecate mildly and savagely these viewpoints of the workman on the conservation of labor; but it is all human nature and must be reckoned with in a human manner—the examples that come before the workman should not be overlooked.

It is the same as the principle of conservatism that induces the Brazilian Government to devote millions to holding back and shortening the coffee crop in order to boost the prices. Every trust and combination has for its foundation piers and the cupola on top the conservation of resources, facilities and salesfields. Every farmer shortens his crop when the price runs low or holds it until the price suits him.

Last year the potato crop west of the Mississippi River was very extensive and generous and the price fell to twenty-five cents a bushel. In some sections no price could be obtained and thousands of bushels lay undug and rotted; for the high price of hogs had drawn almost all into the markets. The farmers had put in hard work and heavy expense money, but realized little—in some cases nothing. This year they conserved and the conservation paid handsomely. They planted so small a crop that the price went to seventy-five cents and higher. They did far less work, risked far less expense and can show bank accounts in return.

The American mechanic is no fool collectively, and these lessons in other lines of business are thoroughly absorbed by him. He points with pride to the shortening of hours and the increase of wages—concessions that have not been freely made, but have resulted from his own insistency. The rabid, blatant and unreasonable among them are very few, although those few are very much in evidence. The average men are as keenly alive to justice as is any class of men. There are fighters among the employers as well as among the workers. I could give the name of a large manufacturer in Massachusetts who for the past ten years has not gone over a single year without a strike in some department; and I could give the names of half a dozen others in the same state who have not in the past ten years had a single strike. The latter are showing as good dividends on capital as the former. If the workmen could have the coöperation of men of broader experience and outlook—the coöperation of their own employers—their conservation would probably acquire a more practical, beneficial and productive quality for themselves, for the employers and for the whole nation.

A Council for the Working Man

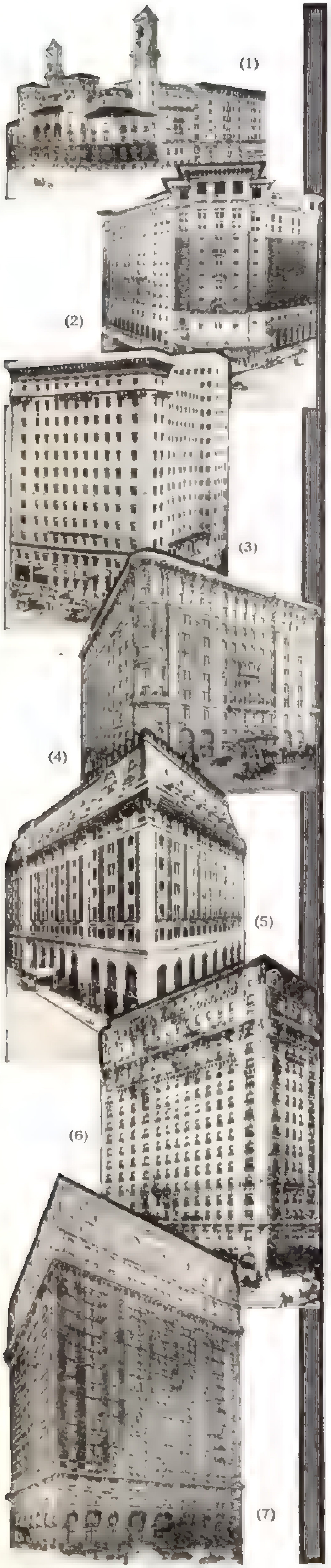
Already the thin edge of the wedge has entered. A Middle-West manufacturing company employing two thousand hands has organized a shop committee consisting of two delegates from each department, elected by the workmen—even the yard-lumpers being represented. The representative of the management is the paymaster—selected because, having no shop authority over the men, he would not embarrass them in the meetings, and also because of his pleasant personality, his always courteous bearing toward the humblest employees and his well-known loyalty to his company. Short meetings are held weekly at which any grievance or dissatisfaction, either of the management or of the workmen, is talked over. On any matter of much importance the manager is called in and joins in the discussion. Minor difficulties of operation or discipline are presented to these delegates and suggestions called for, often with very practical and valuable results.

The formation of this committee is of so recent date that the ultimate value can only be estimated. As the delegates acquire confidence in the intentions of the company, as they become familiar with the previously unknown difficulties in always meeting their requests or adjusting their dissatisfactions, they will become more broad-minded and acquire a comprehension of the managers' troubles as well as of their own. The officials are highly pleased at the progress already made and feel encouraged to believe that the difficult problem of closer relationship and finer understanding between the management and the men is in a fair process of solution.

A report just comes from England of the introduction of a similar plan by a great shipbuilding company. It is called the Works' Council; and, although the details of its makeup and procedure are not given, the following statement outlines its purpose:

> "The promotion of friendly connections between the firm and its workmen on all affairs of common interest. An important purpose of this department is to take into consideration immediately, before any ill-temper has been generated, all matters or questions calculated to breed friction in any of the departments of the establishment. It provides a medium for the asking of questions on any matters of concern to the employees and, on the other hand, is expected to be used by the officers of the company to convey frankly to the workmen knowledge of any circumstances or conditions that might at the moment be influencing the prospects and efficiency of the company."

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by George F. Stratton on The Conservation of Labor. The third will appear in an early issue.



216 of the Leading Hotels in America use "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaners

THE beauty of vacuum cleaning is that, wherever installed, it *always pays for itself.*

It pays for itself, first, because it does away with the annual tear-up called *house-cleaning* (and house-cleaning costs more than you think unless you have figured it out).

It pays for itself, second, because it doubles and trebles the life of carpets, hangings, furniture, wall-paper, decorations; and keeps everything always *bright* and *new.*

Vacuum cleaning does away with the worst drudgery a woman knows; without any of the back-aches or annoyances of sweeping and dusting, it ensures an absolute cleanliness such as sweeping and dusting could never make possible.

But even convenience and ease and perfect cleanliness are of secondary importance when compared with the actual, traceable, provable *saving of money* that vacuum cleaning brings.

In hotels, where house-cleaning is a *business,* brooms and dusters have long been discarded as *too expensive.*

In hotels, where *every operation* is figured down to the last penny of cost, "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning has been almost universally adopted *because it pays.* In such hotels as:

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Knickerbocker, New York
Plaza, New York
(6) St. Regis, New York
Gotham, New York
Belmont, New York
(7) LaSalle, Chicago
Auditorium Annex, Chicago
Stratford, Chicago
Great Northern, Chicago
Bellevue-Stratford, Phila.
Belvedere, Baltimore
Shoreham, Washington
(1) Jefferson, Richmond, Va.
(12) Piedmont, Atlanta
Denechaud, New Orleans
Gayoso, Memphis
(11) Jefferson, St. Louis
Claypool, Indianapolis
(5) Sinton, Cincinnati
(10) Copley Square, Boston
Ten Eyck, Albany
(4) Seneca, Rochester
(13) Iroquois, Buffalo
Hollenden, Cleveland
(8) Pontchartrain, Detroit
(9) Plankinton, Milwaukee
(3) Raddison, Minneapolis
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In residences, apartments, hotels, schools, office buildings, libraries, churches, theatres, factories, stores, garages, and public buildings, "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning will easily earn its own way, to say nothing of the cleanliness and convenience it brings.

The initial expense is small; the annual saving is great. Write

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.
Park Ave. and 41st St., New York City
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MANUFACTURERS OF

"RICHMOND" and MODEL Heating Systems; "RICHMOND" Bath Tubs, Lavatories and Sanitary Plumbing Devices; "RICHMOND" Concealed Transom Lifts; "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaners; "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Systems

Both Stationary and Portable Cleaners

The McCrum-Howell Co. is the largest concern in its line—a $7,000,000 corporation with five manufacturing plants. Its vacuum cleaning devices range from portable electric cleaners to mammoth installations supplying vacuum to twenty operators or more at one time. Its engineering department is at all times at the service of architects, engineers and others who are confronted with new or difficult or unusual vacuum cleaning problems.

The McCrum-Howell Co. is licensed to make stationary vacuum plants under the basic Kenney patent, and it owns 84 other vital vacuum cleaning patents. For full information regarding either stationary vacuum cleaning plants or portable suction cleaners

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(8)
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SEND information about the advantages and [illegible] Vacuum Cleaning for building checked below.

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If [illegible] pound electrical Portable Cleaner, check here [illegible]

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Mail to The McCrum-Howell Co., New York or Chicago

Green Label Varnish Talks

By Glidden

Over 50% of the pianos made in the United States are finished with Glidden Varnish. You are not interested in piano varnish, but—

There's a vital point for you in the fact that Glidden supplies *more fine varnishes* for *fine uses* than any other maker in the country.

The same *extra care*—the same master workmanship—the same perfected processes—the same insistence on the best materials for each specific purpose—goes into *every* can of Glidden's Green Label Varnish.

Almost any grade of gum and oil will make *varnish*. But only a *superlative* grade of materials is good enough for *Glidden's* Varnishes.

For our Green Label Specialties—we go to the Orient for the finest China wood oils. We go to New Zealand for a special grade of gums. We pay the price and you get the quality.

In our vast Cleveland factories we have a corps of expert varnish makers, trained under Glidden guidance, highly skilled, highly paid specialists.

Fine varnish making is an art. These men are masters of it.

Glidden's Green Label Varnishes are carefully blended, refined, and allowed to ripen slowly under ideal conditions. That means best working quality and absolute uniformity.

Varnishes of *vitality*, that give the most beautiful, lasting results.

Any good painter will be *glad* to use Green Label Varnishes. Most every good dealer sells them.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

Cleveland, Ohio — Toronto, Ont.
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The famous Glidden's Green Label specialties are
M P (Master Painters) Durable Exterior—unequaled for exposed work.
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Velvet White Enamel for an egg shell finish.
Superior White Enamel for a high gloss finish.
Two perfect enamels that *keep a clear, beautiful white*.

"There's Quality in Every Drop"

Glidden Varnishes

Colors dont fade in the wash in
Emery
Guaranteed Shirts $1.50 up

LIKE getting brand new shirts—when your *Emery* shirts return from the laundry.

No fading—*Emery* fabrics are all color-tested. No "give" to the making—*Emery* neckbands are PRESHRUNK; and the workmanship in each shirt is thoroughly inspected at the factory.

Emery shirts come through the wash with their original freshness and brightness; and hold their shape. This is important to you—for the shirts you buy now, you'll wear when you shed your vest!

Look for *Emery* when you buy shirts. The *Emery* label means

GUARANTEED fit, color and wear.

Write for The Emery Book, illustrating and describing Emery styles for Spring, and let us fill your order through your dealer.

Walter M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, The *Emery* Shirt, Philadelphia

Sales-offices also in New York, Chicago and St. Louis

BROTHERS ALL

(Continued from Page 19)

"Well, gentlemen," he concluded, "I've taken up your time long enough. I hope to see you in my office tomorrow, Mr. Perlmutter."

Morris nodded and was about to shake hands with his visitor when Abe slapped his thigh in a sudden realization of his inhospitality.

"Mr. Steuermann," he exclaimed, "wouldn't you smoke something?"

He jumped to his feet and thrust a huge gold-banded cigar at Mr. Steuermann, who shook his head.

"Thank you very much," Mr. Steuermann said, "but I'm afraid it's rather near dinnertime."

"Put it in your pocket and smoke it after dinner," Abe insisted, and Mr. Steuermann smilingly obliged.

Together the two partners escorted him into the elevator; and when the door closed behind him Morris turned to Abe with an ironical smile.

"You got a whole lot of manners, Abe, I must say," he commented bitterly.

"What d'ye mean, manners?" Abe asked. "What did I done?"

"Tell a millionaire like Mr. Steuermann he should smoke the cigar after dinner!" Morris replied. "Don't you suppose he's got plenty cigars of his own?"

"Maybe he did got 'em and maybe he didn't," Abe retorted; "but, in the first place, Mawruss, I noticed he took the cigar, y'understand; and, in the second place, Mawruss, them cigars cost thirty-five cents apiece, Mawruss, and there's few millionaires, Mawruss, which is too proud to smoke a thirty-five-cent cigar."

◆

WHEN Morris Perlmutter entered the subway that evening en route for the lower East Side, he was in none too cheerful mood; for, in the excitement attending Steuermann's visit, he had forgotten to telephone Mrs. Perlmutter that he would be late for dinner. Consequently there had been a painful scene upon his arrival home that evening, nor had Mrs. Perlmutter's wrath been appeased when he informed her that he was obliged to go right downtown again.

Indeed, his sympathy for Cesar Kovalenko had wellnigh evaporated as he entered the subway, and he reflected bitterly upon the circumstance that first led him to hire that unfortunate young man. Thus there was something doubly irritating in the coincidence which seated him next to Louis Kleiman in the crowded express train he had boarded, and he had made up his mind to ignore his competitor's presence when Louis caught sight of him.

"So, Perlmutter," Louis commented, without any introductory greeting, "you are trying to do us again!"

Morris turned and stared icily at Kleiman.

"I don't want to talk to you at all, Kleiman," he replied; "and, anyhow, Kleiman, I don't know what you mean—we are trying to do you! The shoe pinches on the other foot, Kleiman, when you just stop to consider you are stealing away from us that feller Harkavy, which all he knows we taught him."

Louis Kleiman emitted a short, raucous guffaw.

"Well, what are you kicking about?" he said. "You stole him back again—ain't it?"

"Stole him back again!" Morris repeated. "What are you talking nonsense, Kleiman? We wouldn't take that feller back in our store, not if we could get him to come to work for two dollars a week."

"Yow!" Kleiman exclaimed skeptically. "I don't suppose you know the feller left us at all?"

"I did not," Morris replied promptly; "and if he did, Kleiman, I couldn't blame him. A feller doesn't want to work all his life for ten dollars a week."

"What d'ye mean, ten dollars a week? We paid Harkavy fifteen and we offered him twenty-five; but the feller wouldn't stay with us at all. For two weeks now he acts uneasy and yesterday he leaves us."

"That's all right, Kleiman," Morris said as the train drew into Ninety-sixth Street. "You could easy steal somebody else from another concern."

Kleiman glared at Morris and was about to utter a particularly incisive retort when the train stopped.

"I got to change here," he announced; "but when I see you again, Perlmutter, I would tell you what you are."

"I don't got to tell you what you are, Kleiman," Morris concluded as he opened his evening paper. "You know only too well."

"*Rosher!*" Kleiman hissed as he hurled himself into the mob of passengers that blocked the exit.

Morris nodded sardonically and commenced to read his paper. He desisted immediately, however, when his eye fell upon a cut accompanying Felix Geigermann's display advertisement. It was a beaded marquisette costume, made in obvious imitation of one of Potash & Perlmutter's leaders; and the retail price quoted by Geigermann was precisely one dollar less than Potash & Perlmutter's lowest wholesale figure.

"That's some of Harkavy's work," Morris muttered; and for the remainder of the journey he was once more plunged in the gloomiest cogitation. Almost automatically he alighted at the Brooklyn Bridge and boarded a Madison Street car; and it was not until the jolting, old-fashioned vehicle had nearly reached its eastern terminus that he discerned the house number furnished to him by Steuermann. He hurried to the rear platform and jumped to the street, where he collided violently with a short, bearded person.

"Excuse me!" Morris cried; then he recognized his victim. "Harkavy!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I am coming to say goodby to a friend," Harkavy replied with some show of confusion. "I got to go to Chicago tomorrow."

"Chicago!" Morris repeated. "Why, what are you doing in Chicago, Harkavy?"

"I am—now—going to got a job out there," Harkavy replied—"a very good job."

Morris drew his former assistant cutter to the sidewalk. He had temporarily forgotten the object of his visit to the lower East Side in the sudden conception of an idea, which was no less than the rehiring of Harkavy.

"What for a good job?" Morris asked. "Twenty dollars a week?"

Harkavy nodded.

"A little more," he said—"twenty-five."

"*Schon gut*," Morris declared; "then you wouldn't got to go at all, because we ourselves would give you thirty."

"I moost go," Harkavy said, shaking his head; "my fare is paid."

"Pay 'em back the fare," Morris insisted—"we would see you wouldn't lose it."

Again Harkavy shook his head.

"I got a bonus too," he declared—"a thousand rubles."

"What are you talking about, rubles?" Morris said impatiently. "You ain't a greenhorn no longer. Do you mean a thousand dollars?"

"Six hundred dollars—about," Harkavy replied.

Morris whistled.

"Well," he said after a pause of some seconds, "put off going until tomorrow anyhow. Maybe we could fix it up to give you the six hundred dollars anyhow."

Harkavy remained silent and Morris clapped him on the shoulder.

"If people is so anxious to get you that they pay you a big lot of money like that, Harkavy, you could keep 'em waiting anyhow one day. Come round and see us tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, wouldn't you?"

Harkavy pondered the question for some minutes.

"If you wish it, Mr. Perlmutter," he said, "I would do so; but I must got to go away by eleven o'clock sure."

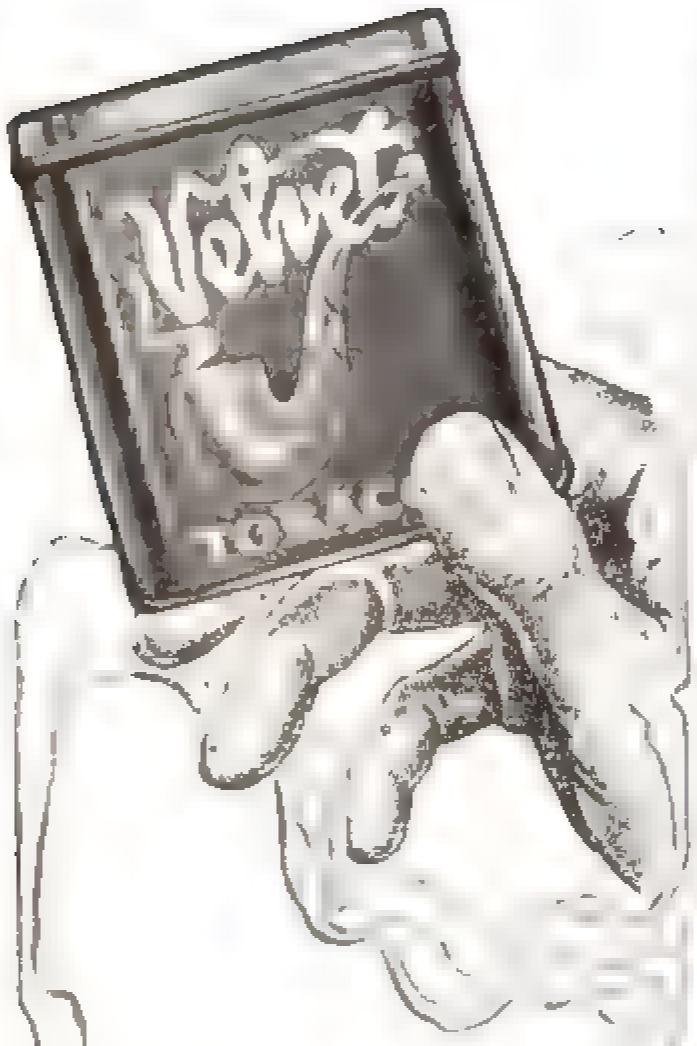
"Good!" Morris exclaimed. "Then I'll see you tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

They shook hands on the appointment and Morris turned away and ascended the high stoop of an old-fashioned tenement. In the vestibule he encountered a boy whose right cheek was apparently distorted by a severe toothache.

"Do a family by the name Levin live here?" Morris asked.

The boy nodded and disgorged a huge lump of toffee, whereat the toothache disappeared.

"Dat's me fader," he said. "Fourt' floor front east. He ain't in, dough."



For a Sensitive Tongue Smoke "The Smoothest Tobacco"

We want to sell Velvet to the smoker who cares—not the haphazard, don't-care smoker. His appreciation of "The Smoothest Tobacco" will spread to his friends and enlighten them on the pipe smoking question.

Velvet *always* pleases the man with the sensitive taste.

For it's Burley—the best smoking tobacco that grows.

But only the selected middle leaves, chuck full of richness and flavor, are good enough for Velvet. Mellowed under perfect climatic conditions till all bite and burn is gone.

It costs but 10 cents a can

Dealers carry it, but if yours is out send us the dime if you live in the U. S.

SPAULDING & MERRICK
Chicago, Ill.

"Your father!" Morris cried. "Why, the people I am coming to see they are greenhorns."

"Oh, yeh," the youngster replied; "dat's me fader's uncle. He lives wid us."

"All right," Morris said. "Take me up there."

The youngster resumed his swollen cheek and escorted Morris up three flights of slippery brassbound stairs. Without the formality of knocking, they entered an apartment on the fourth floor where a woman stood washing dishes.

"Mrs. Levin?" Morris said.

The woman nodded.

"I want to see your man's uncle," Morris continued. Without looking up the woman cried in stentorian tones: "Mees-taire!"

In response a bent figure, clad in an alpaca caftan, appeared from an interior bedroom. He wore a velvet skullcap, and a thin gray beard straggled from his chin; his nose was surmounted by a pair of steel spectacles.

"*Sholom alaicham!*" Morris cried, according the Rabbi that greeting, as ancient as the Hebrew tongue itself—"Peace be with you."

"*Alaicham sholom!*" the Rabbi answered, and then he resorted to the Yiddish jargon: "Do you look for me?"

"I look for the *Rav* Elkan Levin," Morris said in a tongue to which he had long been unaccustomed. "I am the servant of the philanthropist Steuermann."

"Steuermann?" the *Rav* Levin repeated. "I do not know him."

"In America," Morris said, "his name is honored over the governor's. He sends me to you to speak for the unfortunate *Tzwee* Kovalenko."

"*Tzwee* Kovalenko," the old man cried, and his beard stood out as his invisible lips tightened, while his nose became sharp and hawklike. "A *mishna meshuna* to him, the same as he sent to my son."

"No," Morris declared; "he did not send it to your son. It was another that did it."

The old man sank trembling into a near-by chair and clutched the edge of the table.

"You tell this to me who saw with my own eyes his body!" he said in shaking tones. "Yes, *Baron;* I saw my own child like a slaughtered beast, all blood—not a face, but a piece of flesh. I saw him, and you tell me this!"

"None the less," Morris went on, "if your son did die it was a *kapora* not meant for him. It was intended for the chief of police."

The *Rav* shook his head.

"It stands in the *Gemara*," he said, in the singsong tone of the Talmudical reader: "if one flings a stone for pleasure and it strikes another so that he dies, the one also shall die."

He rose to his feet and waved one hand with a flapping motion. "An eye for an eye!" he cried in shrill tones. "A tooth for a tooth!"

Morris shrank back and turned to the woman, who had not raised her head from the dishwashing.

"You tell him," he said, "that the philanthropist Steuermann invites him to come to the address I shall give you—tomorrow at ten o'clock. Tell him you know that when Steuermann commands governors obey."

"What is it my business?" Mrs. Levin replied. "Tell him yourself."

"Your man should go with him," Morris insisted. "He and you will not lose by it."

Morris wrote the address on the back of one of Potash & Perlmutter's business cards and handed it to her.

"Put it on the table," she said.

"Tell your man," Morris continued, "if he does take this old man to Steuermann I myself will pay him twenty-five dollars."

Once more he faced the *Rav*, who had sunk again into the chair.

"Will it bring back your son to you if *Tzwee* Kovalenko dies?" he asked.

The old man plucked at his beard.

"He was my son, my only son," he said; "my *Kaddish*. A good son he was."

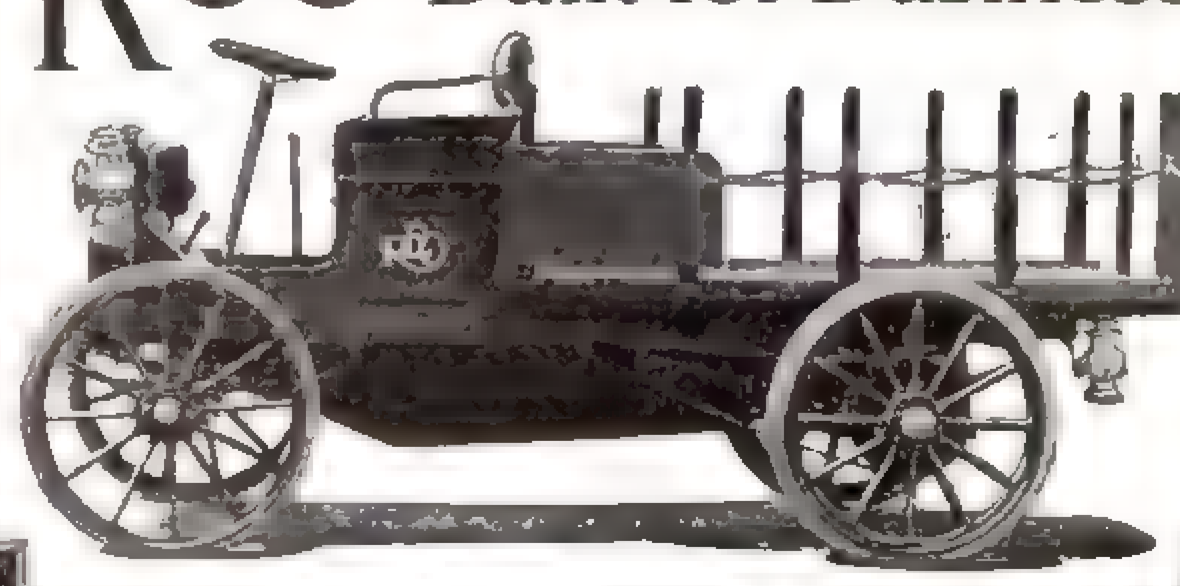
Mrs. Levin, still at her dishwashing, raised her head and snorted impatiently.

"Yow—a good son!" she commented in English. "A dirty, lowlife bum he was. If it wouldn't be that he *ganvered* a couple bottles wine from a store he wouldn't of been in the police office at all. He brought it on himself, mister—believe me."

Morris nodded.

"What is *vorbei* is *vorbei*," he said. "Tell your man he should bring his uncle to

Reo-Built for Business



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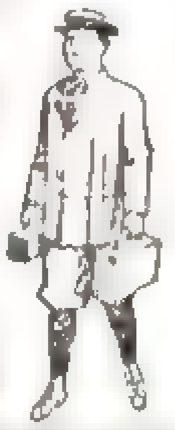

American Boys are "Wild" about "Scouts!"

"Boy Scout" Shoes are all the rage, boys! Every boy who has seen them wants a pair. They are something new—something different—something "classier" than anything that has ever before been made for rough and tumble wear.

"Boy Scouts" look like the shoes big league baseball players wear. But they're made for running, jumping, and all other outdoor wear as well as for baseball.

Little Boys', Size 10-13½, $2.00
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Big Boys' and Men's, size 6-10, $3.00

Colors: Olive, Tan and Black

The "BOY SCOUT" Shoe

"Boy Scouts" are big money savers. The soles are made from Elk Sole Leather—the toughest and best sole leather there is. Our secret process of tannage makes them wear from two to three times as long as common soles. Just tell your folks about them, boys. They'll want you to have a pair. They're the best shoes you could get for your feet, too. They're made specially for growing feet and feel fine the minute you put them on. The uppers are made from Elk Skin Leather and are as soft as gloves. There are no linings to rip apart, tear your stockings and hurt your feet.

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Ask Your Dealer See your dealer first. If he hasn't them, drop us a card and we'll send you the name of a dealer in your town who has. If we haven't any dealer there, we'll send you our free style booklet. It tells all about "Boy Scouts" and pictures them in actual colors. You can then pick out the pair you want and order direct from us. We will return every penny you pay us if you and your folks don't find the shoe better than any you have ever seen at the price.

Not Genuine Without the Good Luck Charm!

Don't accept a pair of shoes that hasn't our "Swastika" Good Luck Charm attached to them. They're not the genuine "Boy Scouts" if they haven't it. This charm is made out of a specially prepared metal that looks just like gold, and it always stays bright. The picture in the corner shows the actual size of this charm. Makes a dandy prize for ball games, races, etc.

Write today for the name of the dealer in your town who handles "Boy Scouts," and be the first in your crowd to have a pair.

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE CO.
Dept. 10 Portsmouth, Ohio

My! It's a beautiful day.

Awfully glad to see you.

Gracious, I hope it won't rain.

But it's going to.

Well! If it must rain—

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The merits of the PRESTO CONVERTIBLE COLLAR are apparent at a glance. Go to any dealer in men's or women's garments and he'll show you many clever outer-coats having this ultra-smart and entirely practicable collar feature. When worn turned-up it gives the popular military effect and protects the neck splendidly. When worn turned-down it appears precisely the same as the collar and lapels on any well-designed garment. Look for the "Presto" label.

THE PRESTO CO., 715 Broadway, New York

Send for Prestoscope.

Steuermann and I would pay him sure twenty-five dollars cash."

He bowed to the *Rav* and with a final "*Sholom alaicham!*" passed downstairs to the street.

As he waited at the corner for a westbound car he thought he discerned a familiar figure in the shadow of the house he had just quitted. He walked slowly up the block and Harkavy stole out of the basement area and slunk hurriedly past him.

"Harkavy!" Morris called, but the assistant cutter only hastened his steps and it seemed to Morris that a sound like a sob was borne backward.

"What is the trouble, Harkavy?" Morris cried; but in response Harkavy broke into a run, and with a mystified shake of his head Morris commenced his tedious journey uptown.

IV

WHEN Morris, in company with his partner, entered the showroom at eight o'clock the following morning he had already enumerated to Abe the events of the preceding evening, not omitting his encounter with Harkavy.

"I bet yer he would be waiting for us, Mawruss," Abe said; "and if I ain't mistaken here he is now."

Their visitor, however, proved to be a stranger, who bore only a slight resemblance to their former cutter.

"Mr. Perlmutter," he said—"ain't it?"

"My name is Mr. Perlmutter," Morris said. "What do you want from us?"

For answer the visitor drew from his pocket a card and handed it to Morris.

"Me, I am Pincus Levin, and you are leaving this by my wife last night," he said; "so I am coming to tell you I am agreeable to take Mr. Levin to Steuermann's place."

"All right," Morris replied. "You can go ahead."

Pincus Levin shuffled his feet uneasily, but made no attempt to depart.

"Well?" Morris cried.

"Sure, I know," Pincus said; "but if I would take my uncle, Mr. Levin, to Steuermann, y'understand, and then, maybe—I am only saying, Mr. Perlmutter, you might forget the other part—ain't it?"

"You mean you want your twenty-five dollars in advance?" Morris asked.

"Why not?" Pincus replied. "If I wouldn't took Mr. Levin today yet to this here Steuermann's office, Mr. Perlmutter, you could stop the check—ain't it?"

Abe shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"An idee!" he cried. "You ain't never seen this feller before, Mawruss—ain't it?"

Morris admitted it.

"Well, then, what's the use talking?" Abe continued. "How do we know he's this here Levin's nephew?"

"Why, Mr. Potash," Levin cried, "I ain't no crook! I got the old man in a coffee-house round the corner right now."

"Bring him up here then," Abe said, "and we'll give you your money."

Pincus Levin nodded and shuffled off toward the back stairs, while Abe turned and gazed after him.

"I couldn't make it out at all, Mawruss," he said. "The more I look at that feller, Mawruss, the more he makes me think of this here ——"

"Good morning, Mr. Potash!" a familiar voice interrupted.

It was Harkavy.

"Hello there!" Morris cried cheerfully. "I thought you would be here."

Harkavy smiled sadly. His face was white and drawn and his shoes and trousers were covered with mud as though he had walked the streets all night.

"I am keeping my word anyhow," he said; "but I am only coming to tell you I got to go to Chicago."

"Why must you got to go?" Abe insisted.

"Well, there's certain reasons, Mr. Potash," Harkavy replied. "There's certain—rea ——"

He struggled to control his speech as his eyes rested on the rear stairway, but his words became more and more inarticulate until, with a shudder and a gasp, he fell heavily to the floor.

"*Oi gewoldt!*" Abe exclaimed. He rushed to the office for a glass of water, but even before he had reached the cooler he stopped suddenly. A great wailing cry came from the showroom and when he ran back with the water a bearded old man lay prostrate across Harkavy's body.

See that neat bow

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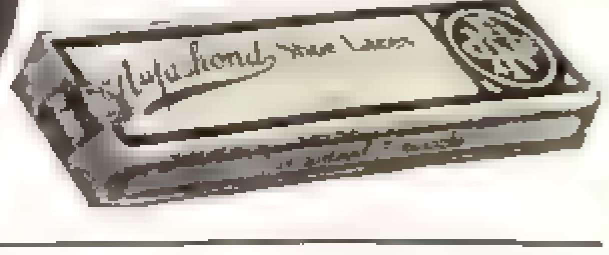
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.



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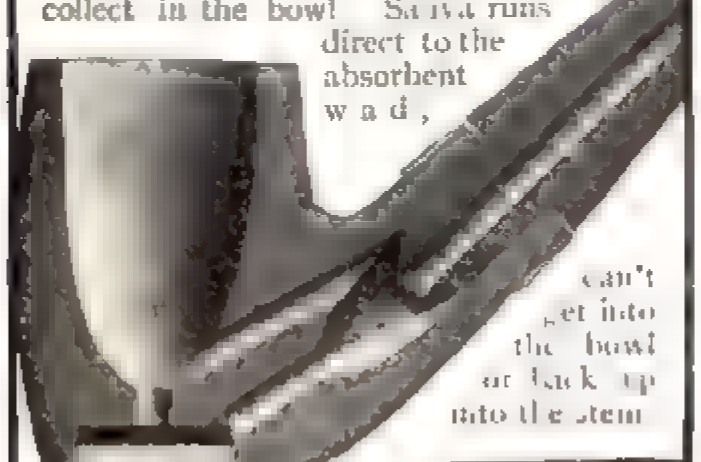

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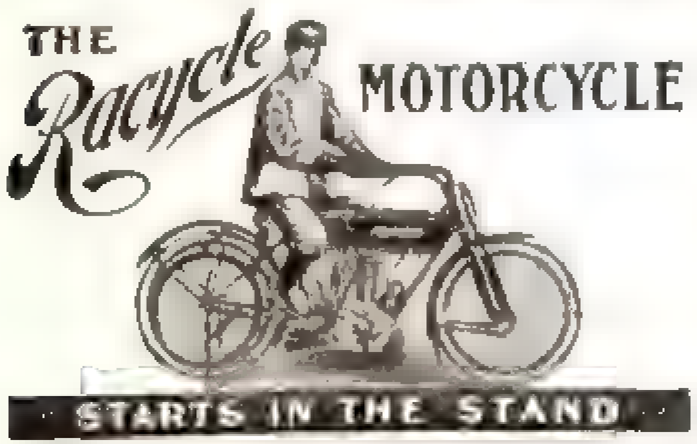

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Only Miss Cohen, the bookkeeper, kept a clear head during the confusion that followed. She dispatched Nathan, the shipping clerk, for a doctor and directed her frightened employers to loosen the shirt-bands of the unconscious men.

"Some whisky!" Morris shouted—and one of the cutters produced it bashfully from his hip-pocket.

"Never try to force whisky on a fainting person," Miss Cohen cried. "It might get into their lungs and suffocate 'em."

"I wasn't going to," Morris said hastily, as he took a yeoman's pull at the bottle. "I am feeling faint myself."

"*Mir auch*," Abe said, taking the bottle from his partner's grasp. After a refreshing draught he passed it on to Pincus, who returned it empty to the crestfallen cutter just as a physician dashed out of the elevator.

"What caused this trouble?" he asked Abe as he knelt down by the side of Harkavy.

Abe looked helplessly at Morris and turned to Pincus Levin, who commenced to tremble violently.

"Hold on there!" Morris shouted. "He's going to faint too."

Abe seized the glass of ice-water and flung its contents into Pincus Levin's face. He gasped and sat down suddenly.

"The old man," he murmured, "he's Yosel's father."

"Yosel who?" Morris shouted. "The old man's only got one son—and he's dead."

"Yes, I know," Pincus answered; "he is and he ain't. I always thought so too, Mr. Perlmutter, but this feller here is Yosel Levin which he got blew up in Harkav two years ago."

"What d'ye mean got blew up?" Abe asked as the doctor worked steadily over the two prostrate men. "How could he be blew up if he is here now?"

Pincus shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know?" he said weakly. "I ain't lying to you. This feller here is Yosel Levin and my uncle there is his father."

"Do you mean to told me that the old man's son ain't dead at all?" Morris demanded.

"Seemingly," Pincus said; "*aber* this is the first time I heard it and I guess it's the first time the old man heard it too."

Harkavy moaned and tried to sit up.

"Easy there!" the doctor commanded. "Two of you take him inside and put him on a lounge if you have one."

Abe and Morris followed Pincus and the head cutter as they supported the half-conscious Harkavy into the firm's office. Ten minutes later the old man was restored to consciousness.

"*Wo ist er?*" he murmured. "*Mein kind!*"

"It's all right," the doctor replied, and then he turned to the office. "Come out here, you, and talk to the old man."

Pincus came running from the office and reassured his uncle, who, under the ministrations of the doctor, grew rapidly stronger until he was sufficiently recovered to be placed on a chair.

"Keep him quiet while I attend to the other fellow," said the doctor; "and don't let him talk."

He went at once to the office, where Harkavy sat on the edge of the lounge.

"Here! What are you doing?" he cried. "You shouldn't let that fellow do any talking."

"That's all right, doctor," Abe said calmly. "He should go on talking now if it would kill him even. Go ahead, Harkavy."

"And so," Harkavy continued, "after I am stealing the wine they took me to the police office. There was a place! But, anyhow, Mr. Potash, I could tell you all about it afterward. Inside the back yard was a dead moujik which he is got run over by a train. His face is all damaged so you couldn't tell who he was at all."

He faltered and waved his hand.

"Give me, please, a glass water," he said, and the doctor seized his hand.

"Never mind!" Abe cried inexorably. "Leave him alone, doctor. He should finish what he's got to say."

Harkavy nodded and sipped some water.

"Then comes the package for the chief of police," he went on; "and they put it first in a pail of water. Then they open it, Mr. Potash, and it don't harm nobody; but them *roshers* want to put it on to somebody, so they make me a proposition they would give me a couple hundred rubles and

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a ticket to America—and I took 'em up. For stealing that wine I could get five years yet; so what should I do? They give me the money and I run away; and the dead moujik they are telling everybody is me, which I am blew up to pieces by the package."

"And you let the old man bury the moujik and think it was you?" Morris asked.

Harkavy nodded.

"Over and over again he is telling me I am no good and he wishes I was dead," he said. "I wish I was, Mr. Perlmutter I wish I was!"

He commenced to cry weakly and Morris handed him the water.

"But when I hear last week the old man, my father, is here," he continued, "I couldn't help myself—I am hanging around Madison Street trying I should get one look at him only. I didn't see him till just now."

He struggled to raise himself from the lounge.

"Let me go to him," he wailed; "let me go!"

Abe looked inquiringly at the doctor, who nodded in reply.

"Let him go," he said. "Happiness never harmed anybody yet."

VII

"GENTLEMEN," said the United States Commissioner as he sat behind his shabby desk in the Post-office Building, "the prisoner is in the marshal's office. Shall he be brought in?"

He addressed his question to Mr. Munjoy, who was seated between Henry D. Feldman and Steuermann at one side of a huge table. Opposite them were the clerk of the Russian Consulate and his counsel, who was obviously nervous at the formidable appearance presented by the lawyer, Henry D. Feldman.

The latter was about to pull off—as in his colloquial moments he himself would have expressed it—a rotten trick on his fellow counsel: for Abe and Morris had not informed either Mr. Munjoy or Mr. Steuermann of the stirring scene in their showroom that morning. Instead, they had called on Feldman, who, with the dramatic intuition of the effective jury lawyer, saw an opportunity for a coup that would at once gain the admiration and respect, if not the legal business, of Moses M. Steuermann and procure Feldman a column and a half of publicity in next day's paper. Hence he had sworn Abe and Morris to secrecy in consideration of making no charge for his services, since he deemed the accruing benefit to be worth at least two hundred dollars.

"Shall he be brought in, gentlemen?" the commissioner asked.

Counsel for the Russian Consulate bowed, as did Mr. Munjoy; but Henry D. Feldman cleared his throat with a great rasping noise that penetrated to the corridor without. This was the signal, and Abe and Morris entered the room supporting the old Rabbi, who was followed by Pincus Levin.

"One moment, sir," Feldman said. "I have a preliminary objection to make. Will you hear the offer, sir?"

The commissioner nodded and Steuermann and his counsel, Mr. Munjoy, turned to Feldman in amazement.

"What's all this, Feldman?" Munjoy cried.

Feldman waved his hand impressively.

"My objection is, sir, that a gross fraud has been practiced on this court. It has come to my attention that somebody connected with this proceeding has furnished a material witness for the defense with a ticket for Chicago and one thousand rubles as a bribe to stay away from the hearing."

Counsel for the complainant jumped to his feet.

"This is preposterous!" he declared.

"By no means," Feldman continued. "Will you direct counsel not to interrupt me, sir, if you please?"

"I so direct," the commissioner replied, whereat Feldman again cleared his throat and coughed twice, and, in answer to this cue, Yosel Levin, alias Joseph Harkavy, entered the room.

"The person so bribed, Mr. Commissioner, is named in the petition as the *corpus delicti* of the crime alleged to have been committed," Feldman said.

"What!" Munjoy and opposing counsel cried in unison, and the clerk to the consulate reached for his hat and started for the door. His counsel leaped after him, however, and succeeded in catching his coat-tails just as he was about to disappear into the hall.

With one hand still grasping the consular clerk, counsel for the complainant turned to the commissioner.

"I think my client wants to consult me outside for one minute," he said. "Have I your consent to withdraw?"

The commissioner nodded and Munjoy turned to Feldman.

"What the deuce are you trying to do, Feldman?" he asked as complainant's counsel returned.

"If the commissioner pleases," Feldman said, "we consent to a dismissal of the extradition proceedings and to a discharge of the prisoner."

The imperturbable commissioner bowed and rose to his feet.

"Submit the necessary papers for the prisoner's discharge, gentlemen," he said. "The hearing is closed."

VIII

"FIVE dollars for doing what that feller done is like picking it up in the street, Mawruss!" Abe declared to Morris when they received the doctor's bill a month later.

"How could we be small about it, Abe?" Morris rejoined. "Look at what Steuermann done! Not only he is paying his lawyers for getting this Kovalenko out of prison but he is taking that young feller and paying for him he should go on with his studying for a doctor."

"Well, the way doctors soak you, Mawruss," Abe said, looking at the bill which he held in his hand, "it wouldn't be long before Kovalenko pays him back with interest, I bet yer."

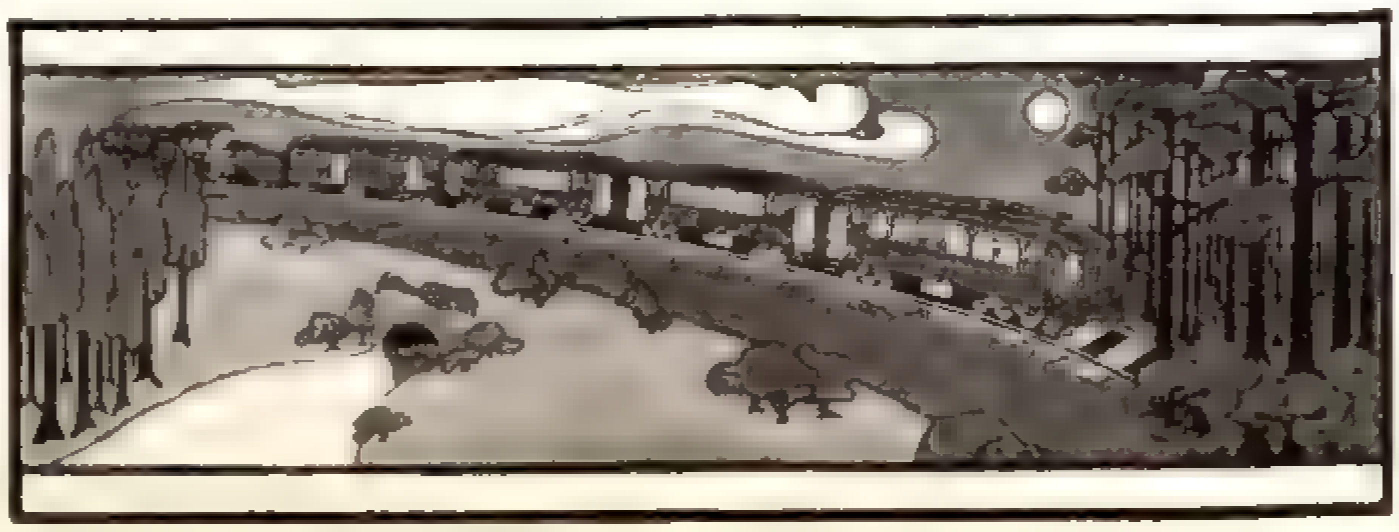
"But, anyhow, Abe," Morris continued, "now we got Yosel Levin working for us as cutter, it would be a better feeling all around supposing we pay the bill and say nothing about it."

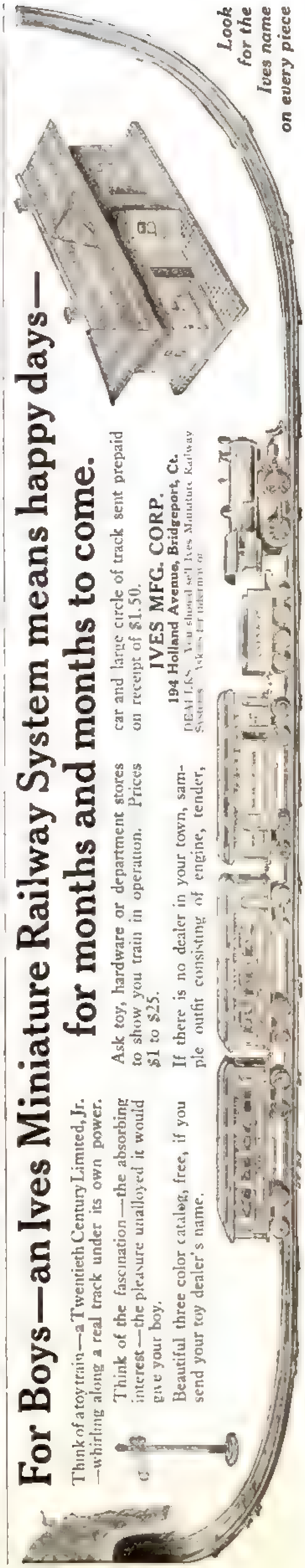
"I am agreeable we should say nothing more about it, Mawruss," Abe retorted, "because we already wasted more time and trouble than the whole thing is worth; but one thing I would like to know, Mawruss, before I shut up my mouth: Why did this here feller, Yosel Levin, call himself Harkavy?"

"Say!" Morris said, using three inflections to the monosyllable; "he's got just so much right to call himself Harkavy as all them other guys has to call themselves Breslauer, Hamburger, Leipziger *oder* Berliner. He anyhow does come from Harkav, Abe—which you could take it from me, Abe, there's many a feller calls himself Hamburger which he don't come from no nearer Hamburg than Vilna *oder* Kovno."

Abe shrugged his shoulders expressively in reply.

"My worries where them fellers comes from, Mawruss!" he commented. "Because, when it comes right down to it, Mawruss, if a feller attends to his own business, Mawruss, and don't monkey with politics, y'understand, where could he make a better living than right here in New York, N. Y.?"





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A MESSAGE FROM THE MIKADO

(Continued from Page 9)

they came down and got me. I was sleepy and wouldn't dress, but they wrapped me in a blanket and carried me up; and then they forced me to drink that punch. Well, anyway, they forced me at first. And I did have a nasty cold. So I thought after a while it might be good for that. I'm no hypocrite, like old Uncle Dave Freeman. He drinks a lot of those patent medicines for the alcohol in them, but I drink alcohol for the medicine that's in it. We both get results; but I'm honest about it. And this punch cured me, too, right away. After an hour or two I hadn't a sign of a cold; but I wasn't taking a chance. I stayed right there and made sure I was cured; and I helped them sing German songs and so forth. I was as German as anybody. Whenever they gave me a pickle-dish full of punch I'd say '*Haben sie nach einer?*' and they'd all laugh in the pleasantest way. I was going to become a German citizen next day—and we talked that all over and about what I must do to get to be one. At seven o'clock I was crying on the shoulder of a smoking-room steward because I hadn't been born a German. Then the lights went out; and after I got dressed they dropped me off the boat. Never felt better in my life—and I was cold sober, you understand. That punch hadn't seemed to have any kick in it."

His eyes rested on the tall glass and I gave it to him. When he had drained it he removed his turban, placed the remnants of ice within its folds and readjusted it.

"Well, I wanted a drink for a bracer the minute I got through the custom house—being up all night that way; a man has to take something if he misses his sleep. I began to think it was just as well I hadn't been born a German. A man has to sleep sometime, doesn't he?

"In a cab then, watching signs. Pretty soon I saw a place—'American Bar.' Got out and went in. Horrible disappointment! Only things I could see they had were pink buttermilk and cookies with blue sugar on them. Somebody had been fooling that Italian, you know; telling him he had an American bar. I passed on till we came to the real thing—a regular saloon on the square opposite the courthouse and the national bank and the cash store. Tables out in front. Beautiful morning—but I wanted that cocktail! I told the waiter. He said: 'Cogtel—grog Americain—oh, yes—thank you very much!'

"He brought it in a goblet with two straws—a kind of green and purple drink that smelled of hair-oil and cinnamon; had a slice of orange in it and some raspberries.

"'Oh, scissors and white aprons!' I said. 'You've gone and left out the egg!' That was meant to crumple him up, understand. But it didn't—not a crump.

"He said he knew he'd left out the egg; but he was sorry to say the eggs weren't absolutely fresh that morning. If I'd come around in the afternoon he'd make the real American cocktail and put two eggs in it!

"I went inside with him, grasping him firmly by the arm. I made him find me a bottle of vermuth and a bottle of gin. I took the bottles outside to make my own cocktail; but I couldn't get the proportions right. Something was wrong every time I tasted it; too much gin—too much vermuth! I must have tried a number of combinations, for I was there about an hour. But I gave it up. I thought I'd get along without a cocktail. Messing around that way with the stuff had seemed to take away my thirst. Even at that, the waiter charged me seven lire; think of it—a dollar and forty cents for trying to make one cocktail! They certainly do rob Americans.

"Well, then I saw the zebras across the street ——"

"Naturally!" I murmured.

"This is no time to be funny. They were zebras—two of them—hitched to an advertising wagon shaped like a big bottle—somebody's nerve food. I went across to get them. I was going to bring them over here and surprise Cousin Horace by driving into his studio with them. I got up on the seat beside the driver and told him about the fun we'd have, but he got cross and wouldn't let me drive. So I got down and followed him a block till he made the next stop. Then while he was busy talking to a policeman I skipped up into the seat and drove off. I'd have gotten over here if another cop hadn't headed me off. The two policemen and the driver told me they weren't for sale. The driver seemed to think I'd meant to steal them, and looked mad when he drove off. But I fixed it all right with the cops. They were good fellows and seemed to know just how I felt. Then my cabman that had been following me came along, so I went on up the hill to a hotel.

"It was beautiful up there, the town spreading off below like a red and white checkerboard and the street cries droning softly up—everything so peaceful and lovely. So I had some cocktails out on the terrace; and, after they'd tried four or five times and learned to leave out the grenadin syrup and the patchouli, they made very good ones. Then I sent the telegram to you.

"I must say they'd been a little bit cold to me up to then; but the minute I handed that telegram to the man in the hotel office the whole staff began rubbing their hands at me. They put me into a large gold apartment and nursed me with delicacies; and they kept the man who had learned about cocktails waiting at the door. Oh, they did a variety of things for me!

"But that wasn't anything to what came when I went down to take the carriage for the boat. Guess what I found! Why, that boy out there with the gold cables and red feathers!

"'Pinched on account of the zebras!' I says to myself. So I started in to explain that I had never meant to purloin the pretty creatures, but he only took off his Easter bonnet and bowed nine times with one hand on his sword and smiled kind of foolish and helped me into the carriage. Then he was anxious about the bags—got 'em all in; and there's a tin case over there that he clung to as if his next month's pay of eleven dollars and forty cents—in our money—was inside of it.

"I couldn't see why he wanted to ride to the boat with me, but I wasn't worried. I can see now that I wasn't in shape to worry over anything. Then we reached the boat and I'm getting ready to tell him adios and many happy returns and be sure to write often; but he clings to me—and especially to the tin case. I am escorted up to the captain's boudoir, a deckhand unlocks it and my bags are put inside. Then Pietro of the abundant embellishments planted himself outside the door and grew there during the voyage—yes, sir, with one hand on his sword, for two hours, looking so fierce and fancy he was almost better than the zebras. I couldn't even get him to leave for a drink. So I brought him things from time to time, now and again, and forced cigarettes on him. The only vague thing I could wrench from his garbled discourse was that I might have my head cut off but for him. I thought the fellow had been drinking.

"Well, then we landed, and some plain island cops that seemed to be waiting for us marched up and walked beside us through the avenues of your delightful little city—and here I am. Now, then, what's the answer?"

William readjusted his ice-toque and beamingly waited for me to read the riddle.

"What happened this morning?" I asked.

"Nothing but my head. It's still happening."

"But that picture outside?"

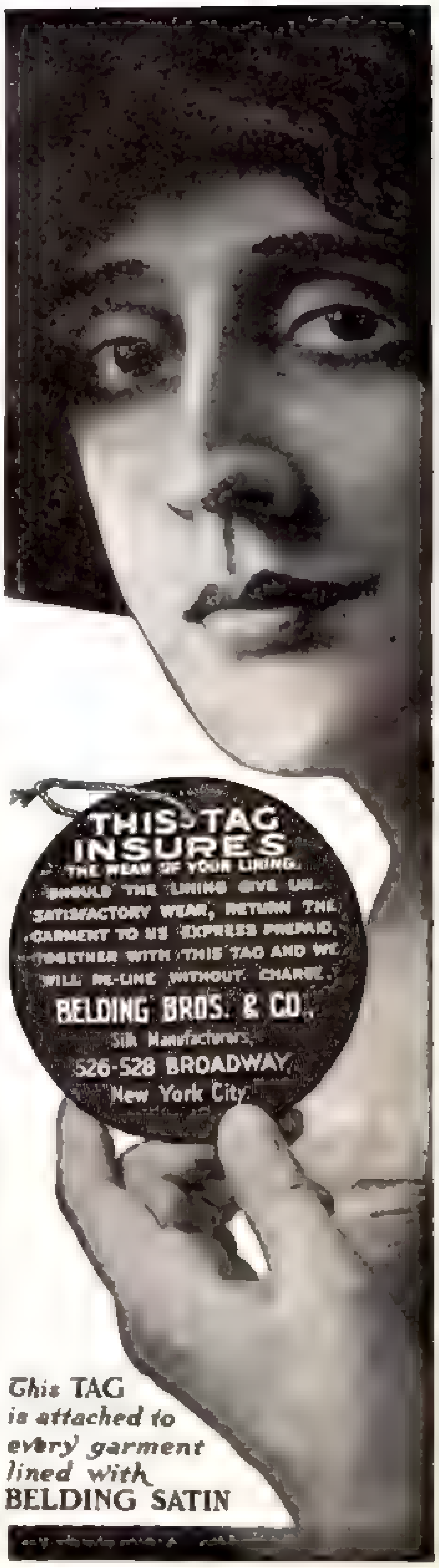
"Oh, that! Why, I saw it when I came to a little while ago—that's all. What would you have done—remembering that a lot of crazy Germans had started you—if you woke up and saw that? I landed a shoe in the middle of his face and it fell down and then I got up and grappled with it and got it out into the hall after a fierce struggle. That's all of that. But why the pomp and ceremony? Why those?" He pointed through the glass doors to where the Naples dignitary and the French journalist regarded us furtively. "That other one, that French lad, has sent me his card eight times. I'll soon have enough to play solitaire with. Why him?"

"Bill," I said, after a moment's able thought, "what have you in yonder tin case that your befeathered friend was so watchful of?"

"Plumes," answered my friend—"ostrich plumes to make ladies' millinery out of. That's what. Peaches too!"

"Peaches?"

"Peaches of plumes—got 'em in Port Said for Aunt Lutetia. She's a good old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SHOULD THE LINING GIVE UNSATISFACTORY WEAR, RETURN THE GARMENT TO US EXPRESS PREPAID, TOGETHER WITH THIS TAG AND WE WILL RE-LINE WITHOUT CHARGE.
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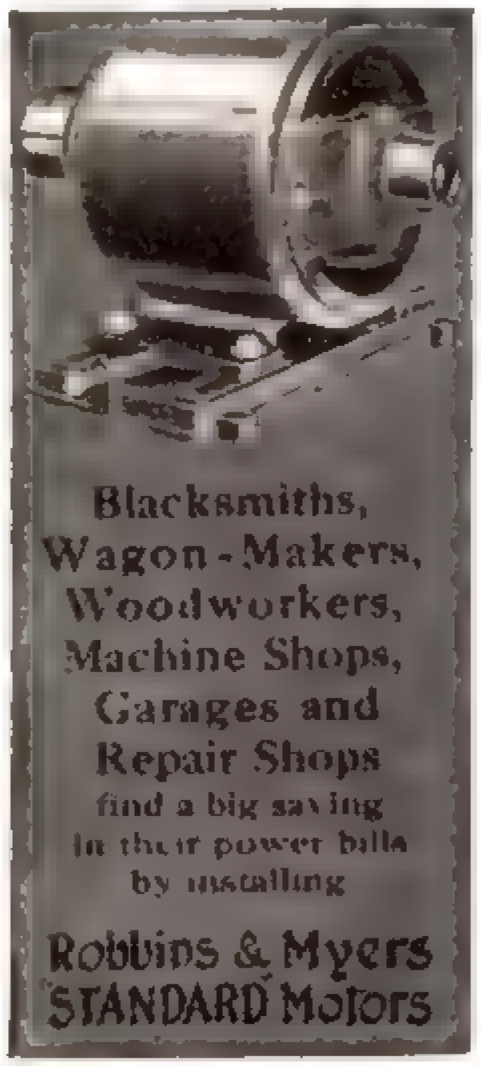
PURE DYE
GUARANTEED SATIN FOR YOUR PROTECTION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Woodworkers,
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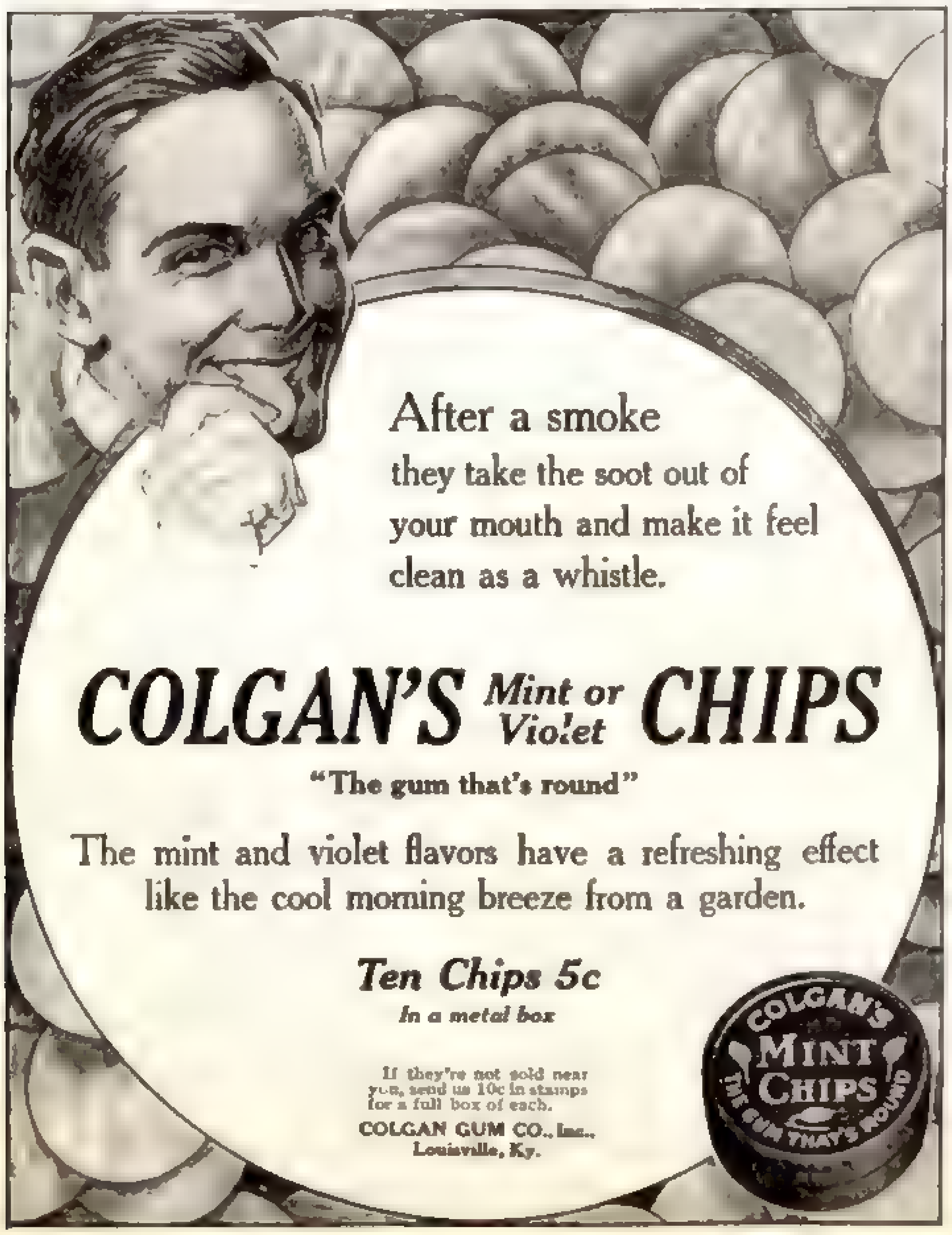
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they take the soot out of
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clean as a whistle.

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In a metal box

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sport—always take her something. Look 'em over if you want to see what keeps women from voting."

I crossed the room and took up the case. As I did so I became aware of agitation on the part of the two watchers outside. They ceased pretending to look at the scenery. The journalist grasped the arm of the *carabinière*, the latter grasped his sword, and they both edged nearer the glass doors. I affected not to observe this. I removed the cap from the tin cylinder, caught the ends of the plumes and drew them swiftly forth with a flourish—three splendid plumes, dazzlingly white, beautifully curled. I held them aloft and glanced out at the watchers. They were staring frankly now, their faces at the glass, staring in open-mouthed consternation. I waved the plumes and spoke words of admiration to William. The watchers vanished.

"I'm going to find out the answer," I said, and went quickly into the lobby.

The martial vision from Naples had sunk low in a chair, his head bowed, his royal mustache drooping. The journalist and signore the landlord conversed violently. I approached them.

"Why?" I demanded eloquently.

"Thell weeth Germanee?" the journalist remarked interrogatively.

"Messitch from Mikado!" interjected signore the landlord.

"Why?" I demanded again.

"Now I shall tell you the why," they cried in concert. They began to recite, at times simultaneously.

"He shall breeng messitch from Mikado of Japan ——"

"Thell weeth Germanee ——"

"He shall be confused, incompetent, drink mooch; he shall lose, perhaps, that messitch; it shall be sayed that spies of Italee ——"

"Thell weeth Germanee "

"It shall make troub' of nations if so—yass—mooch troub'—he lose in Italee ——"

"Thell weeth Germanee ——"

"The bureau of the hotel in Naples, who read messitch by telegraph when she is wrote, they have make suddenly informations to the *Municipio* and they have goodly provide escort of the police, who shall see that thees imperial messitcher be not molest nor him robbed nor him life lose. He haf guard messitch, he haf watch ——"

"Thell is Englis' word—*un vrai mot anglais, n'est-ce-pas?*"

"He fine, then, some fedders where shall be messitch—fedders but only! He haf fear a head be cut of Baron Lord Beel ——"

It was no time to be explicit.

"Listen!" I said. "The Baron Lord William wishes me to convey his thanks to the *Municipio* of Naples and to its brave representative, but the fact is this: the message from His Majesty the Mikado was delivered to my agent in Naples yesterday morning; he came to purchase a team of Italian zebras for his august master ——"

"Thell weeth ——"

"Thell—written, by the way, with an apostrophe after the 't'—means, 'May good fortune be!' There you have it: 'May good fortune be with Germany!' Baron Lord William has loved Germany ——"

"*Tiens, tiens! Mais alors, pourquoi a-t-il laché*—for why haf he put to the *porte* one *tableau* of German emperor?"

"I will tell you, but in strictest secrecy," I said.

Signore the landlord withdrew a few paces, nobly veiling his reluctance.

"This must not be published," I warned.

The eyes of the journalist glistened, but he drew himself proudly erect, as one who would stoop to no betrayal.

"It is a very simple matter. You will see it all at a word from me."

"I have so much impatience, monsieur."

"On your honor, monsieur?"

"Can monsieur doubt?"

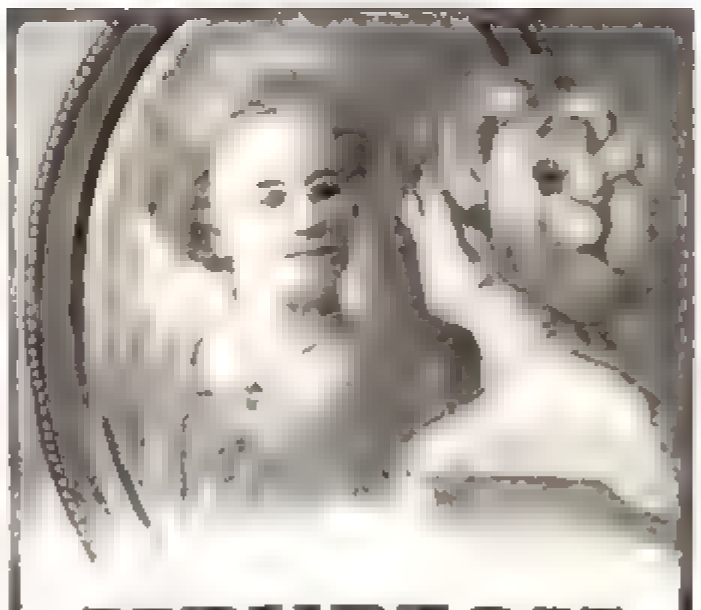
"Then," I whispered, "the Baron Lord William, Dauphin and County Recorder, sees not well at a little distance. He mistook the portrait for that of the President of the French Republic."

Rudely I tore myself from his quick grasp. He was missing explosions as I hurriedly closed the door of William's apartment on him.

"Bill," I said, "you have been the recipient of international courtesies which you do not deserve and are in no condition to appreciate."

"It's so peaceful here," murmured William, "I think I'll have a long, cold brandy and soda."

"Bill," I said firmly, "it's so peaceful here I think you won't!"



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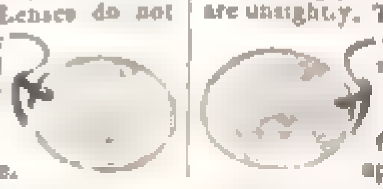

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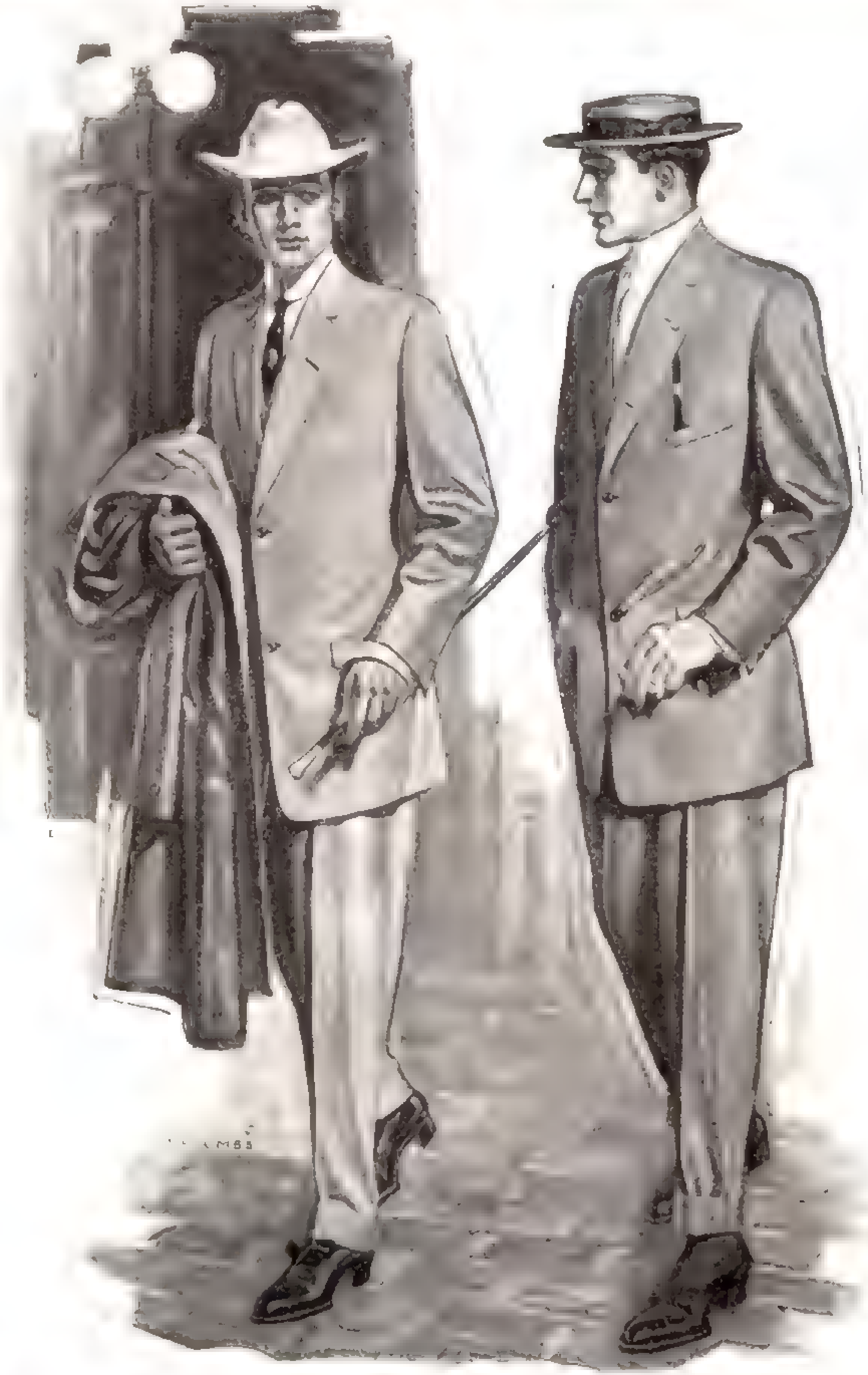

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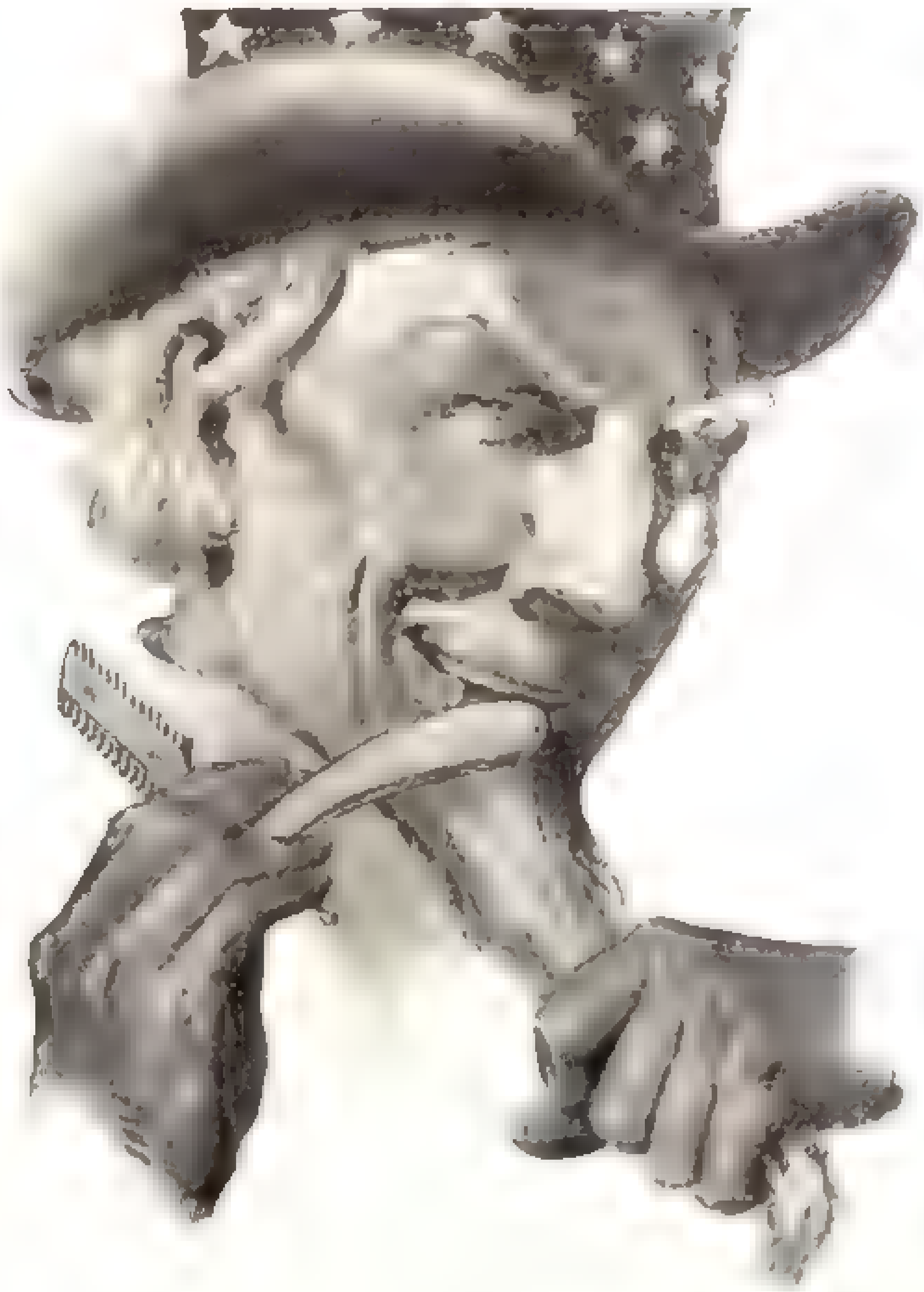
I've a
mind to
shave
this off,
b'gosh!"



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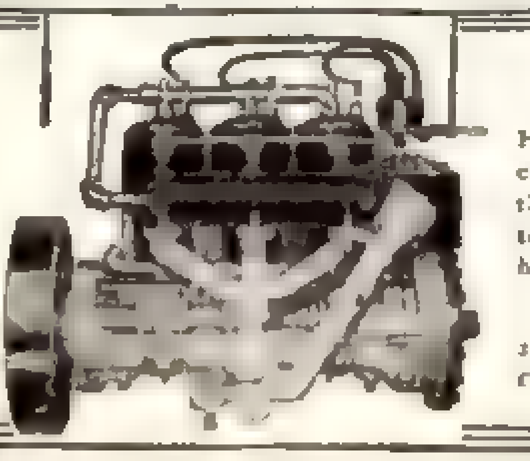

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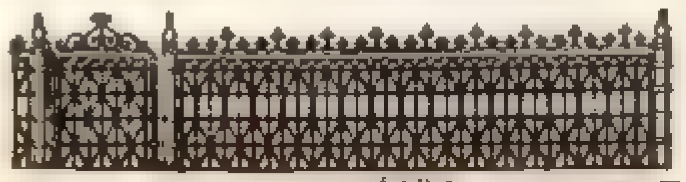

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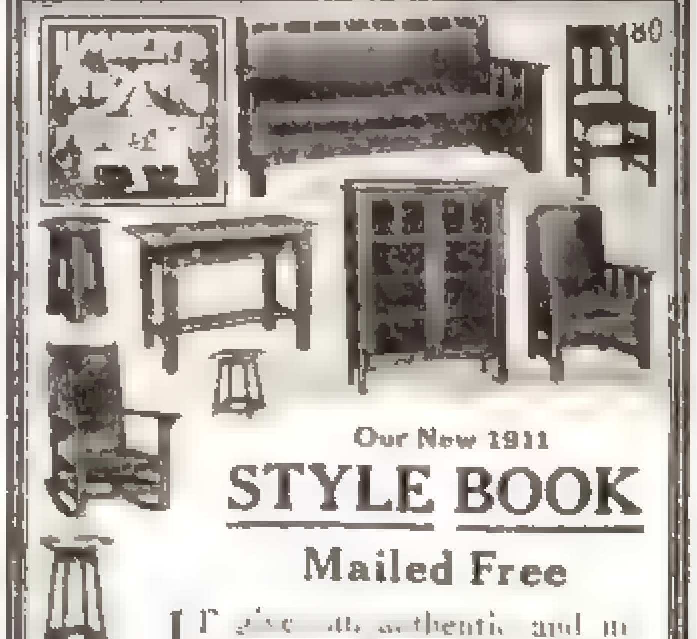

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THE FALL GUY

Continued from Page 6

thousand attitudes, a thousand postures: recalling in bitter memories her many expressions—just how her dark reddish hair would fall across her brow; how her lips would part in a smile, revealing her white, perfect teeth; and her brown eyes, that glowed in certain moments of anger almost a positive red—they had glowed that way that last moment before they parted. He lived again the passions of that hour, when he felt so like slaying her where she stood; only with this difference, that in the mad longing of this hour he felt not like slaying her but far, far otherwise!

He spat his cigarette from his lips and walked more rapidly, with tenser nervous movements; and to a drunk who addressed him just then he said

"Oh, go to hell! can't you?"

Then he began to recall specific scenes, to recreate them in his vision, and to live them over again—a bitter pain, a torture self-inflicted, so intense that it brought its own perverted sense of satisfaction. There was, for instance, that wild night in the Illinois town; the long weeks of calm and comfort in Chicago, when they had imitated a life of respectability in a boarding house; the admiration he had felt for Jane's surprising adeptness in picking the pocket of the elderly gentleman who was buying an Easter lily; her clever exploit in following an evangelist for two or three weeks, working among the crowds of his overwrought, fanatical devotees—until she discovered that their pockets were usually flat and slim! How she had laughed at her own novel generalization of the poverty of good people! And then the night when she had shown such nerve and helped him to knock off the safe in the post-office of that sleeping Indiana town ——

Ah! It flashed upon him in an instant—an instant almost blinding in its revelation. It came by no process of conscious reasoning. Curly, to be sure, was not especially aware of the processes of his mind in any event; but this came by clear, illuminating intuition—a blasting, revolting, maddening certainty—Jane had snitched!

He halted suddenly in the impact of the shock. Jane—of all persons—had snitched! Bitterness and hatred filled his soul. With this clew, he worked out his theory. Jane had met Wolf—he had become enamored; she had seen new possibilities of life of a certain sort—and he, Curly, was the drag, the impediment to this realization. And when she saw him before the store that afternoon, and had learned after those few days that the store had been robbed, she had communicated to the police, possibly through Wolf himself, the knowledge of Curly's presence in town and of his obscure rooming place, knowing that, after a safe-blowing, that would be enough for them. It must be! Who else knew that he was in town or where he was to be found? How else could the bulls have come so directly and instantly to his abode?

The problem was not solved; but he was sure of one thing—and that the most appalling fact in a universe of rather appalling facts—Jane had snitched! Jane had snitched! He paced on—and thought and thought and thought. After a while he asked the turnkey to send word to Inspector Carney, asking for an interview.

In his negligent, leisurely way—a manner cultivated by an utterly idle life, devoid of much use or service—the turnkey late that afternoon got word to Carney; but the inspector, just then working on the problem at the angle it presented to him, was too busy to pay attention. He had spent the afternoon in certain investigations regarding James Wolf.

VI

QUINN and McBride, anxious to fix the credit for their capture, were impatient for a hearing; the evidence they had, though perhaps not sufficient for the average mind, was sufficient for them and, as they knew, sufficient for the police judge sitting as an examining magistrate to bind Curly over to the grand jury; but Silver Jack was not ready and, to their disappointment and chagrin, he took the case out of the hands of the two detectives whom he had detailed on the case, leaving them thus to shrug their shoulders suggestively when questioned by the reporters for fresh details and new developments. So the reporters could report only that the detectives were working on the case, a fact in which the public no longer had interest, being concerned, like the newspapers themselves, with the beginnings and not with the conclusions of events.

When, on the last day of the old year, Curly was summoned to the front office he was still as far as ever from the solution he had sought. He was puzzled to know how the safeblower had gained entrance to the building, who he was, how he had hit upon that basic principle in the proscribed art that Curly regarded almost as a patented invention of his own. But one certainty was his, and he was that certainty's, it wholly possessed him—namely, that Jane had snitched! This was an appalling, blasting tragedy of the human soul in that world where he lived. He went up the wide stairway, through the hollow, echoing halls of the old police station, accompanied by two young officers, an Irishman and a German, whom he tried on the way to excite to some fresh outburst of the old race feud between them; but this was only a temporary diversion.

The question was on his heart, and heavy there; and there were questions on his lips that he longed to put to Carney if only he could do so without in some way admitting that he had been acting or had been ready to be acting burglariously and feloniously, as the information ran, on that starry night before Christmas. Conversations with Carney were interesting, but they were adventurous and dangerous. Curly had recalled that very morning how, after two weeks, Carney had entrapped McDonough for the Bridgetown job by asking McDonough what his "monaker" was and receiving a reply so prompt that instantly McDonough's character as a respectable man of business had been dissolved into that proper one in which he recognized promptly any synonym thieves' slang provided for that world above their own.

The white-haired inspector was sitting at his desk, a barren, empty desk on which there was nothing but an ink-bottle, a pen and a report of some of his men; but the inspector did not claim Curly's attention—for there, near by, sitting erectly in an oaken chair, gazing with an abstracted petulance out of the window into the Market Square below, was Jane! She was in those same rich furs the history of which Curly knew; and the sunshine of a brilliant winter day, that made so many outside that transient abode—scene of so many griefs and tragedies—happy in the omen of a bright New Year, fell through the window, glinting in her reddish hair. Her cheek, the rounded contour of which he could see, with its fine, almost imperceptible, down turned to gold, was flushed and she looked ruddy and warm; and Curly felt within him the agitation he had experienced whenever, after any absence, he had come into her presence again. However others might regard her—and nearly every one found her pretty—Jane, for Curly, possessed always a charm that invested her person almost palpably with the light that never was. He caught his breath. At the sound of his voice in the greeting he gave Carney the woman stirred, evidently with reluctance and against her will.

"Sit down, Curly," said the inspector, pointing to a chair beside his desk and waving the young officer from the room. "I've sent for Jane. Jane," he said, after a pause in which to change the object of his address, "here's an old friend of yours."

Jane sat still for an instant and then slowly turned about and raised her brown orbs to meet Curly's gray eyes. The glance they encountered was keen and searching and full of all reproach—and her gaze fell before it.

"You snitched!" said Curly in a low voice. "You snitched!" he repeated; and then, his words rising on that shrill ascending scale his tones assumed as excitement grew within him, "You snitched!" he cried.

"Cut that out!" commanded Carney.

Curly sat and glared. Jane stirred and raised a gloved hand.

"Look here, Inspector," she began. "I'd like to ask you if you don't think, now, that when he came ——"

"I didn't send for you to discuss your domestic difficulties," said Carney. "I want to talk business. You'd better get out of this scrape before you get into another."

"Well, I don't know what I've done to get into a scrape," said Jane, with a toss

The finishing touches to spring housecleaning

It isn't easy to get rid of the scuffs and marks of winter-wear with soap and water, a mop and a broom—these are but the preliminary cleaners. After the house is spick and span as cleaning can make it from garret to cellar, get out your paint brushes and Acme Quality special paints and finishes and touch up everything that needs a new finish. Every one who knows paints, knows that

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of her head. "I've been on the square with you anyway." She meant Carney, Inspector Carney, in his official capacity; but she looked at Curly, to let him feel the sting of her anger—and still he sat with his eyes fixed on the woman in the jealous hatred of despairing adoration. Presently he drew a deep breath and controlled himself; then he turned to Carney and said calmly:

"Inspector, I've always been square with you too—and I've always been square with her; but I want to ask you two questions."

"Go to it," said Carney, nodding.

"Well, in the first place, she tipped off my kip, didn't she?"

"You know better than to ask that, Curly," said the inspector. "You know we don't tell the sources ——"

"Oh, well; excuse me," said Curly. "Let it go at that. I know she did. Then tell me this: You looked that job over, I suppose. Did it look like one of mine—did it, now?"

"How do you know what it looked like?" asked Carney.

"I don't," said Curly promptly; "but you do."

"Well, we'll go into that after a while," said Carney. "Just now"—he drew out his watch—"I'm waiting for another person I've sent for."

Curly and Jane both looked curiously at him; and then, from long habit, they exchanged—in the old confidence—glances of curiosity with each other. While they did so, Carney's blue eyes were on them, his mind at work on the problem in the solution of which even their glances were of assistance. They could exchange nothing more than glances just then, however, for at that moment Quinn and McBride entered and with them—escorted, rather than conducted—was Wolf, as immaculate as ever, though concerned and—when he saw Curly—deeply disconcerted. Quinn and McBride, treating Wolf with the considerate respect the officers of the law always show those whose wrongs the law is engaged in avenging, drew up between them a chair for Wolf and he seated himself, removed his hat, wiped the perspiration from his brow and then resolutely turned his eyes, one of which gazed now from out the blackened circle Curly's blow had left, upon Carney.

"Good morning, Inspector," he managed to say. "A fine winter day."

Carney grunted a recognition of his greeting that lacked much of the respect the confectioner received from McBride and Quinn, who sat there in wonder, expecting developments. Carney had plucked out a pair of glasses and fixed them rather insecurely on his nose, where they slanted unaccustomedly in that infrequent wont that resulted from the inspector's reluctance to use them, and he was looking through a sheaf of papers, envelopes, old letters and the like that he had drawn from his pocket. As he looked over them he said, almost casually:

"You asked me a question just now, Curly, and I didn't answer it. I'll do that now. That job did not look like one of yours; I don't think it was one of yours."

Wolf and Jane exchanged glances, and McBride and Quinn looked at each other with varied evidences of surprise; and Curly smiled—rather complacently. Then they all focused their glances on Carney. He had found what he had been looking for and he now drew out from the documents he had laid on his desk two long white pieces of paper.

"How much did you say was stolen from your safe, Mr. Wolf?" asked the inspector.

"Five thousand dollars," said Wolf promptly.

"In cash?"

"Certainly."

"Where was it?"

"In the strong box, in canvas sacks; the thief"—he paused and looked at Curly—"emptied them before leaving."

"Had some more convenient way of carrying it, I suppose?"

"I don't know; I suppose so."

"Your cash slips for that day's sales ——?"

Wolf held out an anticipatory hand.

"My cashier didn't handle all that money that day, Inspector; I had some already in the safe."

"Oh, I see!"

Silver Jack was silent for a moment and then he resumed:

"You've been in a little financial difficulty lately, Mr. Wolf. You owed about

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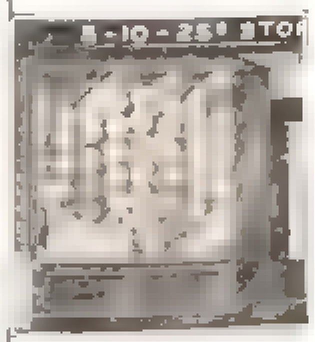

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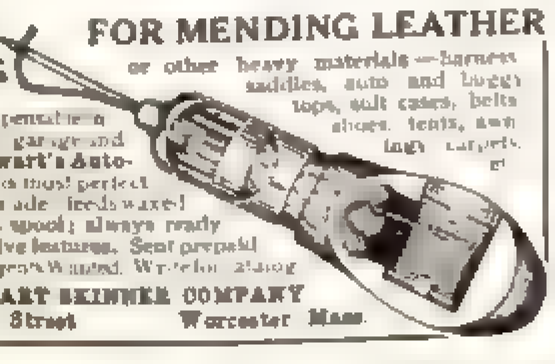

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five thousand dollars at your bank and you couldn't meet it."

"I didn't come here to discuss my personal and private affairs, Inspector," said Wolf.

"I'm right though," persisted Carney—"eh?"

"Why," said Wolf, "I don't see what that has to do with the crime that has been committed."

"Wait a minute." The inspector had put on his glasses again and picked up the papers from his desk. "These notes, Mr. Wolf," he said, "for—let's see—one for two thousand and one for three thousand, were due"—he examined them attentively and with the care of one not accustomed to negotiable instruments—"let me see—on the thirtieth of December at the Fourth National. You didn't pay them—eh?"

Wolf had been slowly settling in his chair and every one in the room was now looking at him.

"I ——" he began. "How did you get ——?"

"Well, here they are. I got them," said Carney conclusively.

"May I see them?" asked Wolf.

Carney handed the notes to him and Wolf studied them, turned them over, knitted his brows; and his face changed color—all but that blackened area of the left eye. Carney held out his hand and took the notes back.

"Now I'll tell you about the robbery of your store," Carney went on, laying the notes on the desk and then laying his glasses down on top of them. "You see, Mr. Wolf, you've been hitting up a pretty stiff pace lately; you've had to spend a lot on Jane, here. Your notes were coming due in the bank and you had no money to take 'em up with; and you couldn't borrow any more and the bank wouldn't renew them—and they were crowding you; so you thought you'd stall a little and make 'em think you had had the money, but that your store had been robbed and you'd lost it. So you—or some one—framed up this safeblowing job ——"

"What do you mean to insinuate, sir?" said Wolf, starting from his chair.

"Just keep your seat," said Carney. "I didn't mean to insinuate anything. I'm just telling you who robbed your store. You did, or you got some one to do it for you. Jane here, maybe, put you on; maybe she tried to show you how. That was a mistake, Jane," said Carney, turning to her. "You'd have done better if you'd taken him and tried to make a moll buzzer of him—you could have shown him how to nick a sucker; but knocking off a peter isn't exactly in your line. Then you happened to see Curly; and you happened—I suppose you happened—to think, or one of you happened to think, that you might shove it off on him and make him the fall man. It was about the dirtiest piece of business I've ever known. I wouldn't have thought it of you, Jane!" he said, looking at her and then looking back at Wolf.

Jane's eyes were red, her face was red and she was looking out of the window again. Quinn and McBride, after their astonishment had passed from their faces, were sitting stolidly, silently, Quinn picking a loose thread from the band of his round hat. Wolf, however, was slowly regaining possession of himself; and now he stood up, suddenly and stiffly.

"It's an outrage!" he began. "A respectable business man and citizen and taxpayer like me—to be insulted in this way! To have my store entered by thieves and robbed of five thousand dollars ——"

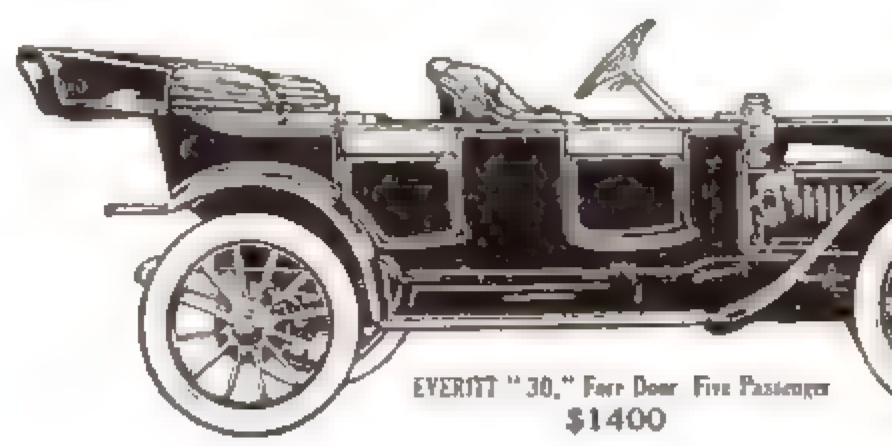
Carney smiled. "Five thousand dollars!" he said. "You never had five thousand dollars in that safe; five thousand dollars from selling candy between noon and midnight? Don't try to string us—Quinn and McBride here, and me—we're no fools! Eh?"

McBride and Quinn, glad to be thus suddenly embraced within the limits of official wisdom again, nodded eagerly, almost menacingly.

"Five thousand dollars! The devil!" said Quinn.

"Yes, that's it," Wolf went on bitterly, almost in a whimper. "I'm to be robbed and I'm to be insulted! To be accused of robbing myself!—and by the very men I help to pay taxes to for protection. You policemen are in league with the thieves and criminals—that's what you are! I'll take it up with the commissioner; I'll take it up with the mayor—that's what I'll do!"

"You'd better take Mr. Wolf below, boys," said Carney quietly. McBride and



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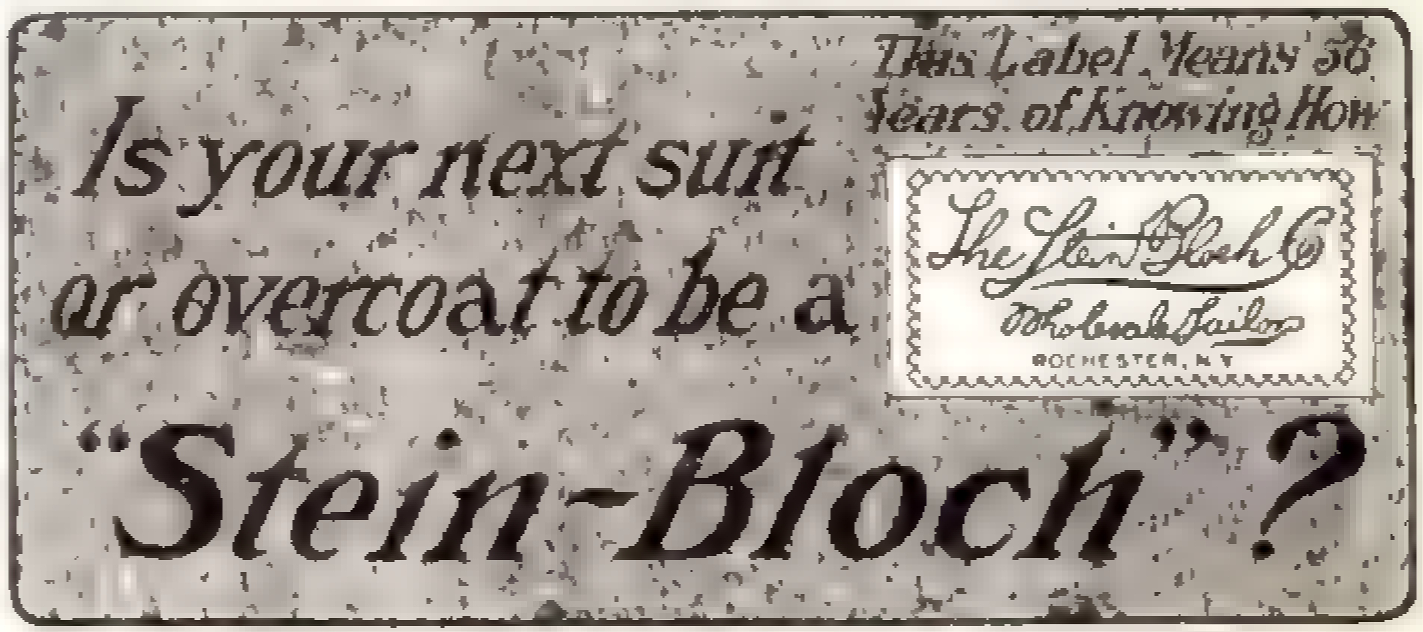
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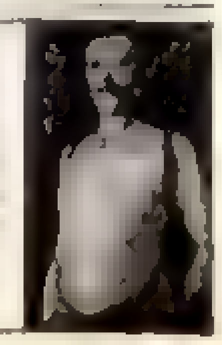

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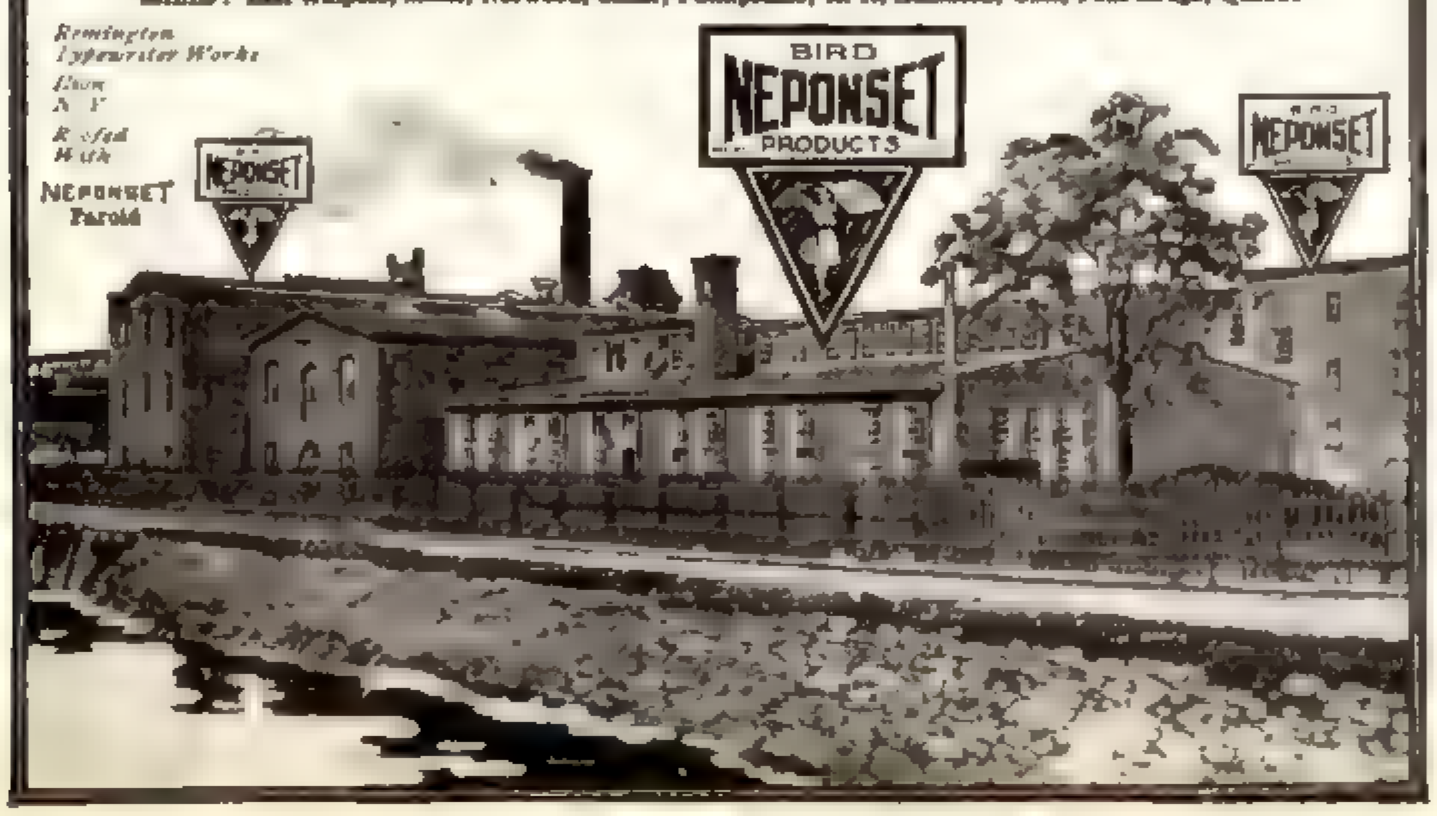

Quinn arose and each laid a hand on Wolf's shoulder.

"You don't tell me I'm to be arrested!" Wolf looked about in despair, then rushed impulsively toward Carney. "Inspector," he pleaded, "don't do that! You'll ruin me! You'll ruin me! Let this fellow here go. I don't care anything about it. I—I withdraw my complaint, gentlemen. I was mistaken about this fellow—just because he happened to be in my store a day or so before it was robbed. Why, Inspector, you'll ruin me! You'll disgrace me! Don't arrest me! -why, you'll ruin me!"

He went on in his anguish until Carney said:

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Wolf. My men here will detain you just a while until we can look into this business further."

McBride and Quinn led him from the room, not so deferentially as they had escorted him in, while Wolf tried to compose himself to his ordinary dignity and calm for his appearance before the world outside. As he went, Curly saw him cast back a glance that held something more than appeal—a glance at Jane; but she did not turn her head. She still gazed motionless out of that window and down into Market Square.

VII

THERE were not many moments of complete satisfaction in the life of Curly Jackson—if there had been, the power to appreciate and enjoy them was slowly disintegrating within him. But those moments, in which he sat and looked at Silver Jack Carney, sitting at his desk, his ordinarily inscrutable face just touched with the glow of the process by which he had so successfully wrought the solution of his problem—and then at Jane, turned away from them, her elbow on the chair-arm, her chin sunk into her hand and her gaze still fixed somewhere beyond that cold and barren square, littered with the straw and grain with which the farmers' wagons had strewn it in the pale, cold hours of the dawning day, and showing life now only in the covey of sparrows that hopped and fluttered and scuffled about for their food in a fashion almost as disorderly and selfish as men and women in the human world about them scuffled and squabbled for theirs—those moments were sweet.

There had been joy for Curly—a fierce, primitive joy—in the moment his blow had fallen on Wolf's face a few days before; but this joy, the joy that came to him with the gradual realization of what this more disastrous blow meant to Wolf, if not, perhaps, of so high a quality, was far more intense. For now he had revenge; he had revenge on Wolf, who was so soon to be subjected to public ridicule, scorn, humiliation and pain, while he himself was to be released and vindicated, if reluctantly, in the eyes of the world he so despised. His whole class, indeed, in a sense would be vindicated by this proof of the fact that men of respectability and position could descend to deeds of lower grade than even burglars and criminals; and he was to be revenged, too, on Jane! He looked at her again in his triumph. His face had broadened in that smile that made it attractive when humor inspired its smiles; it was not attractive now in this smile of a peculiar savage quality.

The inspector moved, sat upright and bent forward in that urgent attitude with which busy men, the victims of many visitors during the day, terminate interviews and dismiss callers; and then, as though remembering that Jane and Curly were not exactly callers, he turned to press the button that communicated with the room beyond. As he did so his eyes rested a moment on Jane; and they saw what Curly saw—tears rolling heavily down her cheeks.

Now the sight of a woman's tears was one that Silver Jack could not endure. He had witnessed many and, though he had seen tears for thirty years, he had never accustomed himself to them. When he could not stanch them by some little act of kindness, which he made a point of performing as gruffly as possible, he resented them almost angrily. His hand he stayed in its advance toward the button and, turning about, he said:

"Oh, here, Jane; cut that out! There's no time for that now!"

Curly's face had lost its smile and it was now touched with an expression softer, tenderer, than it had worn in many days.

"Cut it out, I tell you!" said Carney; and at his words, which concealed somewhere

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Rittenhouse-Smith Electric Co., Dept. A, Leonard Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

within the tone in which they were spoken a pity, she cried, of course, the harder. Suddenly turning she arose and, sweeping toward Curly, said:

"Oh, Fred, forgive me! You don't know! You see, I thought I saw a chance to get out of it all, to square it; he was awful good to me and—I had a chance. I had a chance! And now it's all gone again! It's all gone!"

There was not much logic in her words or much consistency in her attitude. She was just a woman in trouble—that was all; and to Curly, as to most of those like him, there had come long since, if nothing else that was worthy, the divine wisdom that teaches one to behold all the calamities of life as merely trouble—sickness, poverty, mistake, frailty, guilt, sin—to him and those like him their consequences were all trouble.

He got up; he could not approach her; he obeyed almost automatically the rules of prisons, in which he was too well versed by experience; and he was used to the enactment of dramatic or tragic or tender scenes with distances between the principals—often, indeed, with steel bars between them.

"Oh, it's all right, Jane," he said. "Forget it; and I'll forget and we'll go away——"

She had hung her head, her face was flushing deeply, and she slowly shook her head from side to side. She would not look at him.

"You—you——" She could scarcely begin. "You don't understand." She raised her eyes now to him, with a light in them he had never seen in any eyes; and as he looked he sank into his chair and threw one arm over its back in a broken attitude of ultimate surrender.

"You mean"—he began—"him?" He jerked his head toward the door through which Wolf had disappeared a few moments before.

Jane slowly nodded; and then he turned from her and said no more.

Inspector Carney had pushed his button; the detectives came and took Curly and Jane out—and they parted without another word.

VIII

ALL that day Curly paced the floor of the prison, pausing only to eat the meals Danny Gibbs had sent in to him from a restaurant; and on that New Year's Eve, until the lights in the prison were put out, he walked up and down, up and down, and then lay awake in his cell. The prison was hideous with the oaths and drunken cries of the New Year's Eve revelers, who had no homes to go to or else no carriages or motors in which to go to their homes, and so had been brought in by the police; but these had not disturbed the rest of Curly Jackson. It was the sight of Jane in tears—not tears of rage, which he had beheld often enough with no such feeling, but the tears of human suffering, the tears of trouble.

He had beheld that vision all the day, all the evening; he still beheld it when the New Year was hailed at midnight by the blasts of whistles and horns and automobile sirens, and all the noise of that gayety outside, which could have none but ironic implications in that place; he beheld it in the silence that followed, the silence later on of dawn, broken only by the snores and maudlin mutterings of all the miserable slumberers along his tier of cells.

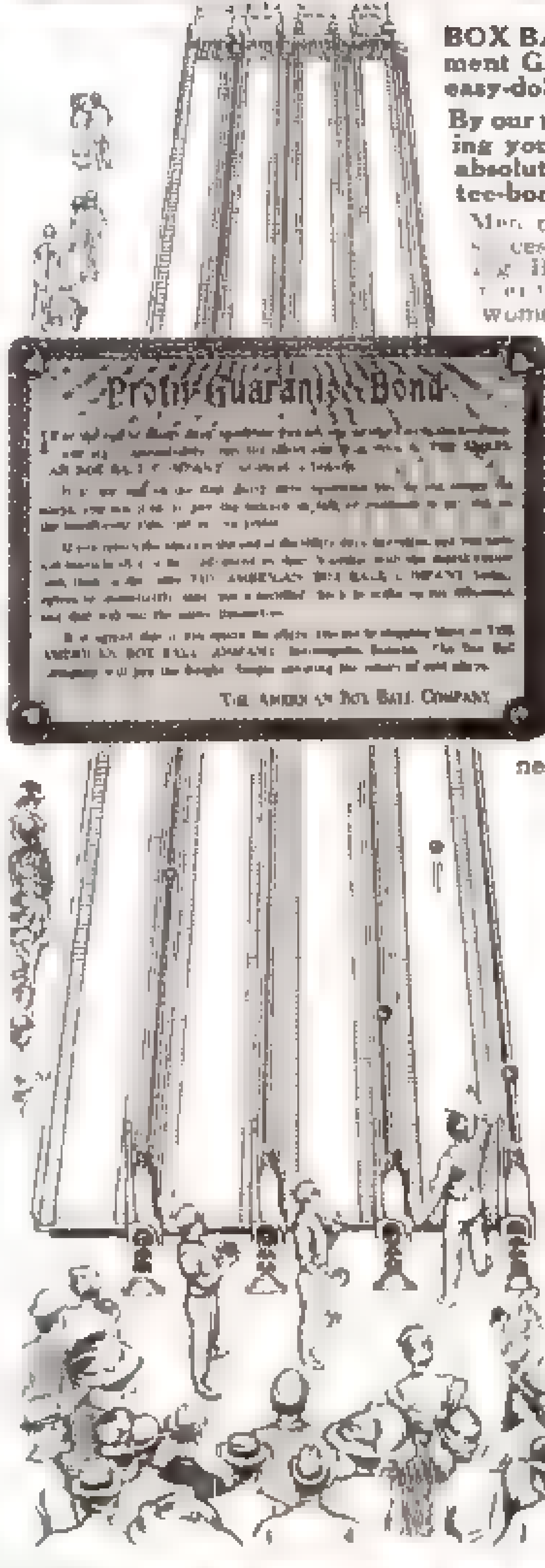
In the morning, when the turnkey came to turn them out into the corridor, Curly asked that he be permitted to see Inspector Carney when he came, and then eagerly awaited the summons. He had for the first time in many years formed a New Year's resolution and it interested—almost excited—him.

Carney came; and inasmuch as every one, even about police headquarters, was filled with the new, hopeful spirit of the day, the request of Curly was borne to him promptly and at ten o'clock he was led up again to the front office, where the inspector was waiting.

"Inspector," said Curly as he was given a seat before him, "you're a clever copper, all right—the squarest I know. All the boys say so too—and that dope of yours yesterday was the wise dope; but, if you don't mind, if you'll excuse me, you're wrong."

Silver Jack smiled.

"What's the matter with you, Curly, this morning? Did you get a second-hand jag from some of those drunks down there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J. H. [illegible]

From Iowa
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C. S. Rand.

From Florida
My receipts on two alleys [illegible] $[illegible] [illegible] running here one year and eight months.
J. C. Sharp.

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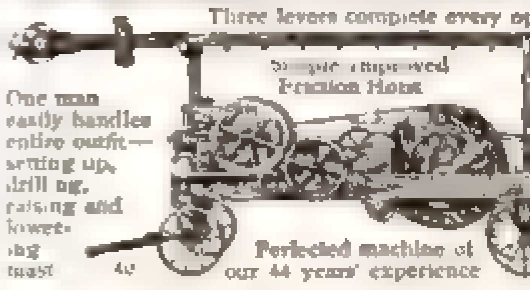
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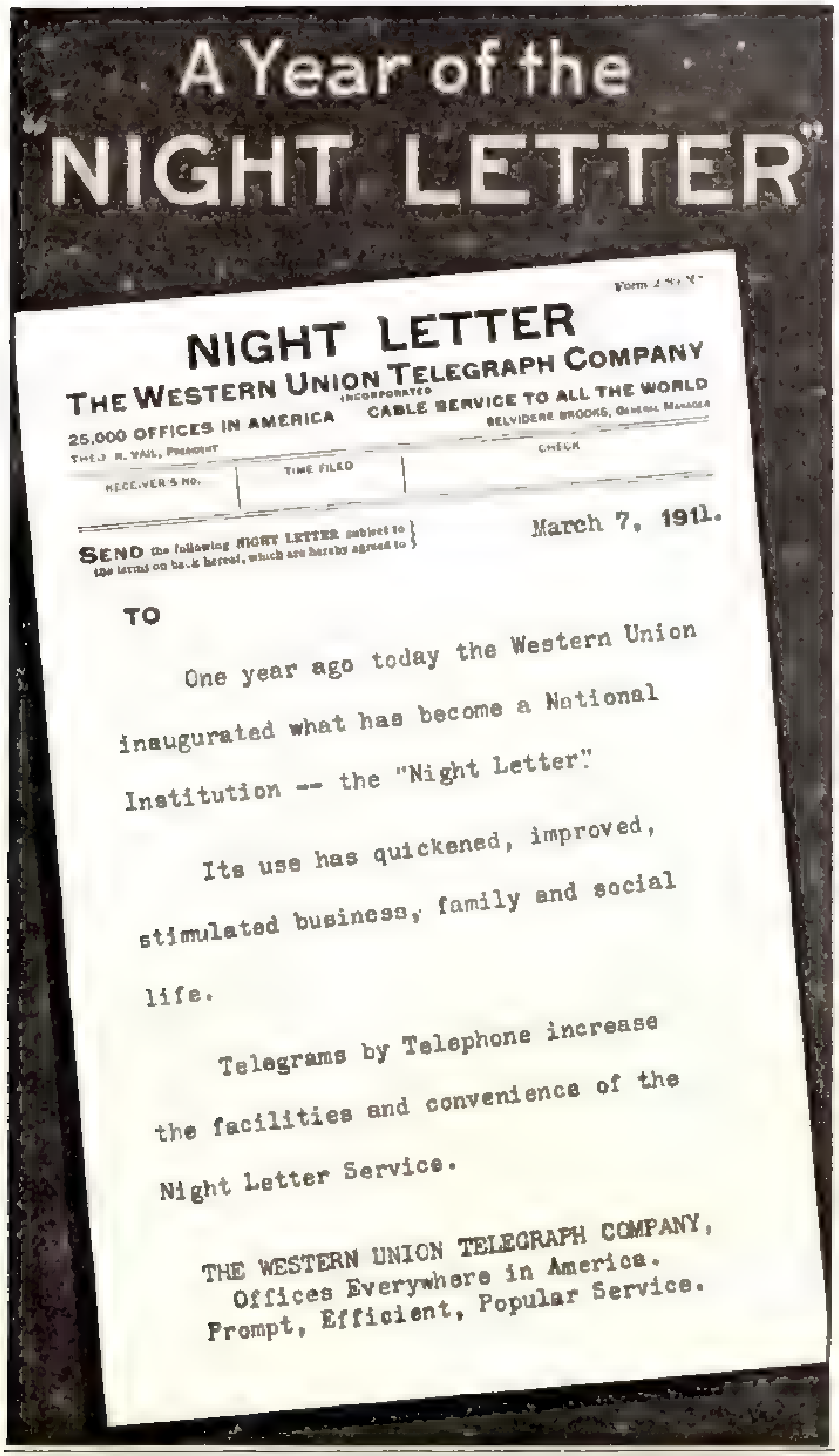

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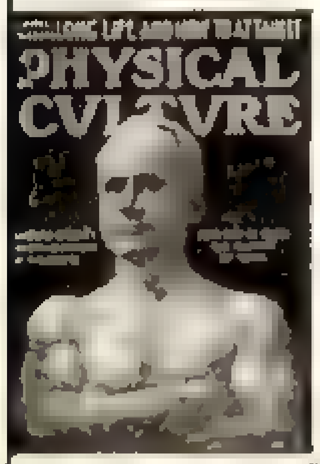

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last night by—let's see; what's this the croakers call it?—capillary absorption?"

"No; I'm sober," said Curly seriously. "You're wrong—that's all."

"Where?"

"You think I didn't blow that safe?"

"I know you didn't. It was rough work."

"Well, I'm much obliged for the compliment; but let me ask you something."

"Go as far as you like," said the inspector.

"How did the guy get in the place that night?"

"How? Why, by the door, of course—he had the key. To be sure, he opened the alley window and made a few scratches on the sill and the sash with a knife to look like a jimmy."

Curly smiled. "The jimmying wasn't rough work, was it, Inspector?"

"Yes, in its way, it was. A guy that could jimmy that decently wouldn't have made such a muss of the big job inside. That's easy. Spring something better than that."

"Well, thank you again; but you've got the wrong steer."

"See here, Curly," said Carney, "what are you trying to do—work the noble sacrifice gag on me?"

"No, I'm—well, I'm no good anyway. I'm the fall guy, all right; I'm going through. I did it."

Carney sat back and smiled indulgently on Curly.

"So you think that fellow that stole your girl didn't knock off that peter—eh?"

Curly winced, but recovering said:

"That big stiff? Why, he couldn't knock off an icicle with a pole!"

"No—maybe not; but he could blow a safe to pieces and nearly blow up a building with it."

"It was a bum job, wasn't it?" said Curly; and then, from habit, he recoiled. Carney, noticing the expression he knew so well as connoting that moment in the recitals of criminals in which their minds fail and they relax their guilty vigilance for an instant, so that the divinely persistent truth escapes, became serious and interested. Even Curly, forgetting that for once he was trying not to lie but to tell the truth, was, by the very fact of long habit, perturbed and perplexed. Then he readjusted himself to his somewhat complex mental attitude and went on:

"Do you want me to tell you how the place looked—where the safe was—and all that?"

"Oh, that's too simple, Curly. You know that, of course; you were in there Friday evening. You even gave candy to some kids!"

"How'd you know that?"

"Oh, I know a thing now and then."

"Well, all right; so I did! But, look at!" Curly hitched his chair closer to the inspector. "That safe, now, was a burglar-proof ——" He paused and smiled at the humor of it. "Now, whoever knocked it off poured in enough soup to blow up the vaults of the Guarantee Deposit. The door was blown clear off its hinges and the keester was blown, too, all to pieces ——"

"Yes; that was all in the papers. Go on."

"But, look at!" said Curly, leaning forward eagerly. "Lingy right on top of the papers, in the hole where the keester had been, was a photograph of a girl; she was in—what do you call it?—low-cut dress—she was a peach—smiling; and—— Do you want some more proof?"

Inspector Carney listened; then sat and thought. Finally he said:

"Well, Curly, I was going to spring you today as a New Year's present, but I'll have to change my mind. You were in there, all right—after Wolf had done the job. It must have been an awful disappointment; though you needn't worry. He didn't have a cent in it: he took it all out and blew it in on Jane. What do you want to throw yourself away on her for?"

Curly sat and looked down at his little felt hat for a few moments; and when he lifted his eyes to the inspector they were moist.

"Well," he said, "you see, Inspector, I'm—well, I've been pretty badly gone on that girl for a long while—and this thing's hit her hard. As for that big stiff, of course—you saw me soak him the other day. I'm sorry I did that, now. He wasn't worth it, I suppose; I shouldn't have degraded myself. I should have stamped on his toes—given him the boots. I oughtn't to have dirtied my hands with him. But Jane—you saw how it is with her. She cried, didn't she? You saw her, yourself, yesterday. And maybe you'll think I'm a soft one—but I'd do anything for her. So, look here: let me go through. Put me in front of the judge tomorrow morning and I'll take a plea; I'll save you all the trouble. I'm no good any more, anyway. I might as well be the fall guy. I'll go back to that old stir. I'm used to it. And you make that big candy butcher take care of Jane—that's all I ask. Make her square it and live decent. She can—now. I might as well be the fall man, I tell you, and be settled for this as for something else."

Carney sat and looked at Curly; his blue eyes met Curly's gray ones—and between them there was for an instant exchanged the respect of two men.

"Curly!" said Carney at length, "neither of them is worth it; but what can I do now? I wish—well, no matter."

He pushed the button and to the officer who entered he said:

"Send Quinn."

When Quinn's red face appeared in the doorway and he had wished the inspector a "Happy New Year!" "and you, too, Curly, I don't mind saying," he added—Carney said:

"Go swear out an affidavit charging Curly with—with—a—with breaking and entering—with intent to commit larceny. And go out to old man Harding's house and ask him to come down here; tell him you want him to sign an affidavit charging Wolf with trying to defraud his creditors—unless the prosecutor will say it's a crime to blow your own safe. Curly, here, is going to enter a plea of guilty."

Quinn looked in surprise at Curly, who was looking in some surprise at Carney.

"Why, inspector!" he began. "Look at! I thought that Wolf was to be ——"

"To hell with Wolf!" said Carney. "We've got enough legal technicalities here this morning and enough offenses, without compounding felonies—if it is a felony to blow your own safe. Anyway, we'll leave Wolf to his bankers; they're no slouches, either, when it comes to trimming a fellow."

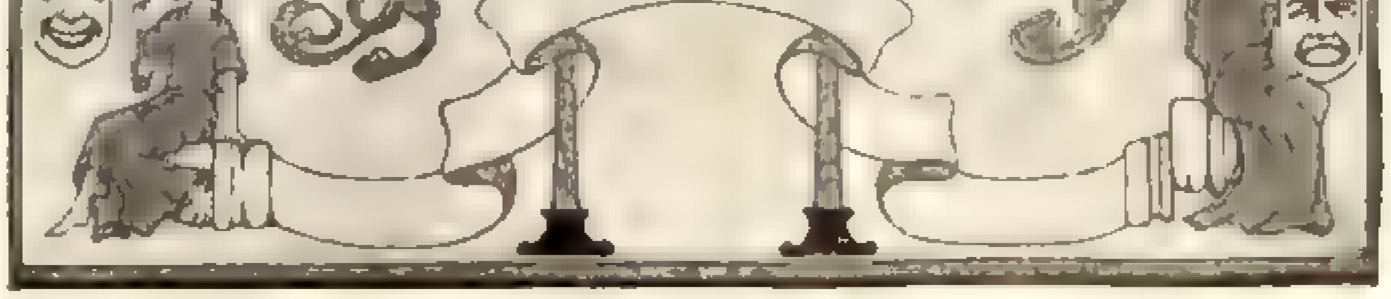
Curly had another question on his lips and Carney, looking at him, smiled.

"Jane?" he said. "Well, I've got nothing on Jane."

He turned then and strode over to the window, plunged his hands into his trousers pockets and stood gazing down into the Market Square, which had formed the object of his contemplation during so many months and years of his curious mental processes. It was there the reporters found him and, wishing him a "Happy New Year" noisily, asked immediately for news.

"Go to Quinn," said Silver Jack. "He's got a story for you. Your papers won't print all of it, because it's about a big advertiser; but it's a big story. Quinn has done a rather clever job on that Wolf case. He's getting to be a better man every day. I may make a detective of him yet."

He lighted a cigar—and looked on down into the deserted square.



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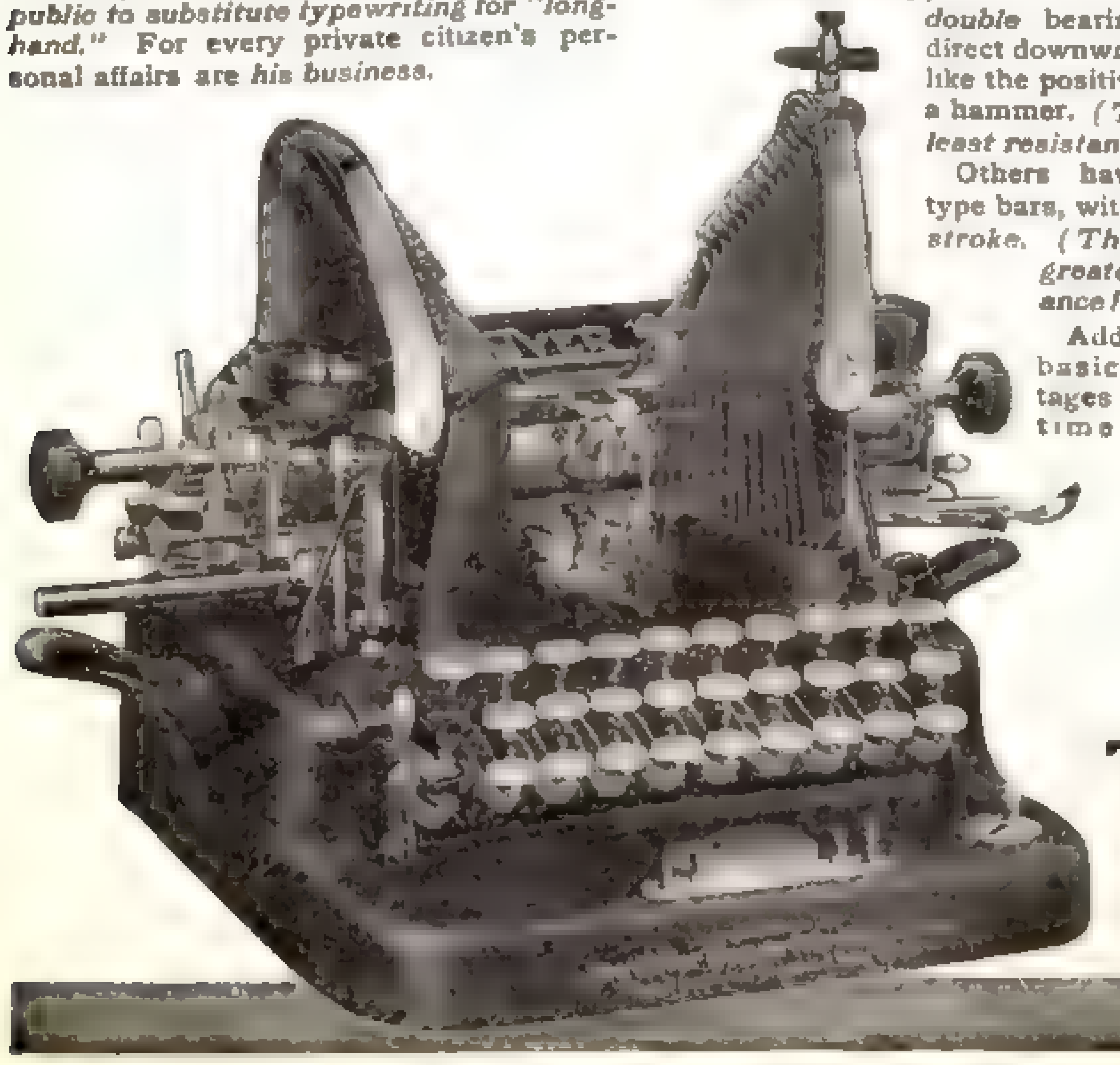

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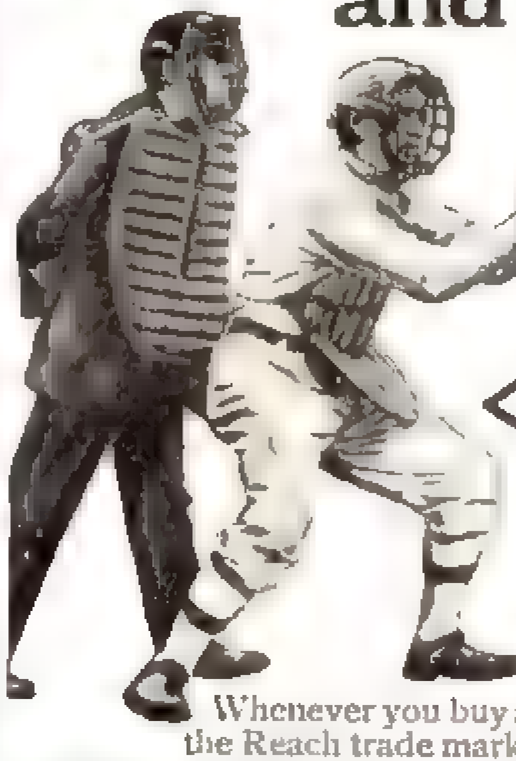

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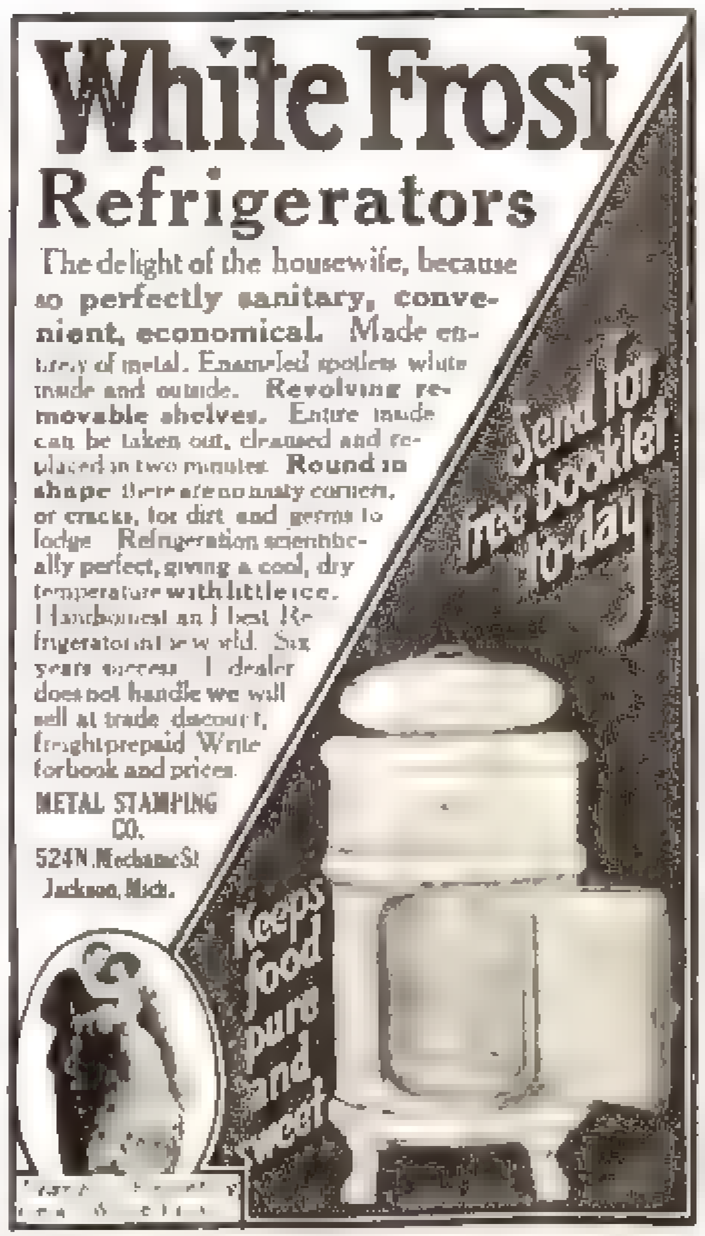
The delight of the housewife, because **so perfectly sanitary, convenient, economical.** Made entirely of metal. Enameled spotless white inside and outside. **Revolving removable shelves.** Entire inside can be taken out, cleaned and replaced in two minutes. **Round in shape** there are no nasty corners, or cracks, for dirt and germs to lodge. Refrigeration scientifically perfect, giving a cool, dry temperature with little ice. Handsomest and best Refrigerator in the world. Six years success. If dealer does not handle we will sell at trade discount, freight prepaid. Write for book and prices.

METAL STAMPING CO.
524 N. Mechanic St.
Jackson, Mich.


Send for free booklet to-day
Keeps food pure and sweet

CAN Your Own Vegetables and Fruit

My [illegible] tell you how. My Canners [illegible] cost little. Are easily operated. [illegible] not be [illegible] can in either glass or tin, [illegible] own fresh pure free from [illegible] fruit and vegetables at less cost than you can buy inferior goods. Catalogue free.

F. S. Stahl, Box 419 K, Quincy, Ill.

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through Cars [illegible] transfer to and from Western states. Write **today** for [illegible] maps and information.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
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GET OUR PRICE

on record breaking hatchers. Now better than ever—twenty years' experience—capacity increased—price lowered. **SUCCESSFUL** Incubators and Brooders pay big profits. Booklet, "Proper Care of Chicks," 10c. Catalogue FREE. Write today.

Des Moines Incubator Company
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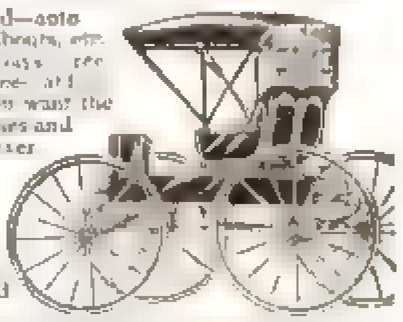
1911 Buggy Book FREE

Send a postal—get the Book—and through it visit with Phelps, the biggest factory of its kind in the world. Let him show you in his photographs how a good buggy should be made—what it should be made of. Phelps knows. They're all

Split Hickory Vehicles

—over 125 styles—every kind—auto seat Buggies, Surreys, Runabouts, etc.—[illegible] 30 Days' Road Test—2 years' guarantee—and $[illegible] to $[illegible] saving. Don't you want the Book? It will post you on styles and what you ought to pay. Write a postal [illegible]



H. C. Phelps, President,
THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. COMPANY,
Station 103, Columbus, O.
Largest Factory in the World Selling Vehicles Direct.

$1000 Will Start a Paying Truck Farm in the Pacific Northwest

A man can buy ten acres of fruit land out in the Pacific Northwest, and make enough money by raising garden truck to provide for himself and his family. Read the opinions of men who are in a position to know and then go out and investigate for yourself.

Frank Hughson of Corvallis, Oregon, has a farm of 15 acres, from which he sold last year garden products to the amount of $2,600.00. He did all the work with the assistance of one boy.

The principal of the Agricultural School of the Academy of Idaho says:

"I am convinced, from my own experience, that I could produce from a ten acre tract by intensive farming methods out in the Northwest country, not only a comfortable living for myself and family of four, but, in addition, $1,000.00 cash per year."

"I raised 60 tons of onions from three acres, and sold them at from $40.00 to $45.00 a ton." Statement of Jos. Woodward, Willamette Valley, Ore.

"My celery yielded 36,000 bunches to the acre, and sold for 60c a dozen." Statement of Wm. H. H. Dodge, Willamette Valley, Ore.

The owner of 19 acres of truck land adjoining the city limits of Albany, Ore., recently refused $15,000 in cash for his place, bought a few years ago for almost nothing.

Oregon-Washington Limited

fast electric lighted train to the Pacific Northwest, carrying standard and tourist sleeping cars, leaves Chicago daily at 10:16 P. M.

EXCELLENT DINING CARS

Union Pacific

ELECTRIC BLOCK SIGNALS

Standard Road of the West

If you want further information—if you want to leave the city and become independent on a farm—or if you are at present a farmer working under adverse conditions in the East, desiring to change to a warmer climate—to better soil—write

J. B. DE FRIEST, Gen. Eastern Agent, 281 Broadway, New York City
W. G. NEIMEYER, Gen. Agent, 124 Jackson Boul., Chicago, Ill.
J. G. LOWE, Gen. Agent, 910 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

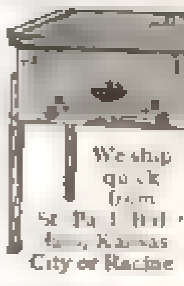
GERRIT FORT, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
877 Farnam Street Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Neb.

The Duntley Cleaner Demonstrated FREE In Your Own Home

You can pay for it in small monthly payments. A postal card will bring full details.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

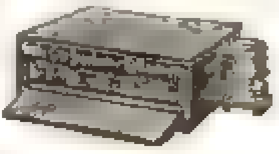
Duntley Mfg. Co., Dept. 11, Chicago



We ship quick from St. Paul, Buffalo, Kansas City or Racine

$7.55 Buys Best 140-Egg Incubator

Double cases all over; best copper tank; nursery, self-regulating. Best 140-chick hot-water brooder, $4.85. Both ordered together, $11.50. Freight prepaid (E. of Rockies). [illegible] any price are better. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Write for book today or send price now and save time.



Belle City Incubator Company, Box 77, Racine, Wisconsin

LEARN TO COMPOSE AND ARRANGE MUSIC

Taught by MAIL, successfully, practically, rapidly. Send 2c stamp for trial lesson. *Three Trial Lessons Free.* If not then convinced you'll succeed, *you owe us nothing.* You must know the rudiments of music and *mean business,* or don't write.

WILCOX SCHOOL OF COMPOSITION
M. E. Squires, Sec'y. P. O. Box 1058-P, 65 Broadway, N. Y. City

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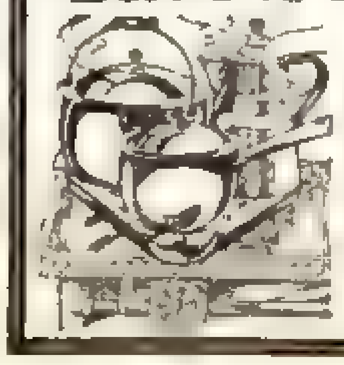
Save ½ Your Gas



SPENGLER COOKER—by cooking 3 articles in 3 full sized regular utensils over single flame—makes one burner do the work of 3. Over 50% gas saved. Avoids scorching foods and burning utensils. Free booklet explains. Price $[illegible] Express prepaid.

AGENTS—investigate; big profits—unlimited sale—exclusive territory.

Spengler Specialties Co.
39 E. 38th Street, New York

THE BLUE ENVELOPE

(Continued from Page 16)

month if I assumed the cost of the interior repairs of the house and was reasonable as to repairs of the exterior. "The estate is in such shape that the bank can't spend money on the place," the secretary had told me frankly, "and we'd rather rent it and get something out of it than let the house just fall to pieces."

It seemed an ideal opportunity—and it really was. Friends have said to me since: "But you ought not to point it out as an argument to others, for it was just the one place!"

"And just one place was all I wanted," I would reply.

There is always the "one place." Go out and look with energy and confidence and you will find the place fitted for your needs, just as I found the place fitted for my needs. Somewhere there is always "just the one place."

Only eight dollars a month for Paradise! But I wanted more than to rent it—I wanted to own it; so the bank gave me an option to buy for the sum of three thousand dollars.

Small though the sum was, it would be much cheaper to continue to rent than to purchase; but that was not by any means all of the question. There were possibilities in the place; and if we should buy we should have all the profit of the advance. It promised to be the safest kind of speculation.

Meanwhile we would rent for a time and feel our way. We should at least make it a year's relief and vacation—a year's relaxation. At the end of a year we should probably be just as well off financially as if I had stayed in the city and struggled on under city expenses, with a decreasing amount of work and the heartbreak of going from paper to paper, with breaks in employment. And in health our gain ought to be immeasurable. It would renew our youth.

Packing took only a day or two; we decided to take with us all the furniture, rugs and pictures that we cared most for and to send the rest to an auction room, where they fetched quite fair prices. I remember that we gayly took the opportunity to send, among other things, an oak cupboard that had bored us for years. It might easily have sold for fifteen cents; but, as a matter of fact, it sold for fifteen dollars—such being the delightful uncertainty of auctioning.

Keeping our best things meant that we were to face the world from just as good a plane as before. That there was to be less of actual money did not mean that there was to be deterioration in ourselves.

I spent some four dollars on books on gardening and poultry raising and seven dollars for tools—spade, hoe, hammer, chisel, saw, hatchet, screwdriver, and so on. Such things I knew I should need; and so dependent on the janitor had I, like other city men, become that the only tool of any kind, little or big, in our apartment was a tackhammer!

I remember that we felt rather proud of our final arrangements for moving. The house in the country was scrubbed and cleaned ready for us by a woman of the village, who worked by the day. A cooking range of the twenty-dollar type and some pipe had been shipped out and set in place in the kitchen—such a necessity being unknown in the city, where every apartment has its stationary range.

Our heavier furniture was sent by freight the day before we ourselves left; and we economized with crating—always an expensive item—judging that to repair a broken chair-leg would cost less than to crate a chair. Our trunks, well filled, were to be checked as baggage.

Some things were to be sent by express on the very last morning—bed, mattress, pillows and bedding, a lamp, teakettle and coffee-pot, a few cups and plates; and a box of food, packed by our grocer, who, saying that he was sorry to lose old customers, put up in a wooden box my wife's order of coffee, butter, bread, ham, sugar, rice, breakfast food and cheese. We were doubtful and, as it proved, with reason—of the resources of the village store.

I made a special request at the express office, the evening before, to send early for our things; so we were up early in the morning, nailing and bundling things to have them ready. I hoped to have them reach our new home that same day, so that we could go right in and begin to live there; but if they should not arrive on time we could merely go for a night to the village inn. However, the wagon called about half past seven and the goods went out on the same train that we ourselves did.

I saw to it that I had a few necessaries—such as matches, a candle, and an extra door-bolt—in my pockets; and into a grip, after the final packing, I put the screwdriver, the hammer and some nails, so as to be ready for needs and emergencies. All at once I was having to do things for myself!

I remember so well the experiences of that day—in particular our entrance into the village with which thenceforth we were to be identified. We felt like Columbus and Robinson Crusoe rolled into one—or, rather, into two. We had all the feeling of settlers striking into a new world and we felt a delightful sense of adventure.

Up the long street of the attenuated town we drove, in the back seat of the mud-spattered wagon that was locally called the "stage"; and behind us came a farm wagon carrying trunks and packages. It was noontime and from one of the houses there came the pungent odor of frying ham; ever since then the smell of ham recalls instantly and vividly the memory of that drive.

The sky was bright. It was late in January and we had feared bad weather, but the entire month thus far had been unwontedly pleasant, with but little cold. The air had a frosty zest. A light snow had fallen and had melted on roofs and roadway, but lay white on the fields and hills. It was a day for living.

The news that we were coming that day—the "new folks from the city"—had sifted along the entire two miles, and here and there I noticed a face curiously peering out at us. The "passing" was the current event of each day. The people had seen us in our preliminary visits, but this was different. For ourselves, we could hardly realize that only two weeks before I had been worrying in the city as a city man and looking at the future as at a blank wall! But at last we had found the opening in the wall!

The house was full of a cool mustiness, but I soon had roaring fires in the range and in two of the fireplaces. In the afternoon the woman was coming in to help and we were not sorry that we had an hour or two to ourselves, to get acquainted with each other in our new home and get acquainted with the house itself.

We sat joyously down to our first meal. We were light-heartedly happy; and that the meal was a hasty "snack," set out on top of one of the boxes, with two other boxes as chairs, only made it the more enjoyable. As we were laughing and talking and eating there was a knock at the door. There stood a very small and very prim and very neat little girl, with very big eyes very wide open in eager curiosity, who lifted up toward me a plate heaped high with fresh-baked ginger cookies. "Please, sir, with mother's compliments, sir; and she hopes you will both be very happy here." All of which was exceedingly auspicious and left—like the cookies themselves—a pleasant taste.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Here's Money for You!

Last year's sales at Soda Fountains amounted to more than $500,000,000—five hundred million dollars! *How much of this money did you get?*

If you have an old, worn-out fountain, you make a joke of your store.

If you have no fountain at all, you make the biggest mistake of your life, as you cut out the best source of income.

Now listen, Mr.—You and Everybody Else

Hires Munimaker

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

is a 15 inch square complete soda fountain and syrup-dispenser, two machines in one. Fits any table or counter. Made of white Italian marble.

Turn the onyx handle to the right and you have a glass of the most delicious and healthful beverage, a drink which makes your customers smile, smack their lips and say: "Ah! the best drink on earth." The drink which has long been recognized as

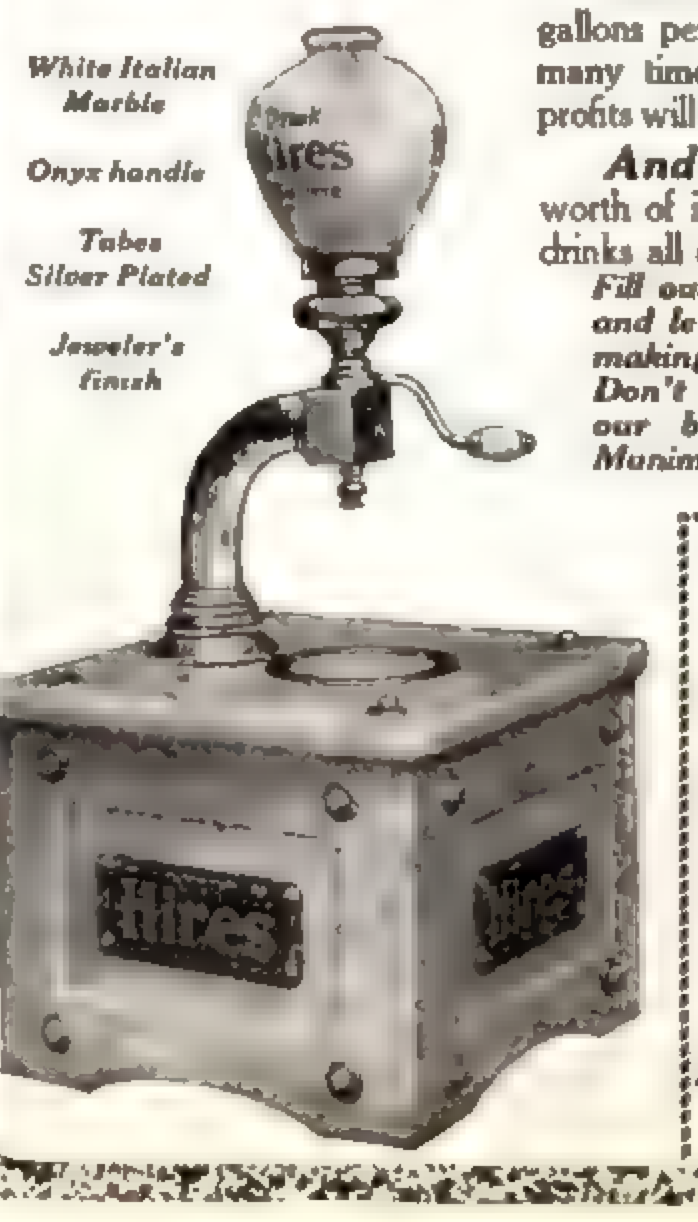
The True American Beverage—Hires.

Turn the handle to the left, and you draw plain soda water. Press the handle sideways and you have a fine stream to put fizz on ice cream soda.

The Munimaker measures the syrup—no guess work connected with it. Thus the sale of only five gallons of syrup per week pays the monthly instalment of $25 for ***The Munimaker.***

Why? Because, the machine—not the dispenser—controls the receipts. You also save the dispenser's time, as one movement of the handle serves ***Hires,*** blended to perfection.

The Munimaker also pays for the syrup and brings a profit of $34.50 per week for the balance of the month.



Notice that we said "the sale of five gallons per week"—but naturally you sell many times this amount. Therefore your profits will be many times $34.50 per week.

And the ice bill? Why, 10 cents worth of ice a day is enough to serve cold drinks all day long.

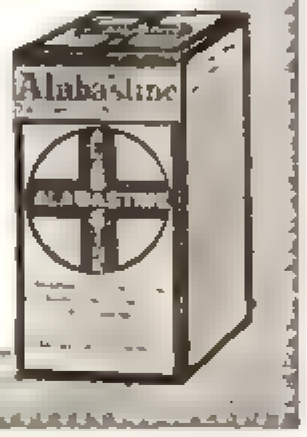
Fill out and mail the attached coupon and learn about the wonderful money making possibilities of the Munimaker. Don't wait—but do it now. Ask for our booklet, telling just what the Munimaker will do for you.

The Charles E. Hires Co.
Philadelphia

From
Street
City

Kindly send me full particulars about the

Munimaker



When You Decorate Your Home or Business Walls

remember that your interior decorating proclaims your business and social class more emphatically than any other appointment of your home, store, office or study. Walls reflect character, taste and standing. They make a good, bad or indifferent background for your possessions and your personality. From business or social viewpoint — your walls should *have your individual attention.*

Alabastine

The Beautiful, Durable Wall Tint

has proved its efficiency for over a quarter of a century in the better homes, hotels, clubs, schools and public buildings. It is more artistic than wall paper or paint and costs far less. Too superior to compare with any kind of kalsomine and far more durable. Alabastine walls can be kept in best condition at least expense and re-decorated without the cost of washing off the first coat of Alabastine. For this reason architects specify Alabastine as the ideal foundation for all future decorating.

Alabastine does not chip, peel, or rub off when properly applied. Ready to use when mixed with cold water, requires no expensive oil, and is *absolutely sanitary. Covers more wall surface per pound than any other decorating material* and is the easiest to use—applied with a good flat wall brush.

We furnish exclusive designs and color plans to meet your individual needs—*free of expense to you.* Write for samples. Every practical painter and decorator should be an *Alabastine Man.* If yours is not, send to us for the names of men in your town who do expert Alabastine work. Full 5 lb. pkg. White, 50 cents. Regular Tints, 55 cents. *Library slips in every package.*

Alabastine Company
Grand Rapids, Mich., 423 Grandville Road
New York City, Desk 23, 105 Water Street

6 EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

To introduce **THE HOUSEWIFE** to new readers, we will send it three months on trial, together with **SIX SPLENDID ROSE PLANTS**, for only 25 cents. **THE HOUSEWIFE** is a clean, bright, helpful and practical household magazine devoted to: Latest Fashions, Embroidery and Fancy Work, Cooking, Mothers' Realm, Etiquette, Social Circle, Household Helps, Suggestions for Entertainments, Talks on Health, Serial Stories, Short Stories, Illustrated Articles of Interest, Hints in Economy, How to Earn Money, Floriculture Advice.

The Six Rose Plants Which We Offer

are grown by a reliable house which has made Rose growing a specialty and a study for many years, and they have given attention to developing the plants that are best suited for sending by mail. The Six Plants which we have selected are Popular and Handsome sorts, which will bloom rapidly and in great abundance in any part of the United States.

The Bride This is undoubtedly the finest white Rose ever offered to the public. None compare with the Bride in the size and shape of buds and half-expanded flowers.

Scarlet Bedder The very best of all red Roses for bedding. It can be planted anywhere, being entirely hardy. Flowers are large size, fiery scarlet, a color rarely seen in Roses.

Blumenschmidt (Hybrid Tea.) Pure citron-yellow, outer petals edged tender Rose, of vigorous growth. Winner three 1st premiums.

Mrs. B. R. Cant Extra large full flowers, bright, clear rose-pink, perfectly double and full and delightfully sweet; an excellent bedding Rose, as it blooms all the time, and both flowers and buds are large and exceedingly beautiful.

The Bridesmaid Grand new sport from Mermet. Color rich deep pink. The best and largest pink Tea Rose.

Star of Lyon This magnificent Tea Rose is a rich golden yellow; a strong, healthy and vigorous grower; immense bloomer bearing flowers and buds early and late. One of the very best and most beautiful yellow Tea Roses ever introduced. Remarkably hardy.

These Six Ever Blooming Roses will bear large Sweetly Scented and Brilliantly Colored Flowers, and will do well in every section of the country, and should be planted in the open ground in a deep rich soil. We send all plants carefully packed, by mail, from the greenhouses in Ohio, and guarantee satisfaction.

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68 Besse Place, Springfield, Mass.

THE BOOK OF BUSINESS ETHICS

(Concluded from Page 7)

an order in Wheeler's name for fifty carloads, deliverable ten carloads a month, adding enough to allow five tons, on the average, for each of the new furnaces and stoves. He instructed the office to send an immediate acknowledgment of the order, with the customary thanks, to Wheeler, in Fairpont.

Within ten days came a letter from the now recuperated and repentant coal merchant, confirming the order in full.

Smart salesmanship! A delicious counter on the crafty Pete! It took swift and logical reasoning to decide on the instant that, in his passionate desire to hide his shame, Wheeler would certainly honor any order within reason. What a tangle of ethical questions the whole transaction raises! Where are the generally accepted rules by which they shall be judged?

Suppose—just by way of clearing up the fog—that an incident be related about which there can be no possible difference of opinion. It happened—one interjects in order to be entirely fair—a number of years ago.

Jackson Brothers, Incorporated—a large manufacturing company—began to make a certain specialty, which seriously interfered with the business of the Intercolonial Corporation, an even larger concern. Up to that time the Intercolonial had a practical monopoly and it was determined to keep outsiders from breaking into its pasture lot. Within six months after Jackson Brothers had put their new product on the market they became aware that, in some secret and mysterious way, their greedy rival was being informed of all the important details of their business. Long and careful search failed to discover the spies.

Finally, in desperation, the president of Jackson Brothers determined on an exceedingly bold and dangerous maneuver. He dismissed his assistant manager, who had been in active charge of the manufacture and sale of the goods in dispute. Publicly he announced that the discharge was for cause and involved treachery to his employers on the part of the delinquent.

Working Under False Pretenses

The disgraced manager took the first train for the city in which was located the plant of the Intercolonial. To the heads of that business he made a strong plea for engagement. He pointed out that he had been removed under false charges of having betrayed Jackson Brothers to them. He declared that his one great object in life was to revenge himself on his former employers for having put undeserved disgrace upon him. The managers of the Intercolonial knew, of course, that the applicant was an apparently innocent victim of their spy system. They knew, also, that he was an exceedingly clever and able man, both in the manufacturing and selling ends of the business. They employed him and, after a few weeks' trial, put him in charge of downing the competition of Jackson Brothers. From the day he went to work in the Intercolonial he made regular reports to the head of Jackson Brothers. It was nearly a year before he was even suspected. Then, with the house where he lodged surrounded by officers, he and President Jackson, who had come on to have a consultation with him, escaped over the roofs of the surrounding houses and took a train that carried them out of the state.

Indictments by a United States grand jury followed; but the whole case was finally settled out of court.

Contemplating that truthful and by no means solitary example of the business methods of twenty years ago, one may at least congratulate himself on the great—if not yet completed—improvement in the ethical standards of the marketplace.

Meanwhile the Book of Business Ethics—the official guide to the greatest of all national and international games—remains to be compiled.

A Special TORREY RAZOR

Here's a real man's razor—"992," a Torrey Special—built to meet most exacting requirements and to make shaving a delight.

HIGHEST TYPE OF RAZOR MADE

Unique in design, full concaved, with swage back. Medium width.

Illustration shows the beautiful pearl celluloid handle, with tang of selected pearl. Entire blade is finished with a brilliant crocus polish.

This and more ornate styles of handle $4.00. Black Rubber $3.50. Other razors $1.50 up. Sent postpaid if not at your dealer's.

"How to Shave."
A booklet that appreciates the joys of a perfect shave. You take the razor.
Torrey Strops the best made.

The J. R. Torrey Razor Co.
Dept. Y, Worcester, Mass.

WIPE YOUR FEET
Grab's Foot Scraper
Cleans the sole and brushes sides of shoe in one operation. Keeps dirt, mud and dust out of the house. Fastens on doorstep or any handy place. Saves house work. Teaches cleanliness. Price $1.00. If your dealer won't supply you don't take substitute, but send your order direct to us. Money back guarantee.
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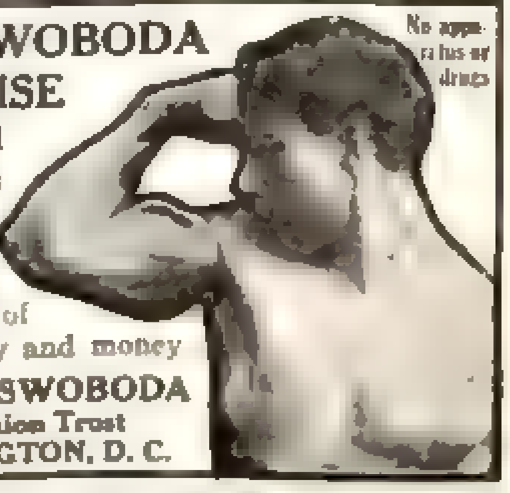

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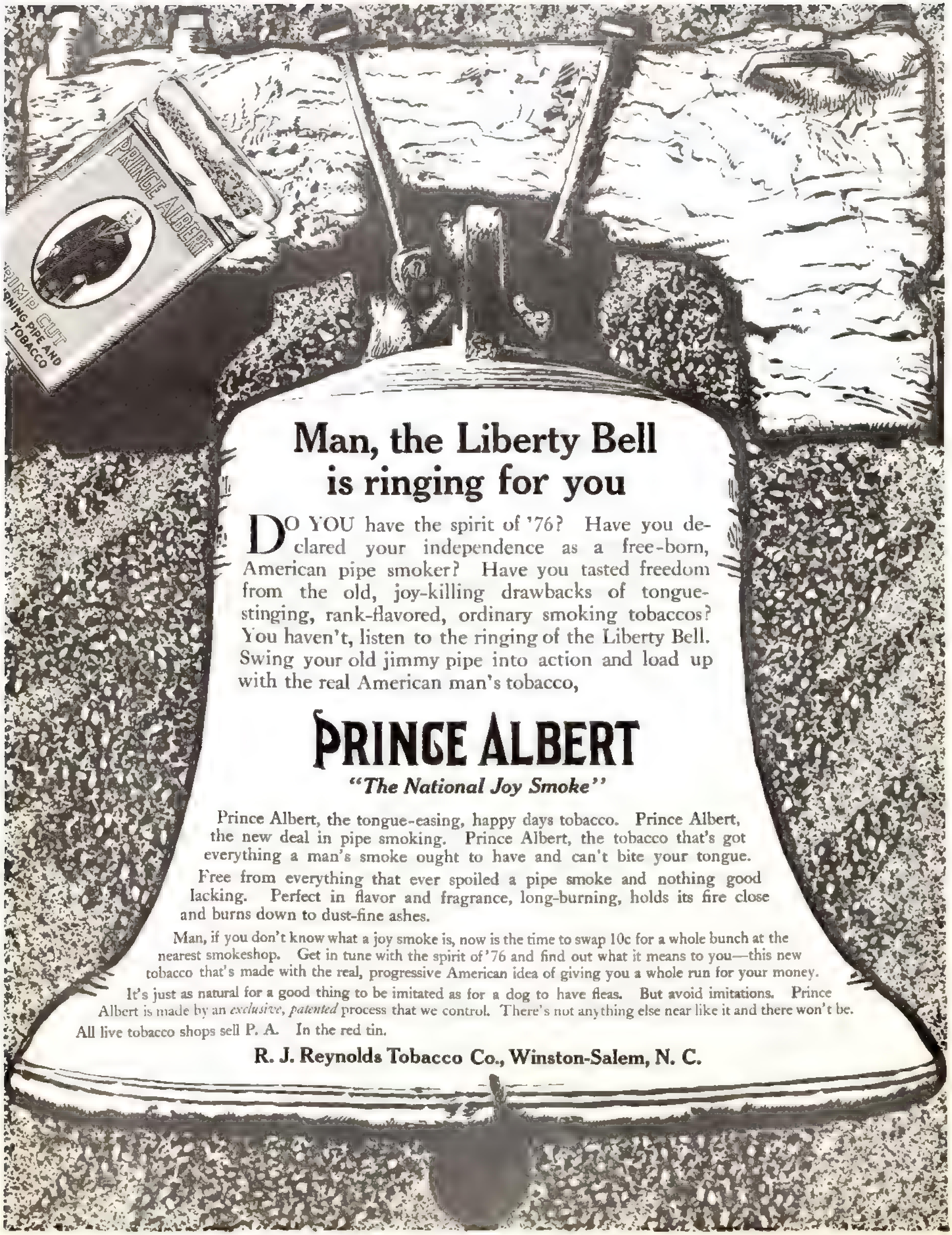


Man, the Liberty Bell is ringing for you

DO YOU have the spirit of '76? Have you declared your independence as a free-born, American pipe smoker? Have you tasted freedom from the old, joy-killing drawbacks of tongue-stinging, rank-flavored, ordinary smoking tobaccos? You haven't, listen to the ringing of the Liberty Bell. Swing your old jimmy pipe into action and load up with the real American man's tobacco,

PRINCE ALBERT

"The National Joy Smoke"

Prince Albert, the tongue-easing, happy days tobacco. Prince Albert, the new deal in pipe smoking. Prince Albert, the tobacco that's got everything a man's smoke ought to have and can't bite your tongue.

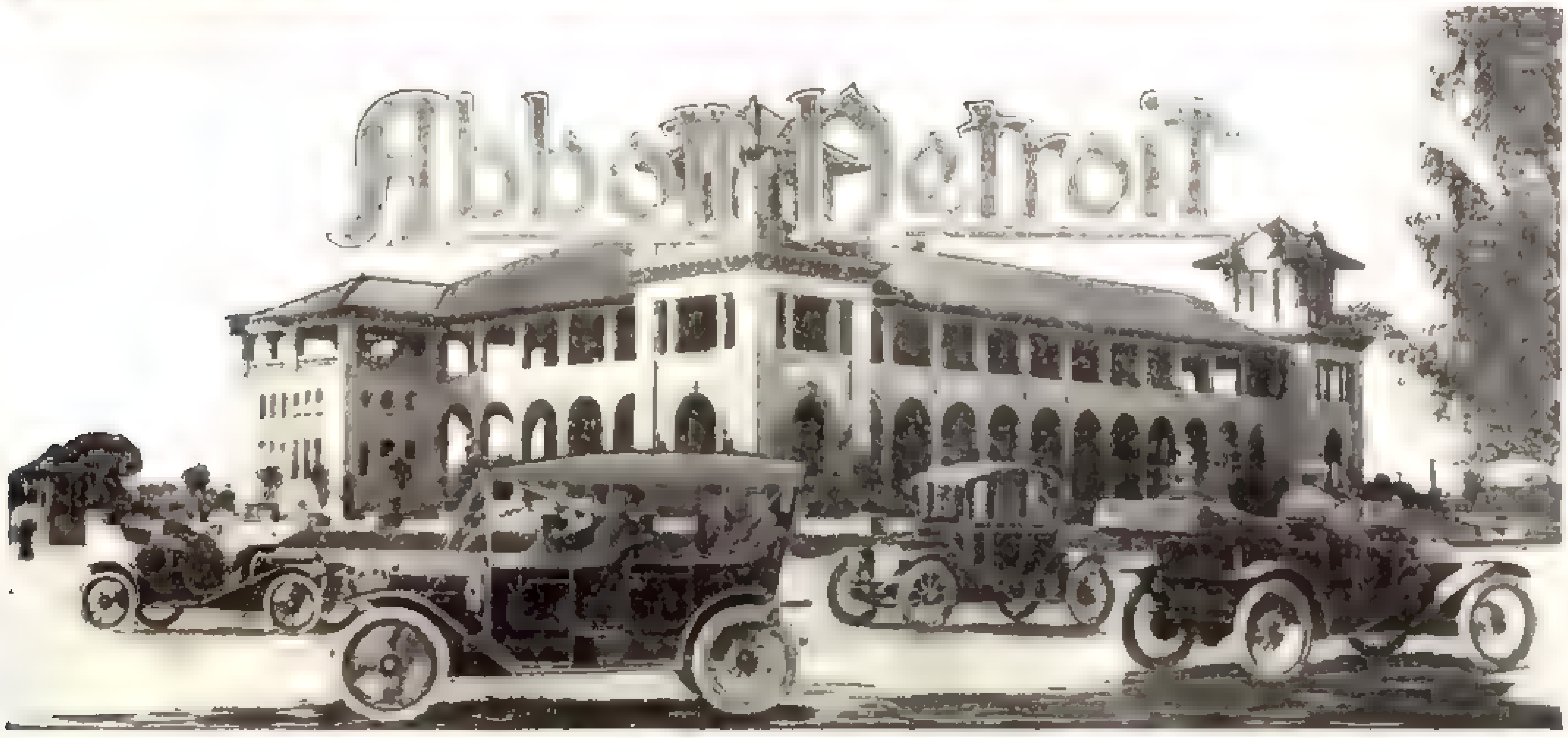
Free from everything that ever spoiled a pipe smoke and nothing good lacking. Perfect in flavor and fragrance, long-burning, holds its fire close and burns down to dust-fine ashes.

Man, if you don't know what a joy smoke is, now is the time to swap 10c for a whole bunch at the nearest smokeshop. Get in tune with the spirit of '76 and find out what it means to you—this new tobacco that's made with the real, progressive American idea of giving you a whole run for your money.

It's just as natural for a good thing to be imitated as for a dog to have fleas. But avoid imitations. Prince Albert is made by an *exclusive, patented* process that we control. There's not anything else near like it and there won't be.

All live tobacco shops sell P. A. In the red tin.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



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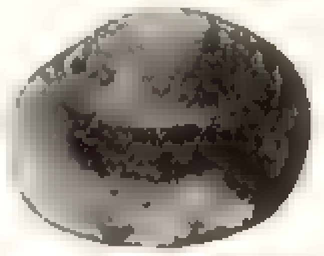

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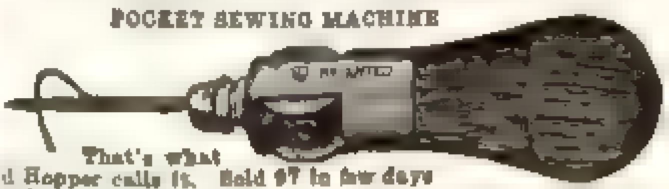

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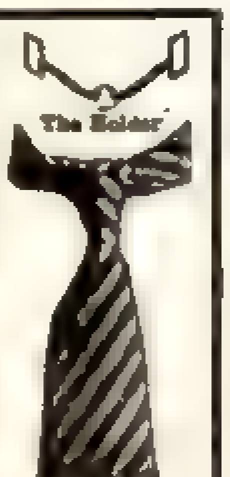

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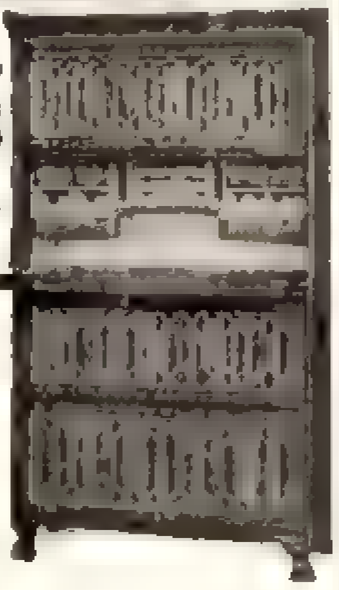

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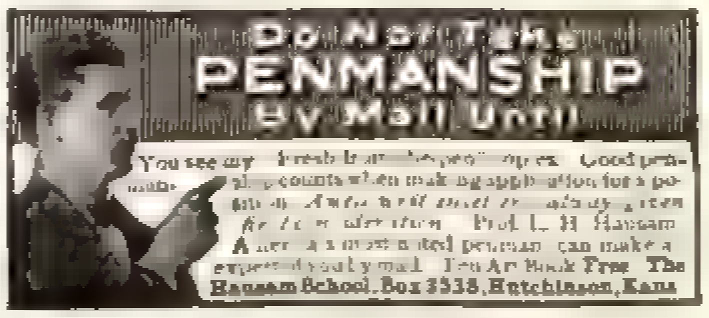
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THE LEAN SUDAN

(Concluded from Page 13)

its purchase and conversion into an escape-valve for overflow waters, so as to relieve the pressure on the levees below. At the present time, protected by levees, the St. Francis Basin is one of the most flourishing sections of the valley.

As a rule, no fertilizer is used on Delta lands. Taking a large acreage, these lands will produce from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds as against a Sudan production of three hundred and fifty to four hundred; but the fellah is a better farmer than the negro. Delta plantations more carefully cultivated will produce better—in many instances, a five-hundred-pound bale to the acre.

At the high prices of 1909-10 many of the Delta planters have become independent, if not rich. Take the case of a certain small plantation of only two hundred acres—one hundred and eighty-five in cultivation. After the low-price year of 1898 this was bought for about twenty-five hundred dollars. Its new owner, who lived in Vicksburg, failed to rent it for five hundred dollars. So he worked it himself—on shares, furnishing the land, cabin, implements and mules; feeding the mules. The negro furnished a negro and fed the negro, but the owner advanced the feed. Result of the first year was fifteen hundred and sixty-eight dollars cash profit to the owner, besides enough hay and corn to feed the mules. Out of his profit he bought forty acres adjoining for one thousand dollars. Since 1900 the property has never yielded less than a thousand dollars net, after paying for improvements, livestock, implements, and so forth. For 1909 it returned a net income of more than thirty-six hundred dollars. There are others—some better, some not so good.

For taxes, a Delta acre that is actually worth fifty dollars will be assessed at about ten dollars and pay about fifty-five to sixty cents—not a materially different proportion from that prevailing in the Sudan.

The Thriving Delta of Today

The monumental difference between the Delta and the Sudan lies in one great fact: the pioneer of the Delta is living on the land with his wife and children. He has his churches and his churchyards. At first it was, like the Sudan, a land of men—men only; but the Delta was more like a frontier country, with a reputation for bad water, bad whisky and bad men—hip-pockets, flasks, firearms, and boots for men to die in. The country was being exploited and much of its profit went to absentee landlords. A landowner paid occasional visits to his property, but would not subject wife and baby to its mosquitoes, high water, rotting vegetation and malaria. This situation has all changed—not by revolution, but by evolution. The Delta is a land of thriving modern towns, plantation homes that are homes in fact, artesian water, screened houses and excellent health. The rough-and-tumble pioneer has become a steady citizen. He is there to stay, which means a permanent development.

What of Egypt—and especially the Sudan? Will this region ever displace the South in its cotton-raising supremacy? The question is too big to be answered by a few weeks of observation; but some facts stand out like sign-boards and point almost decisively to an answer. The total arable area of Egypt is about thirteen thousand square miles—twice that of the Yazoo Delta. Possibly Egypt has about eight million feddan that can be cultivated. In 1899 a little more than five and a half millions were actually under the plow. Not all of this is in cotton, or ever can be. The first duty of this land is to feed about seven hundred and fifty inhabitants to the square mile—a population more dense than that of any country in Europe. This would seem to show that in cotton possibilities Egypt is about playing her limit.

The vast Sudan area is difficult to estimate—somewhat short of a million square miles, or nearly one-third that of the continental United States. Its arable area is less tangible. Sudan enthusiasts contend that much of its soil only requires water to make it equal to the best. Enthusiasts from a similar climate claim that the Inferno only requires icebergs and soda-fountains to become a popular summer resort. Between Khartum and Wady Halfa—nine hundred and forty-nine miles by river—the land that can apparently be cultivated is confined to that narrow strip along the Nile, across which one may toss a brick. For miles there is no strip at all, the desert drinking at the river's brink.

Even if water were all that is lacking, it is a lack that cannot be supplied. There is a sharp limit to the possibilities for water. The Nile cannot furnish enough for Egypt and that ravenous Sudan. Imagine a single gutter flowing from Harlem to the Battery, with everybody along the way dipping out of it! This is the Nile. It may easily come to this: for every feddan irrigated in the Sudan a feddan in Egypt must go dry.

Vast reservoirs in the Bahr-el-Ghazal may be turned loose and flow northward to the sea. That would help some; but the climate is a fixed fact. Facts, like mules, are stubborn things. This climate affects men as well as crops. If the country should ever be developed it will not be done by Egyptians, Jaalins, Berberines, Sudanese, Shillooks and Dinkas. These people have had their chance for many thousand years. Their civilization has never yet gone farther from the river than a woman can tote a jar of water on her head. Nothing changes in the East—so it is today. It is the white man who must make the desert blossom

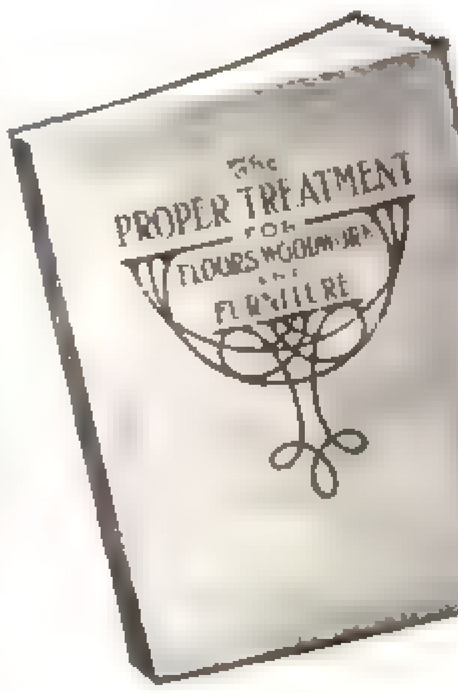
No Permanent Place for White Men

The Sudan is not a white man's country. It never can be. Still less is it a white woman's country; and it is said that white children will not reach maturity. As to this the casual observer cannot say, for he will never see a white woman or a white child. It requires white vim and vigor, robust health, determination and time to conquer the Sudan. Time is the one thing which a white man cannot give the Sudan. These qualities in white men disappear with a protracted residence. British army regulations recognize this fact and require their officers to take leave each year and spend it outside of Africa. They must seek another climate, cast off the deadly enervation and lassitude; then come back with renewed spirits. Practical business men figure into their balance-sheets this known quantity of Sudanese existence.

The Sudan will not be developed by the Arabs or the negro. It requires the systematic direction and control of white men. These white men, required for such work through the world's more modern history, have been of Teutonic blood. The Teuton will develop no country except with the ultimate purpose of making it his home. Home to him means wife and children, family, domestic ties, government and social system. That is his object in going into the wilderness. It is manifest that these things cannot be planted in the Sudan. Look at the home of a young Englishman beside the Nile. His lone hut is built of yellow mud mixed with camels' dung. The walls are eight to ten feet high; the room fourteen feet square. There is no porch, no hallway or shade of any kind. It is the best and most comfortable for the climate, costs twenty-five dollars and will last a hundred years. A thousand years would not make it a white man's home.

Late in the afternoons and through the long African nights, what can this Englishman be thinking of, gazing upon the Nile, which gives him back faithfully, star for star, a duplicate of every sparkle that is showered down upon it? What can he be thinking of? He is not dreaming of the Sudan as his home. He hasn't the faintest idea of living there. No; he is dreaming of the day when he will have made sufficient money to burst out of his sandy prison, leave these melancholy wastes and spend his life in Merrie England. He is a man of enormous energy and unflinching determination. He may successfully exploit the Sudan. He and his kind may pour a continual stream of white men through the country—and the desert will drink them up! No country can be the permanent home for a man of Teutonic blood where he has no wife, no child, and where his own usefulness is expended at the end of two or three years.

The British bulldog in the Sudan is a marvel for pertinacity. Whether you give him a chance or not, he will take it—and no casual guesser can say what he may accomplish.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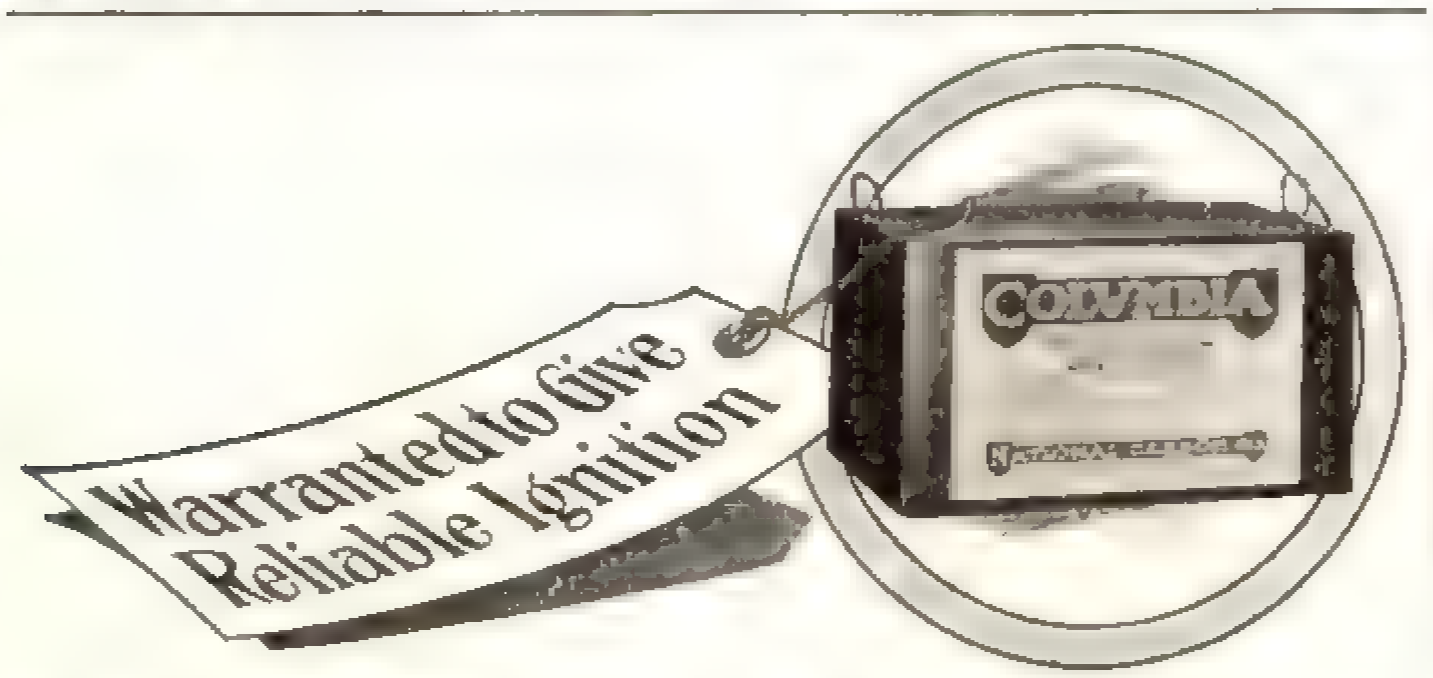
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BIG SULLIVAN

(Concluded from Page 11)

the turmoil increased. A red light rose behind him until it touched the sky.

The glare grew; it died away; it rose again and all the rooftops were revealed, encrimsoned, flickering. From the bosom of a flat, lurid blanket of smoke that concealed the heavens a storm of cinders descended like blazing snow. The air trembled with the droning roar of the fire engines beginning their labor. Sullivan drew himself up erect. He stepped forward surely. The light glimmered on his revolver barrel.

Behind a chimney fifty feet away something moved. Donohue sprang forth. His face was set; a thousand ugly lines seemed to radiate from his glowing eyes, his scar showed purple and his mouth was like another scar. He came on, bent half double; he raised one arm. Even as the big revolver showed in his clenched and knotted hand it flamed, pale yellow against the conflagration's deeper light. The bullet cried at Sullivan like a thing in pain as it went by.

Almost at once, so soon that the two streaks from the pistol seemed like one, the murderer's finger pulled the second time; and Sullivan, raising his own weapon, felt the breath of the speeding lead.

Sullivan's feet were wide apart; he stood as though he were steadying himself; he scowled along his revolver barrel. The weapon cracked venomously and the crouching figure before him crumpled into a harmless huddle. The blazing cinders fell upon it where it lay. Lowering his revolver, Sullivan stared at it.

Voices sounded near at hand. Half a dozen helmets were bobbing over the parapet. The roof resounded to the beat of heavy feet. Sullivan ran to his prisoner.

Donohue, recovering his senses, began to struggle.

"Easy!" panted Sullivan as he snapped the handcuffs on the wrists. "Yer leg's busted; ye ain't got no show here. One of ye give me a handkerchief."

The patrolmen helped him stop the blood. After that they got Donohue down to the sidewalk. It was a heavy task and took some time. Sullivan rode in with the ambulance and helped the wagon-man hold down the prisoner. He stopped at the central station long enough to fill out the report blank that he got from the desk sergeant. Then he was through.

He went out from the station, wiping his brow. He set his hat on straight and walked back to his district, taking long, flat-footed strides. He reached Levy's pawnshop and turned into the doorway. The rack of ties was on the counter. He fumbled among them until he found the one he had laid down two hours before. He frowned, stroking the silk in his thick fingers.

Indecision was again torturing him. "I wonder ——" he muttered. "Now, would she like ut wide er narrow best?"

Great Expectations

COLONEL WILLIAM MARCELLUS HOWARD, of Lexington, Georgia, who retired from Congress in March, after serving for many years, is a small man physically. The Colonel would probably measure about five feet five and weigh in the neighborhood of a hundred and twenty pounds.

One day he was campaigning through his district and stopped at a cabin to see the voter who lived there. A woman came to the door.

"Is your husband in?" asked the Colonel.

"No, suh," she replied; "my husband is some miles away, buryin' a friend."

"And won't be back soon?"

"Not until evenin'."

"Will you kindly tell him that Colonel Bill Howard, his Congressman, stopped by to see him?"

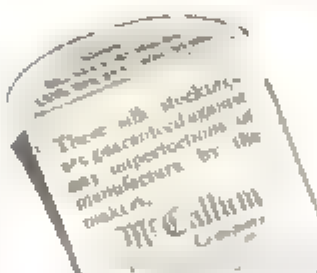
The woman looked at the Colonel in amazement. "Is you-all Cunnel Bill Howard?" she asked, with much doubt in her voice.

"I surely am."

"Well, well! I can't think that's so."

"But, madam, it is so. I am Colonel Howard. What did you expect to see?"

"To tell the truth, Cunnel," the woman replied, "I didn't expec' no such little man as you. I sure expected to see a hull bucketful!"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THE GRAIN OF DUST

(Continued from Page 23)

marble-topped centertable Dorothy's hat and jacket—the one she had worn away, the only one she had. He stared at them, then at Tetlow. A confused look in the fat, slow face made him say sharply:

"What does this mean, Tetlow?"

"Not so loud, Fred," said Tetlow, closing the door into the public hall. "She's in the bedroom—probably asleep. She's been here since yesterday."

"You brought her back?" demanded Norman.

"She wanted to come. I simply ——"

Norman made a silencing gesture. Tetlow's faltering voice stopped short. Norman stood near the table, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his gaze fixed upon the hat and jacket. When Tetlow's agitation could endure the silence no longer he went on:

"Fred, you mustn't forget how young and inexperienced she is. She's been foolish, but nothing more. She's as pure as when she came into the world. And it's the truth that she wanted to come back. I saw it as soon as I began to talk with her."

"What are you chattering about?" said Norman fiercely. "Why did you meddle in my affairs? Why did you bring her back?"

"I knew she needed you," pleaded Tetlow. "Then, too—I was afraid —— I knew how you acted before, and I thought you'd not get your gait again until she returned."

Norman gave a short, sardonic laugh. "If you'd only stop trying to understand me!" he said.

Tetlow was utterly confused. "But, Fred, you don't realize—not all," he cried imploringly. "She hinted that she—that probably in a few months you'll be something more than a husband."

Tetlow's meaning slowly dawned on Norman. He seated himself in his favorite attitude, legs sprawled, fingers interlaced behind his head.

"Wasn't I right to bring her back—to tell her she needn't fear to come?" pleaded Tetlow.

Norman made no reply. After a brief silence he said: "Well, good night, old man. Come round to my office any time after ten." He rose and gave Tetlow his hand. "And arrange for Galloway whenever you like. Good night."

Tetlow hesitated. "Fred—you'll not be harsh to her?" he said.

Norman smiled—a satirical smile, yet exquisitely gentle. "If you only wouldn't keep on trying to understand me, Bill!" he said.

When he was alone he sat lost in thought. At last he rang for a bell-boy. And when the boy came he said: "That door there"—indicating one in the opposite wall of the sitting room—"what does it lead into?"

"Another bedroom, sir."

"Unlock it, and tell them in the office I wish that room added to my suite."

As soon as the additional bedroom was at his disposal he went in and began to undress. When he had taken off coat and waistcoat he paused to telephone to the office a call for eight o'clock. As he finished and hung up the receiver, a sound from the direction of the sitting room made him glance in there. On the threshold of the other bedroom stood his wife. She was in her nightgown; her hair, done in a single thick braid, hung down across her bosom. There was in the room and upon her childish loveliness the strange commingling of lights and shadows that fall when the electricity is still on and the early morning light is pushing in at the windows. They looked at each other in silence for some time. If she was frightened or in the least embarrassed she did not show it. She simply looked at him, while ever so slowly a smile dawned—a gleam in the eyes, a flutter round the lips, growing merrier and merrier. He did not smile. He continued to regard her gravely.

"I heard you and Mr. Tetlow come in," she said. "Then—you talked so long—I fell asleep again. I only this minute awakened."

"Well, now you can go to sleep again," said he.

"But I'm not a bit sleepy. What are you doing in that room?"

She advanced toward his door. He stood aside. She peeped in. She was so close to him that her gown brushed the bosom of his shirt. "Another bedroom!" she exclaimed. "Just like ours."

"I didn't wish to disturb you," said he, calm and grave.

"But you wouldn't have been disturbing me," protested she, leaning against the doorframe, less than two feet away and directly facing him.

"I'll stay on here," said he.

She gazed at him with puzzled eyes. "Aren't you glad I'm back?" she asked.

"Certainly," said he, with a polite smile. "But I must get some sleep." And he moved away.

"You must let me tell you how I happened to go and why I came ——"

"Please," he interrupted, looking at her with a piercing though not in the least unfriendly expression that made her grow suddenly pale and thoughtful. "I do not wish to hear about it—not now—not ever. Tetlow told me all that it's necessary for me to know. You have come to stay?"

"Yes—if—if you'll let me."

"There can be no question of that," said he, with the same polite gravity he had maintained throughout.

"You want me to leave you alone?"

"Please. I need sleep badly—and I've only three hours."

"You are—angry with me?"

He looked placidly into her lovely, swimming eyes. "Not in the least."

"But how can you help it? I acted so."

He smiled gently. "But you are back—and the incident is closed."

She looked down at the carpet, her fingers playing with her braid, twisting and untwisting its strands. He stood waiting to close the door. She said, without lifting her eyes—said in a quiet, expressionless way: "I have killed your love?"

"I'll not trouble you any more," evaded he. And he laid his hand significantly upon the knob.

"I don't understand," she murmured. Then, with a quick, apologetic glance at him: "But I'm very inconsiderate. You want to sleep. Good night."

"Good night," said he, beginning to close the door.

She impulsively stood close before him, lifted her small white face as if for a kiss. "Do you forgive me?" she asked. "I was foolish. I didn't understand—till I went back. Then—nothing was the same. And I knew I wasn't fitted for that life—and didn't really care for him—and ——"

He kissed her on the brow. "Don't agitate yourself," said he. "We will never speak of this again."

She shrank as though he had struck her. Her head drooped, and her shoulders. When she was clear of the door he quietly closed it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

College Clubs

TWENTY years ago the Harvard Club, of New York, had obscure, dingy rooms and no restaurant. There were weekly meetings, attended by a knot of recent graduates, who sang college songs and ate a supper served from a neighboring restaurant. The house now occupied extends through from Forty-fourth to Forty-fifth Street, has many lodging rooms, three squash courts and perhaps the most spacious and beautiful dining hall in the land.

The Yale Club built a house in Forty-fourth Street so fashioned that, at the pinch of necessity, it could be turned into an apartment hotel. It is now quite as flourishing as the Harvard Club. The Princeton Club lately moved into the beautiful residence on the north side of Gramercy Park, once occupied by Stanford White. The Columbia Club has an old residence on the opposite side of the park near the Players Club.

The entrance fees and dues in these clubs are thoughtfully proportioned to the slender purses of recent graduates—and are rudely doubled when a man has been out of college a number of years! The restaurants serve an excellent dinner for sixty cents. Throughout the winter there are frequent lectures and concerts of a very high quality. In short, graduates—and men who did not graduate, for these particular clubs are no sticklers for degrees—are welcomed in the metropolis with open doors and open arms, and are given every chance to make friends in the business and professional world.

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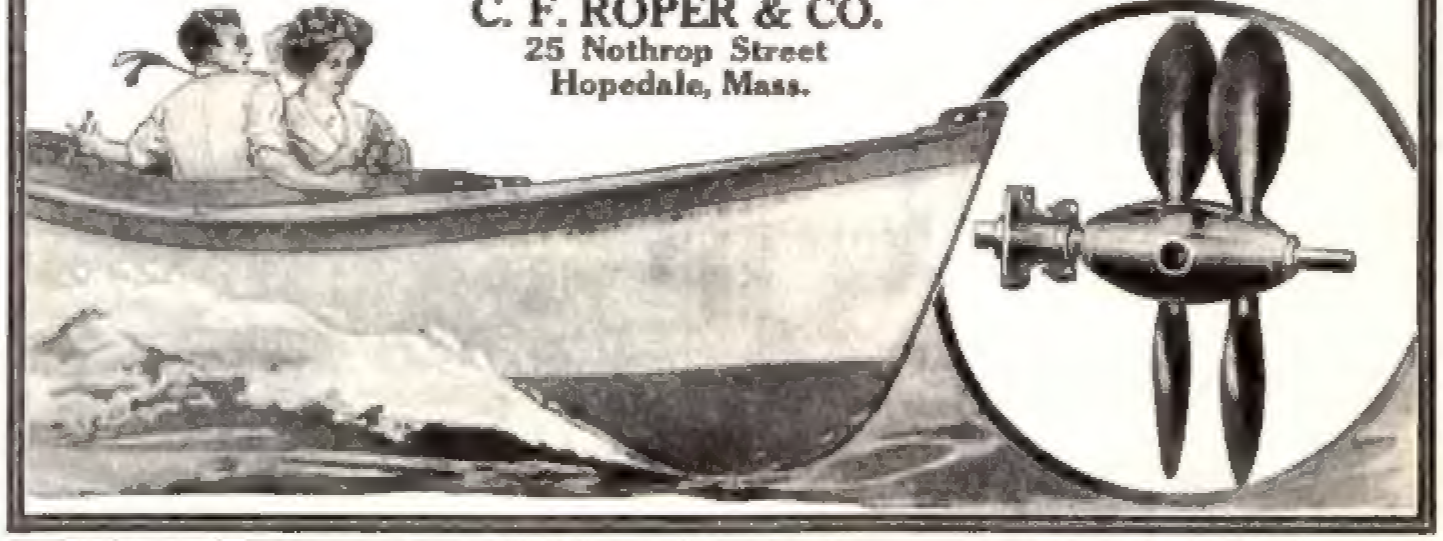

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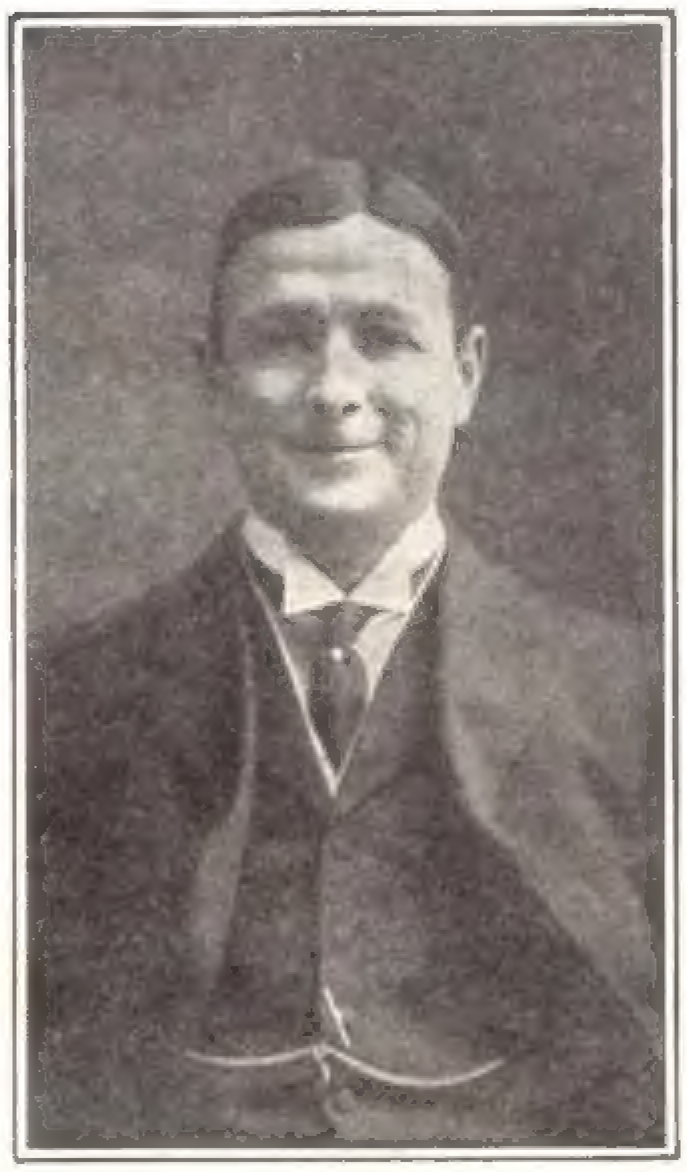

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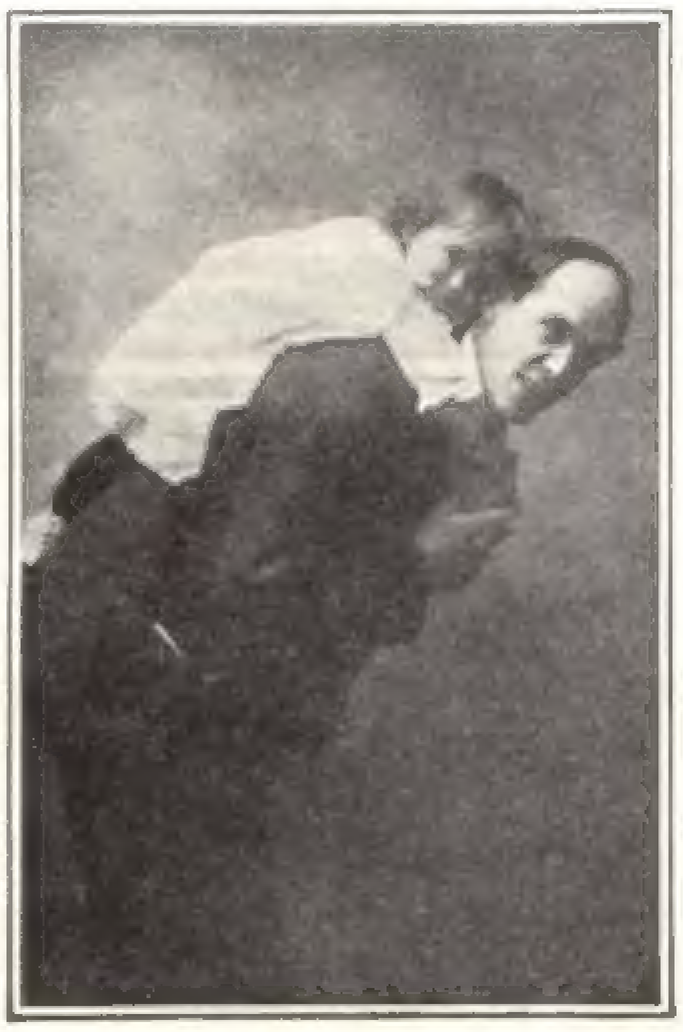

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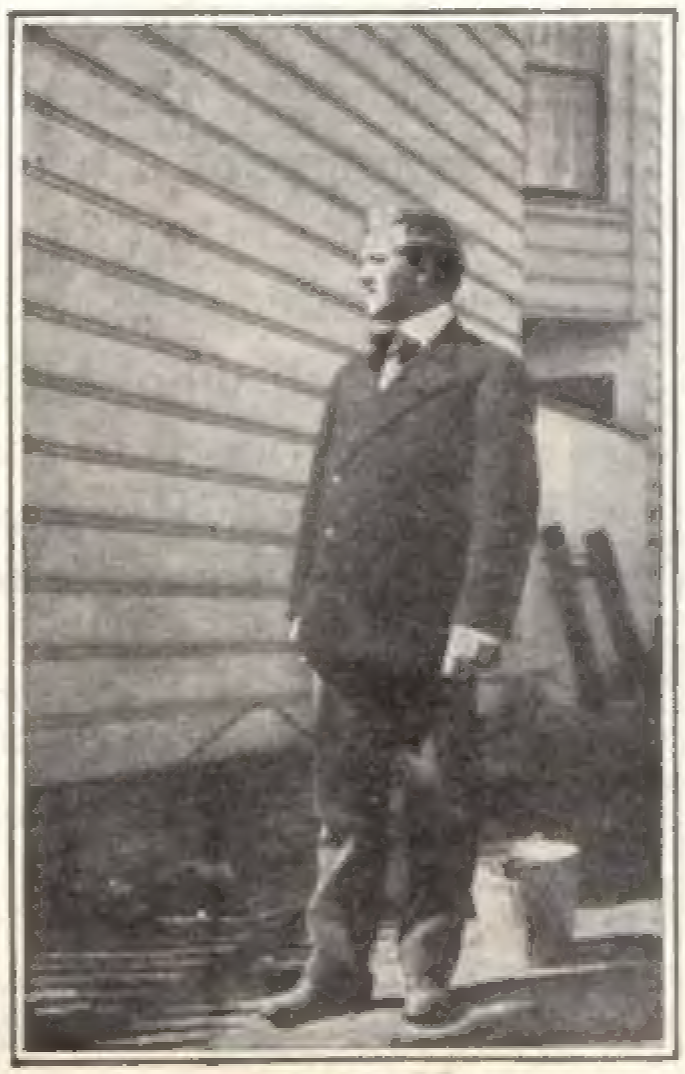

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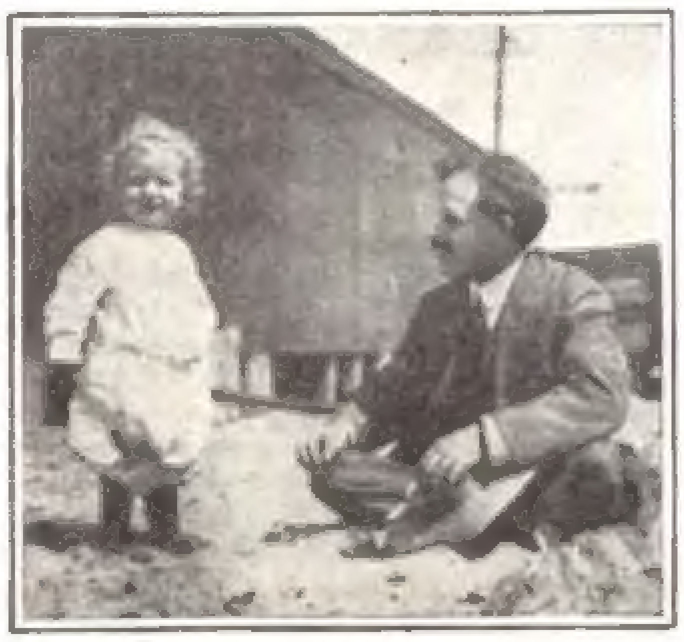

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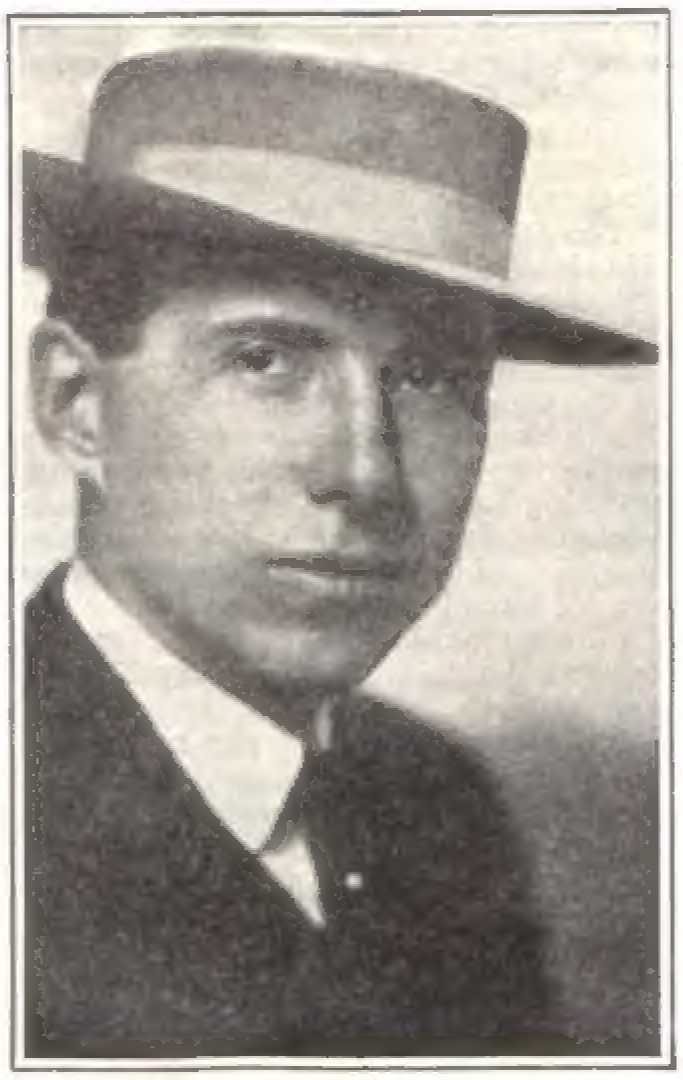

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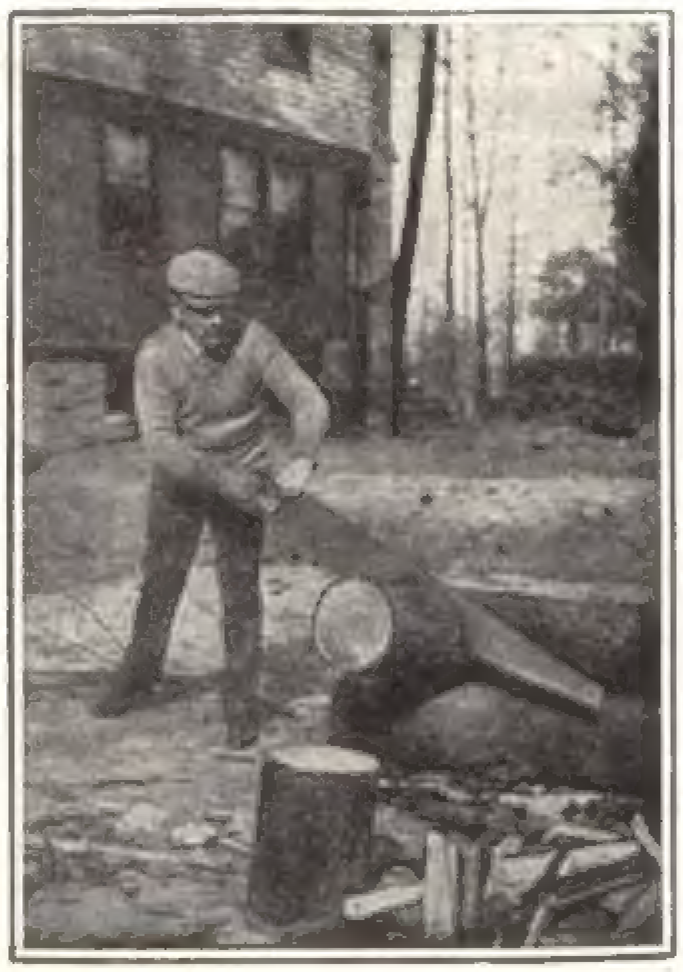

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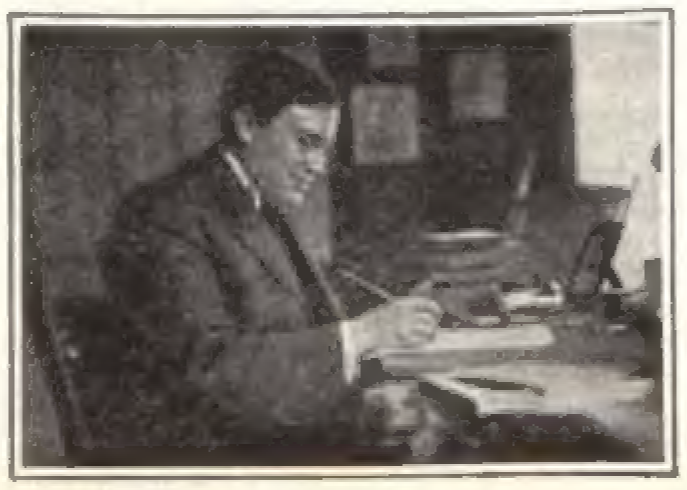

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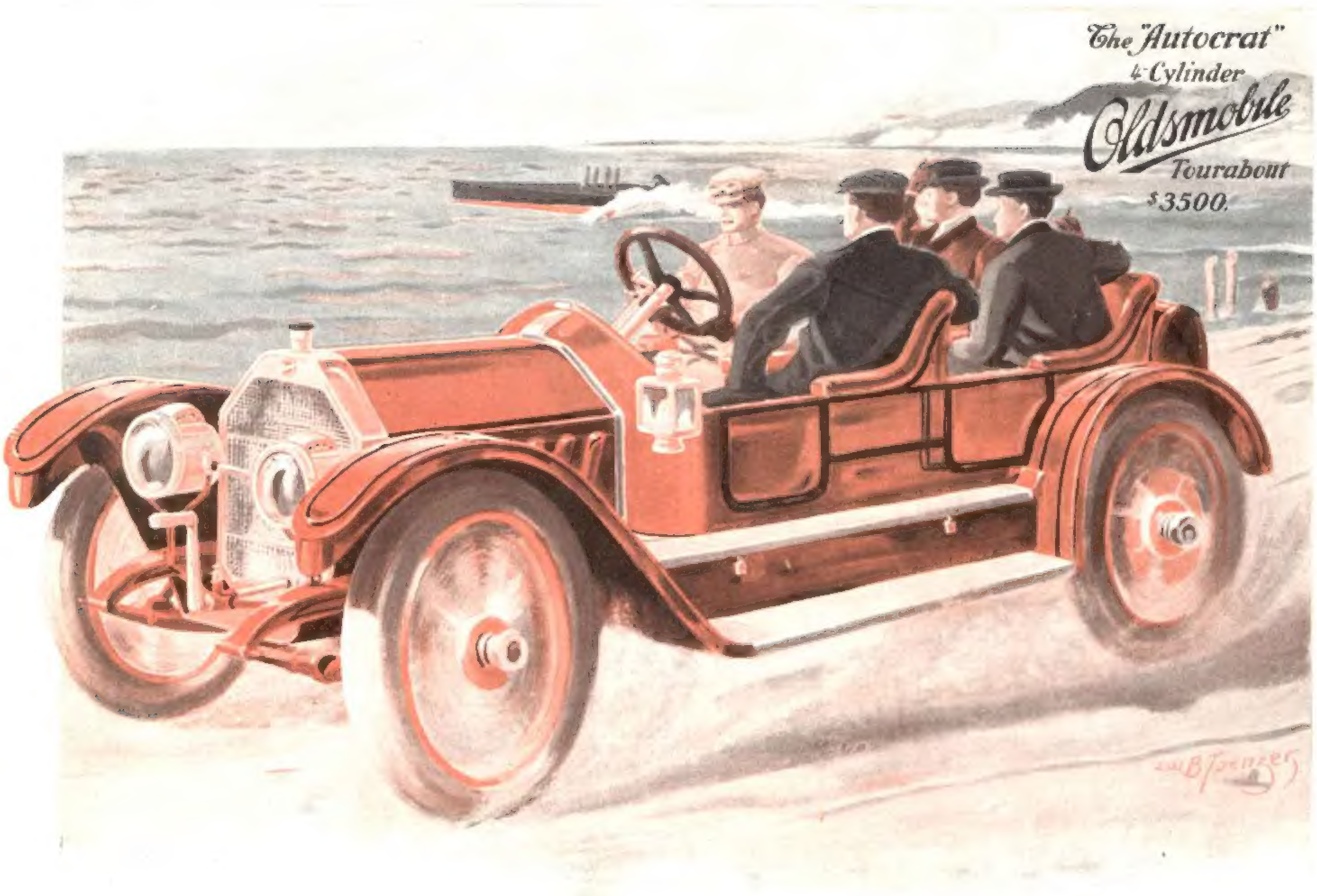

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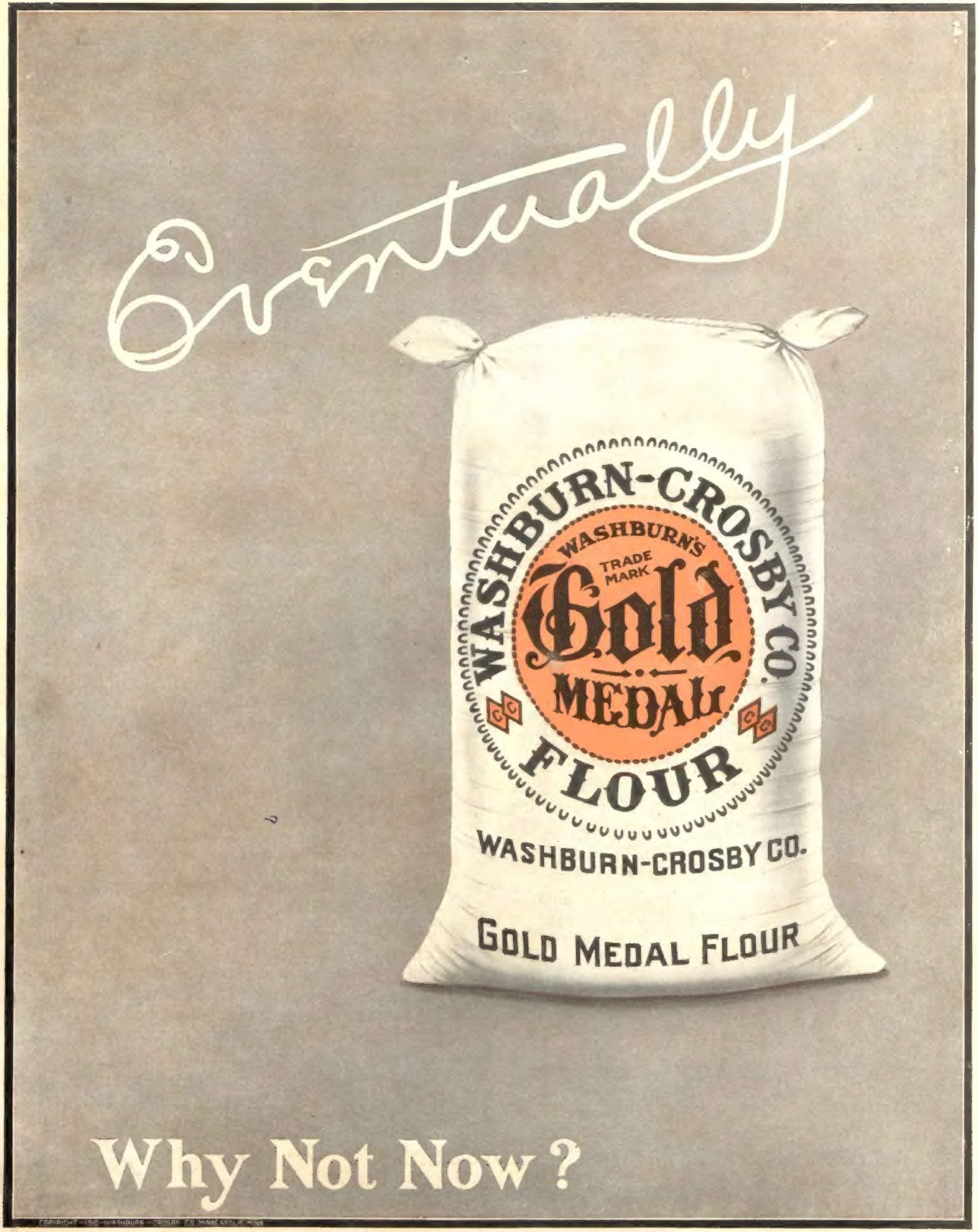
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